



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



HOGAN, M.P.

VOL. III

NOW AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

ISRAEL MORT; OVERMAN.

A STORY OF THE MINE.

By JOHN SAUNDERS,

Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Hirell," etc.

Three Volumes, crown 8vo.

HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON.

HOGAN, M.P.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON.

1876.

251. d. 379.

(The rights of Translation and of Reproduction are reserved.)

HOGAN, M.P.

CHAPTER I.

“ But by record of antique times I find
That wemen wont in warres to bear most sway,
And to all great exploites themselves inclined
Of which they still the gírlond bore away ;
Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,
Gan coin straight lawes to curb their liberty.
Yet sith they warlike arms have laid away,
They have excelled in arts and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'envy.”
Faerie Queene.

DIANA BURS福德 determined to go to London as soon as she heard of Mr. Hogan's success at Peatstown. She had indeed been considering the desirability of such a move for some time previous to that event. The family friend, Mr. Saltasche, having told her mother that his *protégé* was likely to be in Parliament ere long, Miss Bursford kept the contingency

in her mind's eye. London was decidedly the best ground of operations; and, after all, leaving Dublin in the middle of the season was no great hardship—to her at least. For her mother, who loved her native city, and detested every place else except Florence, it would certainly be a grievance. But the old lady was used to travelling; it was by no means the first time they had pursued an eligible *parti* across the water; indeed, their cousins, the Bragintons, had a story to the effect that Diana had followed a man to Naples, and that he only escaped her by putting to sea in a friend's yacht.

She wondered, as she planned the expedition one day at her toilette, what romantic legend these amiable people would concoct. She was certain they had not a glimmering of idea that there was a man in the case this time. This season, and indeed for a good many seasons before it, her name had not been coupled with that of any one; so that they would have a difficulty in finding a groundwork on which to base their edifice of fiction.

As for arrangements, the house could be shut up,—which was a pity, certainly, at the

time of year when houses were most in demand. What could be done with it? The new lace curtains only a month put up, and everything in such order! Miss Bursford laid down her hairbrushes, and began to think that she had heard that the O'Gorman Mulcahy and his family were in furnished lodgings in Clare Street, and that they were looking for a house. What a delightful arrangement to offer theirs! The Mulcahys were paying thirty guineas a month, and had all their own servants. She was quite certain her mother would be glad to get them to take her establishment off her hands. Then she put the finishing touch to her attire, and sailed leisurely down to luncheon. She found her mother in the dining-room, waiting for her; and the two ladies sat down together. When both had been helped to mutton broth, Diana broke the silence, saying, deliberately and coldly,—

“We were speaking of London, mamma; if we go we had better go soon.”

She had broached her intention for the first time the previous day at breakfast, and it had not been alluded to since.

Mrs. Bursford paused in the act of raising

her spoon to her lips, and breathed a sort of little resigned sigh.

"To London? Well, yes; I suppose so, indeed. But really, Diana, when you consider the young——"

"I know, mamma," her daughter cut her short, with a tone and expression which Mrs. Bursford had long learned to know. "What I wanted to say to you was this: the house is to be shut up, is it not?"

"Of course it will have to be shut up. What else can be done in the middle of the season? And the new lace curtains and the drawing-room carpets. What good have we had of it, after all the trouble?" And Mrs. Bursford took an aggrieved expression, nearly lachrymose.

"Don't you think the O'Gorman Mulcahys would take it? They are paying thirty guineas a month for three rooms in Clare Street; and they have not place for their servants: they have to lodge them elsewhere. It would save us a great deal of trouble."

"I don't like the idea at all of letting my house. Miss O'Hegarty never would allow any one into her house that way; she always

shuts it up when she goes away, no matter for how long."

"Stuff, mamma! Everybody does that sort of thing nowadays. The Helys have let their house in Carlow for the shooting season repeatedly. The Hepenstalls are trying to let their house in the Green for a year. Lord Brayhead, if you want an example now, has let his London house in Curzon Street to Mr. Wickers, the member for Lincoln, for the London season only."

"Let his London house, has he? The Bragintons will be so furious,—not that that makes much matter, one way or another."

"Now that we have settled to go, we may as well go and see the Mulcahys about it."

"I don't like the idea of the Mulcahys at all. They are so careless and dirty, and their Connaught servants are so destructive. I forget what they had to pay in their last lodgings for mischief; but it was really something terrible."

"Well, tell them about it, and send them to a house agent to deal with. Then they're responsible for everything they injure."

"House agents require such a heavy fee—five per cent."

"That wouldn't come to more than two or three pounds; and the Mulcahys will do more than that much mischief."

"Ah, no, Diana! it looks some way too business-like,—and with friends too, now."

"Please yourself, mamma. But they can have the house by this day week, you know."

"By this day week?" Mrs. Bursford groaned as she finished her mutton broth.

She made no audible objection, though; for between her and her daughter there had been of late years a tacit agreement that Diana was to lead in these arrangements. It saved the old lady a great deal of annoyance afterwards, if it did entail present trouble and fatigue; for if matters turned out as Mrs. Bursford had got into the way of expecting them to turn out, Diana could not blame her. And Diana's temper, however well managed and kept in hand, was latterly becoming a trial.

"Dermot Blake is coming home, Miss O'Hegarty was telling me, from New York; he's there now. She does not know when."

"Yes," said Diana. "He has been in China

and San Francisco, and—all round the world. He always was a queer creature ! ”

“ She thinks it likely he’ll marry and settle now,—he’s thirty-five.” Mrs. Bursford as she said this looked at Diana in a sort of exploring way over the rim of her tumbler of water, as if to see whether the information took any effect on her.

But Diana, though fully conscious of her drift, hardly even seemed to hear. Ten years ago, Dermot Blake and she had had a passage of arms together ; and she knew perfectly that she had no hopes whatever in that quarter. Her mother knew of this, too ; and it vexed Diana that she should have forgotten, or should act and speak as if she had forgotten it. But Mrs. Bursford was always expecting miracles. She knew some woman whose lover, having thrown her over and gone off to Timbuctoo, came back after twenty years enormously rich, and married her there and then ; and it would have seemed to her almost the natural order of things that Dermot Blake and Diana should marry in the same way.

Diana had finished, and was thoughtfully smoothing the salt with the spoon. She

was a little vexed with her mother; and if she had had time and leisure to think over the grievance, it would have led to one of their not unusual scenes. She had other food for thought, however; for she was meditating taking some new dresses with her. It was cheaper to get them in Dublin, and she recollected a letter from a friend in London, giving some information as to the newest fashions and cuts, which she considered much more explicit and satisfactory than the engravings in *Punch*,—which, indeed, presented a finished whole, but left details and ways and means over-much to the imagination.

“We must go round to the milliner’s, too, this afternoon, when we have settled with the Mulcahys, mamma; I want a couple, at least, of new dresses. I’ll get a bonnet when we can go to Madame Tripotte’s.”

“Dresses! why, Diana!”—and now Mrs. Bursford’s voice had a ring of real sharpness and authority in it,—“it’s impossible. Pray consider what you have had this year already,—and our journey. I cannot do it.”

“The fact is, mamma, I suppose, you have been sending money to Jervis again.”

Then there ensued a scene, and Diana came off victorious.

Jervis was Mrs. Bursford's youngest son, younger than Diana, and a ne'er-do-well; living somewhere,—nobody knew where, and, save his mother, nobody caring. Hopelessly idle and untrustworthy—and clever. He could act well; but manager after manager dismissed him for insubordination and unsteadiness. He could play the piano and sing; so he picked up a queer livelihood in music halls, betting and billiard-rooms, and such places; doing odd jobs for odd people, and liked by every one. He had all sorts of accomplishments, and not one single capability. He was always his mother's darling, and the terror of Diana's life; she fancied that any day Jervis might turn up and demand to live with them. Indeed, he had done that already. One winter that Mrs. Bursford was at Boulogne, the amiable Jervis dropped in with a carpet bag, and remained until his behaviour forced his mother and sister to fly the place. Just at present he was at Monaco; where Diana fervently hoped he might be induced to remain until her London visit was over; and where his mother was

quite reconciled to have him stay, because Monaco was such a nice place for his delicate chest in this severe season.

When their dispute was over, and Diana had fumed and threatened until her mother had been brought to promise that she should have whatever she needed, and to give a sort of undertaking that Jervis was to be left to his own resources for some time to come,—an undertaking which Diana well knew was not to be depended on,—the ladies sallied out on their double mission; which, ere the day was done, was accomplished to the satisfaction of one of them at least.

CHAPTER II.

DICKY DAVOREN, on the day after his return from Peatstown, when he left his sister and Mr. Hogan at the front gate of the college, dashed straight up to the rooms of his friend Gagan. Him he found sitting in consultation with Orpen; and both of them appeared delighted to see him,—Mr. Orpen especially was most cordial.

“Dav., old boy!” he exclaimed, “how are you? I’m glad you’ve got back all safe. How have you got along ever since?”

“Blooming! Morrow, Gagan; hollo! such an eye as you have! Who knocked up against you?”

Mr. Gagan’s eye had a suggestive green and yellow tinge all round it; he put up his fingers and stroked it tenderly.

“One of those ’bom’nable Corporation lamp-posts. Put everywhere but where they’re wantin’; so they are. And I, never

expecting it, fell foul of one of them as I was coming home from a 'small and early' in Ramines'. It's a shame, it is!"

"So it is," assented Orpen; "he was promenading round one special lamp-post for two hours,—and that's a memento of the happy meeting. Was it a policeman severed you from the object of your affections, Gagan?"

"None of your chaff! Davoren, what were you doing?"

"Didn't I tell you! Hogan—you know him—was standing for Peatstown, and he gave me a sub-sheriffship; worth a nice pile of money, let alone the fun."

"Fifteen guineas. I had one last winter," observed Orpen, thoughtfully.

"Have you got the money yet, Dick?" asked Gagan.

"No; not yet. What have you been at since?"

Both gentlemen grinned, and looked at each other.

"We hav'n't exactly been tearing our hair in sackcloth and ashes for your departure. No; ha! ha! I'm cleaned out; dead

beat. So's Tad. So's Mahoney. So is *not* Orpen."

"Why, Gagan, your Ulster is there yet. And—no, the books are gone!"

"The shelves are still there; but the books, they are gone," sang Gagan, parodying Moore. "I'm going over to bank the coat as soon as it's dark. Dick, will you come in to-night till we have a small game? Grey is coming; and we'll go to Wilding's rooms. He has a piano, and we'll have a musical tea."

"And a highly moral and restricted rubber," added Orpen, winking to Gagan. "Come on, now; there's one striking, and we'll be late for moral philosophy."

As they went downstairs Dicky asked where was Mahoney Quain.

"He'll be in to-night. I say," said Orpen, confidentially, "Mahoney's going it just now with a pretty housemaid of his mother's. I met him walking with her the other night—in Summer Hill. By Jove, he is—h'm;" and Orpen winked and grinned suggestively.

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do. That fellow is fool enough for

anything—ass !” And Mr. Orpen straightened himself up with a look of superior wisdom that greatly impressed his companion.

“What style of a looking girl is she, now ?” asked Dicky, with a would-be knowing air.

“Oh—um !” said Orpen, as if he found a difficulty in selecting terms which would accurately describe a fascinating housemaid,—“a lively, pretty-faced stump of a girl.”

“Not genteel, even, I suppose ?” said Dicky, critically.

Orpen looked at him with an expression of mild contempt, and continued without otherwise seeming to hear.

“She writes letters to Mahoney ; copies them off from a Polite Letter-writer—invitations to balls, dinners, everything, straight out,—fact, for I’ve seen ’em. Sh ! here we are, now. Last one he got from her was a letter of advice about a promissory note,—begad, yes.”

The lecture over, Mr. Orpen linked his arm under his young friend’s and carried him off to a billiard-room situated close to the college, in a by-street. Under the

billiard-room there was a bar, where anything to drink could be had at public-house prices.

Dicky had not been in a billiard-room to play before. He had several times accompanied his father to a billiard-room on the other side of town; an establishment of much better standing than this, and where he had seen some fine players. He had never had a cue in his hand before, and felt quite ashamed when he saw Orpen, having taken off his coat, chalk the end of his cue in the most natural way possible. Orpen and the marker, a red-nosed, dirty man, played a game first. They offered Dicky the mace to try a stroke or two with, as a beginner; but he declined rather sulkily. It was stupid enough, sitting on a raised form by the wall looking at them; and he began to think what he should do. Presently a thought struck him.

“I’ll have a drink, Orpen—hey? What will you have?”

“I’ll get it, sir; in a minute, sir,” said the marker, who seemed to be imbued with new life on hearing this proposal.

He left the room; and Orpen, coming over to where Dicky was lounging, said, in a half whisper,—

“When he comes up with it—ah—tell him to go and get one for himself; it’s the way in this sort of place, you know.”

Dicky despatched the willing Mercury this time on a still more grateful errand; and when he returned, affairs wore a very different aspect. The marker, having knocked the balls into position, called Dicky over.

“Now, sir; this is a very nice stroke, sir. What do you think you’d do in my position, sir?”

“Why, go in between, and pocket that red ball.”

“Precisely, sir. Why, you couldn’t have settled it more accurately if you were—’scuse me, sir—an old hand. Would you like to try the stroke, sir? Take my cue.”

Dicky knocked the red ball into the pocket with ease. The marker was loud in his praises. Such steadiness of hand—fine eye! The gentleman only required a little practice to become a bang-up billiard player. After a while Dicky found himself obliged to stand

treat again; and when the time came to go, he found he had actually won a couple of shillings from Orpen—who, most unaccountably, though he could hold his own against the marker, was obliged to confess himself unable to stand against some of the tyro's strokes. They said they would call again soon; and the marker, a most good-natured poor fellow, offered to give the strange gentleman the use of the table any time he liked to drop in, when there was nobody using it, for a little practice.

Dicky stepped out into the ill-smelling lane feeling in the highest good humour with himself. It was not every one that developed a talent for billiards; he knew that very well, without the marker telling him. Mahoney Quain could not hold a cue in his hand. Lots of fellows could never strike with the right degree of force. Mahoney was unrivalled at football and racing and wrestling, but he never did anything, except betting on the game, at billiards. Tad and Gagan were no good either,—not a bit. When they got to the corner of the lane, where it debouches into Brunswick Street, Orpen, who had no fancy for being

seen, was for drawing back cautiously until a group of people just passing had gone; but Dicky, heedless of the pull at his sleeve, blundered on, and his companion had no choice but to keep up with him.

"What hurry are you in—you fool you! Couldn't you have waited an instant to let those Smyths go by, eh?"

"Eh?" repeated Dicky, quite unconsciously, and turning in surprise. The expression of Orpen's face explained what was wrong. And all in one minute he became aware of the reasons why they should not be seen. For the first time he realized the exact significance of what he had been doing. Gambling and drinking! And that, too, in broad daylight, in a low publichouse, when he ought to have been reading for his grinder. A frightened look came into his eyes, and a sort of idea rose to his mind of atonement—of remaining at home that evening, instead of going to Wilding's rooms.

"I must go to the train. Orpen, good-bye," he said.

"I'll see you to-night?"

"Well, I think not; I think I'll have to

stay at home. I've lost all this afternoon, you see, and old Chute——”

“Pshaw! what a flat you are. Why, Wild, ing invited you specially. Every one will be there. Are you afraid, young one?”

He saw what was passing in Dicky's mind—and he determined to reassert his mastery at once.

“Afraid! no, I'm not.” Dicky resented his mentor's tone. “By the bye, too, I cannot come to-night. I forgot entirely—I'm obliged to remain at home, positively: very sorry.”

His tone was perfectly sincere; and Orpen thought it better not to press the point. He was sure that the next evening would do quite as well. He knew with whom he had to deal, and that Dicky's conceit and desire to be thought a man by his new friends, all of whom were older than himself (Orpen was twenty), would soon bring him back if he had any notion of breaking with them. He was a fish that required a little playing; and Mr. Orpen's practised hand could do that patiently and well until the time came to gaff, and land him high and dry.

CHAPTER III.

HOGAN's affairs seemed almost to settle themselves, so smooth and clear had the path been laid down for him. He had called, on the day after his arrival in London,—the first day of his Parliamentary career; for he had only taken the oaths, and his seat among the Liberal members, the night before—on the stockbrokers in Cole Alley, and had been received with great courtesy as the friend of Mr. Saltasche. Mr. Stier, the senior member of the firm, had shaken hands very warmly with him. He was a Hamburger, with a broad fair face and yellow hair and eyebrows; and spoke with a very elaborate carefulness as to accent and grammar. Bruen, the other partner, had made all his money in California. He was a quiet man; silent of manner, and courteous, but very observant.

“And how is our friend Mr. Saltasche?”

began the senior partner in a purring tone of voice. "Ah, we are always so glad to meet his acquaintances. You know Mr. Saltasche very well, Mr. Hogan?"

"Yes, very well—we are fast friends. He wrote to you?" Hogan wanted to get to business at once; but the Hamburger was not to be hurried.

"Ah! I have known him for years—years. In Vienna—he was once settled in Vienna—Prince Metternich was a very good friend of his; but, ah!" and Mr. Stier purred a sigh as he opened an enormous volume on his desk. "Bruen, too, knew him. Mr. Saltasche dealt enormously one while in Paris. He was splendidly settled there; and what friends he makes everywhere! Prince Gortschakoff, he says nobody knows everything like Mr. Saltasche; he corresponds with him. And the ex-Emperor of the French,—he, too, received Mr. Saltasche at the Tuileries; one time, I am told, he could have married a princess. Yes, indeed!"

"Why didn't he?" answered Hogan, bewildered. He knew the standing and wealth of the speaker, and because of them he felt

bound to believe him; he had before heard some wild talk of Mr. Saltasche's acquaintance with the great ones of this earth, but had paid but scant attention to it.

"Why did he not, you say, Mr. Hogan? Well, my dear sir, princesses are princesses; but to plain business men they are something more—they are white elephants. I would not like a white elephant: should you, Mr. Hogan? Ah!"

The barrister laughed. "I must be away to my work. Mr. Saltasche wrote to you, did he not? And I have to settle for the shares—the number I mean to take. What are they to-day—the Patagonians, I mean?"

"Patagonians—whew!" said Mr. Stier, raising his eyebrows in pleased surprise. "Bruen, where is that list?" His partner looked at the quotation as he handed it, and then fixed his keen black eyes on Hogan.

"Tèn—ten shillings: nearly the price of the paper—ah!"

Two hundred was the number he had originally intended to take, but some greed

suddenly seized upon him; he wanted to grasp with both hands.

"I will take two hundred. Stay—make it four," he added hastily: "that will be the full amount of this cheque, two hundred pounds." He handed a cheque for that amount, signed by Lord Brayhead, to Mr. Stier, who, with his mouth drawn up as if he was going to whistle, nodded his head as he looked at the writing.

"That is right,—quite right. Now look, Mr. Hogan, will you touch these?" And he handed over a sheet of papers, blue, pink, and green; lithographed chiefly, and highly decorated and got up. Hogan glanced at them, then at Mr. Stier, who was sitting up in a high desk smiling amiably over his spectacles, and looking like nothing but a great yellow cat.

"Well, not to-day, thank you, Mr. Stier."

"Ah! I wish you would take some of those, Mr. Hogan. I wish you would, indeed. You see, everything Mr. Saltasche touches, it turns into gold."

"Luckily for Mr. Saltasche. I didn't know he had the gift of Midas." Hogan thought to

himself that his friend's gift lay rather in his skill in watching other people's alchemy, and stepping in just at the moment the transformation began to work, and before the anxious operators became aware of it themselves.

Mr. Stier had never heard of Midas.

"He has gifts; yes, he has many gifts. But then, he is over-bold; sails very close to the wind sometimes, and sometimes he misses great *coups*,—ah, great *coups*" (pronounced "goups").

"Now, Mr. Hogan, we shall see you often in the City; is it not so? We shall work much together. Some new companies, directorships—ah, yes. This railroad, Bruen; Lord Brayhead's railway. You know the ground."

Then Mr. Bruen came forward, and Hogan was made to relate in a very short time all that he knew of the projected railway: the line of the country, the distance from the coast railway, the population of the district it was to traverse. Mr. Bruen asked questions very rapidly indeed, and his keen eyes seemed almost to anticipate the answers. Hogan found they knew everything about the Parliamentary

business, and their object in questioning him was to see what chance of ultimate success the railway as a *bonâ-fide* venture might have. Mr. Stier uttered a great many "ah's" during the process; but from neither of the gentlemen could Hogan in the least divine his real opinion.

When the great subject of the newspaper was mooted, Mr. Bruen knew just the man to manage the business. His antecedents were not satisfactory; he had been dismissed from some half-dozen offices for every fault save incompetence. It would never do to have this man's name appear, so Hogan agreed to be nominal editor; and the City article was to be written in Stier and Bruen's offices, under the supervision of those gentlemen. The City article, as it was nominally called, was in reality the leader. A well-written, spicy—political or Parliamentary, according to the season—essay certainly filled the first column or two. Then came the *résumé* of the financial operations of the day, the heads of which were collected, and handed to Hogan, who rough-hewed them into shape, and submitted the crude sketch to the real editor for the final touching-up. This finan-

cial article, which was ostensibly devoted to exposing the snares of the "long firms" and bubble companies with which the City swarms, was a perfect study of art. Saltasche and Co. were adepts in the science of throwing water on drowning rats. Peruvian Mines, Tammany Rings, Panama canals, and *hoc genus omne* were slashed with a bitterness and personality that never failed to attract readers. A sort of record was kept of the antecedents of prominent operators; and at a critical moment this *dossier* would be published and sent broadcast over the country. The effect on the public may be imagined. Of course the beautifully pure and disinterested motives of the *Beacon* were plain on the face of it. Cato, the censor, was a schoolboy compared to Saltasche, whose diatribes against manipulators were as edifying as any pulpit oracle. How the information was obtained, where the queer stories came from, nobody knew. The expenses of the *Beacon* were very large; for in spite of a good circulation and plenty of advertisements, the returns were little more than the outlay. It was a peculiar style of paper altogether, and rather a novelty in British journalism.

Mr. Saltasche might be credited with having invented it; in reality, that versatile gentleman had only borrowed from America one or two of the worst features of its Fourth Estate.

Hogan undertook the political article on condition that his name was not divulged. He had already had some practice in this line, and possessed a fine gift of literary imitation. He could reproduce the style of the *Times* or the *Telegraph* to perfection; and whenever his cruse was exhausted, there was always some clever hack, who for a consideration would dash off a bright, gossipy sketch, to fall back upon. Thrice a week a serial story from the gifted pen of Mrs. Stryper appeared. Poetry, save of the Pasquin *genre*, was eschewed. There were no foreign correspondents. The Press and Reuter's agency supplied a broad-sheet of telegrams to compensate for this deficiency. There was a first-rate theatrical critic, who blamed and praised to order. There was no literary critic: that department was under the management of the printer's foreman, who reserved a half-column for hire, and who had charge of all advertisements.

CHAPTER IV.

“La vraie poésie d’un tel amour, c’est la chanson de Printemps, du Cantique des Cantiques—poème admirable, bien plus voluptueux que passionné. *Hiems transiit, imber abiit et recessit. Vox turturis audita est in terra nostra. Surge amica mea et veni.*”

Ernest Renan.

It was an April afternoon, soft and warm, for the east wind was gone. There had been showers all the morning, but now, between three and four, the sky was perfectly clear. Everything smelt sweet and strong after the rain. Rows of wall-flowers—brown, yellow, and streaked—gave out bitter-sweet odours; tufts of yellow primroses and double lavender primroses, tall pale narcissi bending their faces inwards, stiff-necked in their modesty, filled the air with most delicious incense. The apple trees had on charming pink robes; and the tomtits took a thousand impudent liberties among the blossoms, cutting sum-

mersaults, hanging head downwards, and celebrating the warm weather with uncountable antics.

Beyond the garden hedges the chestnuts had the faint transparent green shade to be seen for a few days only, just while the leaves are peeping out of their brown sheaths, and the flowers are hidden altogether in a tiny knot in the centre. From the wood came the voices of the nesting birds, shrill and clear, and echoing all round.

“ The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill ;
The thristle, with his note so true ;
The wren, with little quill.”

Had one the gift of Solomon, it were a pleasant employment on such a day to go as a spy among the feathered people, and learn what they all were saying. Just like ourselves, no doubt—making love and making mischief, and using their charming voices in various unpleasant ways. Solomon must have had but few illusions ; and that which we rejoice in as a charming idyl, or madrigal, was to him but a dispute as to right of way, an ejectment suit, or a vulgar connubial quarrel.

There was a walk, hedged by espaliers, which ran across the garden, and divided the flower-beds and greensward from the plots of vegetables. It was edged with box, trimly cut; and between the box and the row of espalier apple trees were quantities of sweet-smelling spring-flowers and herbs. Up and down this walk, slowly, and often standing quite still, in earnest converse, walked our friend Nellie and Mr. Hogan.

Nellie was paler, and looked taller than when we last saw her; taller, because she had grown thin. Hogan also was changed; his eyes had lost the bright, confident expression of old, seemed both darker and larger than before, and the bluish lines under them told of hard work and late hours. At the same time he had improved. A certain priggishness of look, a little condescendingness of tone, and an over suavity of manner, had given way to a simplicity and naturalness, not unstudied. perhaps, but far more pleasant and becoming.

"I do think you might have written me a line, if only one, Miss Davoren. It was very hard of you," he was saying.

"You did not ask me, Mr. Hogan. And

what could I have to tell you that would interest you ? ”

“ Ah, you don’t know that. My dear Miss Davoren, tell me, is it not pleasant to come out here into this delightful garden, after the close heat of a crowded room, among the flowers you are fond of—that you know and tend ? Believe me, a letter from you here to me in London—stifled, and tired with work and talk, and disagreeable strange people—would be just as sweet and refreshing. And I longed for such a letter, just as you might pine for this spot if you were—say, in prison.”

Nellie did not answer ; she only looked at him timidly and searchingly, as if fearing to find in his eyes the contradiction of his words.

“ Is your life, then, so disagreeable ? ” she asked, after a pause.

“ Disagreeable ! no, decidedly not. One must take the rough and the smooth, you know ; and if a man goes into Parliament to work as I have done, he must not expect to have it all skittles and beer, as the saying is. It’s too much of the one thing, though—the opposite of skittles and beer. There has been

a deal of heavy night-work this session—private bills, and all that rubbish.”

Amongst the rubbish, Lord Brayhead’s scheme was included; we may be sure it was not one whit nearer to being settled than ever.

“And the Home Rule question? Have you been working at that? Is it any nearer being settled?”

He laughed, and shook his head. “It is not even licked into shape yet; and I’m not the man to do that. I wonder what my Peatstown friends are about? There are a couple of gentlemen there who have their eyes upon me. One wants a farm, and the other wants a republic; and if they don’t get them by means of Home Rule,—which, by-the-bye, is to be got first,—ere two years are over, I am a doomed man.”

“A pleasant prospect, truly. Dicky has told me enough about Peatstown.”

“How is my friend Dicky distinguishing himself in college?”

“I don’t know, indeed. Really, I hardly see him except at meal-times; he might as well live there always. It is wonderful to me

how he likes to be always away. I'd get tired soon of that perpetual amusement."

"Perpetual amusement! ah, ah! So that is the way with him. Well, all boys seem to be inclined that way. There are very few workers now. I don't know how it is."

"He never opens a book. Of course he has his studies; but if you were to see the story-books he buys! I assure you he reads those 'penny awfuls,' and novels that one would imagine a servant, and a servant alone, could care about."

"Yes, that's the way; most boys are the same. I recollect them well enough. After all, a taste for reading requires to be cultivated; and they have not yet taken that into account in our universities. There is something absurd in a man being able to read the Greek and Latin classics, and knowing and caring nothing for his own. However, there are more absurdities than that remaining to us from the monkish founders."

"I don't like the university system at all. I don't see why a number of young lads should be shut up together in a sort of barrack—it is that—if they are to live at

home, and if they are intended for family life; it is not a good preparation for it. And Dicky has got so rough since he went there, and so independent; he won't tell a thing about himself, or answer a question; he is utterly changed."

"Ah, he'll change back again, never fear. It is not possible he could be rough to you—he or anybody. I never had a sister," Hogan continued, after a short pause, and changing his tone. "You have no idea what a loss it is to a man—one is always different from other men, somehow."

"I can fancy that; for girls who have no brothers are very different from those who have. I fancy they are always more companionable to men, and understand them better when they have been brought up with men. They are more sensible, too."

"It is a great improvement to the brothers, anyhow. Yes, I have missed many a thing in this world, I think. I hardly remember my home, and I have had to fight my way single-handed upwards, without a friend, even."

"You must have been lonely," said Nellie, looking at him sympathizingly.

"Yes," said he ; "I've often thought how I'd like, when the day's work was done, to have some one—some one like you"—and he turned to her—"to talk to me and advise with me—to be my rest and my consolation, my good angel."

She did not answer, but her heart beat fast and faster ; she met his eyes one moment, but the look in them brought a hue like that of the apple-blossoms to her cheek.

"Tell me, Nellie : would you be that to me—could you ? You don't know how I think of you ; how I long for the day when I shall be independent—*when I can* ask you to be—to be something nearer still. Not yet ; but soon. I wouldn't bind you, Nellie,—I could not, fairly ; but tell me, dearest Nellie,—don't take away your hand,—tell me you'll promise to do nothing—to take no step without telling me. You do ?"

A look gave her promise ; and he went on.

"You'll trust me, and confide in me ; you'll write to me ?—and I'll write to you—I'll tell you everything. You'll be my Egeria, my goddess ! Dear child, you don't know how happy I am—how grateful I am to you ! Why

are you pale?—surely you are not afraid? Nellie, dear, I go back to London with a new heart. I'll work harder than ever; and in the summer, dear—in August we'll meet. Shall we not?" and he took both her hands in his.

"Let us go in, please; we have stayed too long. No! please don't keep me. Yes, I'll remember to write. I will, indeed—I promise." Nellie was trembling and pale. She felt very happy, and also not a little frightened; and she almost wished he were gone, that she might run away up to her room to think of it all in quiet.

They returned to the drawing-room, entering by the glass door that opened into the flower garden. Here Dicky was found with his friend Orpen, who had called ostensibly to get a book of his (in reality to make an appointment); and Hogan was obliged to take his leave. Nellie did not like Orpen, and she was glad to excuse herself and get away. When she reached her mother's room, she sat down again in the window seat where she had sat and thought over her first meeting with Hogan. Then it was a dark winter afternoon;

and she remembered well the sunset, into whose clouds she had woven doubting, half-hearted fancies and day-dreams,—which she had confessed to herself were but day-dreams. How quickly it sank and faded! But now it was different, and spring, with all its light and promise, seemed really to have come—not merely into the land, but into her heart and her life. She opened a little latticed pane, and let in the song of the thrushes and the smell of the new leaves and buds; and she felt, as if, like the birds, she could have sung for joy; like them, too, she wove and built an ideal future—an ideal home; heedless of enemies, of coming change and storm, or the sudden malice of cruel, unrelenting fate.

When Hogan left Nellie he proceeded by a cross road, leading past Green Lanes, in the opposite direction from the Davorens' house, to Mr. Saltasche's mansion, where he was to dine and spend the evening. He sauntered along leisurely; and it was just ringing six when he reached the entrance gates. The house was built, although situated on a large piece of ground, close to the road, which it faced. The high wall, however, prevented it

being easily seen. There was nothing remarkable in the façade. It was a large square stone house, overgrown with vines, and every window had a majolica box filled with flowers. No *parterres* before the house,—only a green, close-cut grass plot. The hall was filled with pyramids of flowers in pots, among which were a couple of fine statues. The drawing-room was a large room opening into a superb conservatory. A Persian carpet covered the centre of the floor, only the rich mellow oak of which showed itself wherever Indian matting and snowy sheep-skins and queer embroidered rugs were not. The hangings were of maroon velvet; and the walls of the room were stained a pale oak colour that set off the fine pictures,—some of which were hung up, while others stood on easels. A carved black oak cabinet, and a couple of chairs which matched it nearly enough, although they came from widely different places, stood at one end. Portfolios of etchings—some of them more valuable than Saltasche ever owned to his most intimate friends—were lying on the table. A veiled virgin of Marochetti's, bronze figures of beautiful workmanship, beautiful vases of

hot-house flowers, were judiciously bestowed wherever a dark background served to set off their fragile beauties. A splendidly executed intaglio portrait of Saltasche, and one of his sister, Miss Saltasche, by the same sculptor, hung on each side of the fireplace. The various mementos of foreign travel which people bring home with them were not wanting ; but all of them were uncommon—of form and material which commended themselves at first glance to the connoisseur. China hung nere and there in quaintly-arranged groups on the walls, and was reflected in the mirrors, and an old chased silver flagon and cups surmounted a cluster of strange foreign weapons with hilts of every shape, and some with jewels sunk in them. The windows all looked out on the pleasure-grounds ; and a tempered light came through the curtain of flowering creepers hanging before the conservatory door. A sweet and heavy odour filled the room, partly from the flowers and partly from the Russian leather folios and books.

Hogan sat down in a low easy-chair, and ran his eye round the room. The curious and

artistic arrangement was lost upon him ; but he could judge that everything was of the richest and best of its kind. He thought it odd, and out of the way, that there should be no carpet ; and he put down this, to him a defect, to the foreign tastes of the host. There was no piano either to be seen ; it was in a smaller room at the side. Mr. Saltasche considered that the piano spoiled the general effect, and had it kept in a smaller room, divided from the other only by a velvet curtain.

In a moment three ladies entered by the conservatory door. Hogan had met Miss Saltasche before, and shook hands with her cordially. She was a stout, sombre-looking woman of fifty, who must have been handsome in her youth, for she had magnificent eyes, and features that were regular, if rather coarse. She never dressed, as the saying goes ; holding, with her dissenting notions, that fashions and jewellery were carnal indulgences. A ruffle of Flemish lace at her throat and wrists somewhat relieved the plainness of a heavy black silk ; which, in these days of furbelows and flounces, was Quaker-like in its

simplicity. Her hair, plentiful, however streaked with grey, was gathered up under something that was not a headdress and yet not a cap. She was quite without style or *ton*;—"Dissenter, every inch," would have been Miss O'Hegarty's comprehensive summary. And yet one would hesitate before saying she was not a lady. She was an admirable house-keeper, and there was nothing in the way of needle-work that she could not do. She made lace—real Brussels point, sending to Brussels for her materials; she had embroidered the chairs, table-cloths, and curtains of the drawing-room in the most beautiful manner,—the designs having been made by her versatile brother.

Hogan had never met the other two ladies. One was Mrs. Grey, a faded woman, with a troubled, careworn face; the other was Mrs. Poignarde, looking more beautiful and interesting than ever. He recollected directly where he had seen her before—at the theatre, that night with Saltasche; he remembered, too, with a smile, how struck his impressionable friend had been; and now he took a good look at her while they sat waiting the arrival of

the master of the house. She was not his style at all; but still, she was a beautiful woman. He did not like her manner,—it was too indifferent; and he watched her replying in monosyllables to Miss Saltasche's cumbrous attempts at conversation,—scarcely raising her eyes, as she spoke, from the little bouquet of pale white primulas she had brought in with her from the conservatory.

Hogan left his chair, and sat down nearer to her; he was curious to hear her speak, and wondered could he find any subject that would interest her. After a commonplace or two, he asked directly,—

“Are you long in Dublin, Mrs. Poignarde?”

“No: eight months. I was for six weeks in Cork, before that.”

“And which city do you prefer? Dublin, I hope.”

“I hate both!” she said curtly, ignoring the second clause of his question.

“What a pity!” Hogan spoke in a condescending, half-chaffing tone. He knew something of her history from Saltasche, and had seen her husband. He felt sorry for her misfortunes, certainly; but mixed with the

compassion was a tinge of something akin to contempt. Worldly people, with the best intentions, have always a shade of that running through their charities. "What a pity!—and why so? Our climate is it, or ourselves, now?"

"Ah! your climate—ugh! Your winter is a torment—always present, almost; and your summer, a disappointment."

"That is almost an epigram, Mrs. Poignarde. And ourselves?"

"I don't care for Irish people," she answered bluntly. "What I have seen of them, with an exception or so, they bore me." As if to point this more, she went through a semblance of a yawn, barely opening her mouth, and drawing down her chin and up her eyebrows. It was rather a becoming grimace, and he admired it as much as he did her coolness. Then she pulled over a book, and opened it leisurely. Scarcely had she done so when the door opened, and in came Mr. Saltasche. The hand that held open the cover, dropped it—very suddenly, Hogan thought; and as he rose from his chair, he noticed a quick glance, full of meaning, flash from her eyes to those

of Saltasche. Then they all went to dinner. Miss Saltasche took the head of the table; Hogan sat beside Mrs. Poignarde, who took no notice whatever of him. After they were seated, the reverend Mr. Grey came in, apologizing for being late. The synod had detained him. The conversation at dinner ran wholly on Church matters. Hogan was amused at his friend's ready sympathy with the victims of Disestablishment, and his acquiescence in all the doleful forecasts of the clergyman.

"The country parts will be reduced to a sad state. The clergy gone, and their influence removed, the gentry, you may be certain, will be more of absentees than ever. How are the lower orders to be dealt with?"

"You admit absenteeism to be an evil, then?" asked Hogan.

"Certainly I do. I had a parish in the south, and the landlord resided almost all the year round on his estate,—Sir ——, a most excellent man. You have no conception how the poor people improved. They kept their cottages in good order; he built out-offices and pigsties for them, and encouraged them in keep-

ing little gardens. You might almost fancy yourself in a really English village. They had flowers in their gardens and in their windows. They kept themselves cleaner. In fact, it was wonderful, when you compared them with the tenants on the other estate."

"All owing to the landlord's encouragement and assistance; his daughters, too, worked very hard in that parish," added Mrs. Grey.

"Well," said Hogan, "I have seen something of Irish country villages; and it is deplorable that the landlords don't reside, for ever so short a time in the year. In English counties it is so different. The "great house" can do so much. If the young ladies of the landlord's family would do in Irish villages what they do in the English ones,—refine the poor by their example and presence, teach them to make their houses a little more human-like, raise them out of the barbarism they are now sunk so hopelessly in,—the good would be incalculable."

"It is not merely the poor who suffer by absenteeism," said Mr. Saltasche; "but the better classes in country towns. The doctors,

and their families, attorneys, agents—all that class—lose immensely. These people, for want of stimulus and example, I suppose, too, sink below their own level. They have nothing to look up to, and they require that. They do indeed. We all require it. Even here in Dublin, what would become of manners, refinement—society, in a word—if it were not for the Court, wretched little travesty that it is.”

A faint smile played on Mrs. Grey’s lips, as she recollected that the speaker was disqualified from attending the same wretched travesty.

“There have been projects of abolishing the office of Viceroy,” said Hogan; “and I can’t imagine, were it so, that manners and refinement would utterly vanish from Dublin with it.”

“I daresay they will do that,” said Mr. Grey, with a most melancholy voice. “It will be another step in the direction of abolishing all traces of order and decency, paving the way to revolution and destruction. Unhappy country!”

“Take some strawberries! Out of my forcing-house? Yes, they are, Mrs. Poignarde,” Salt-

asche said ; then in a lower key, "This is so tiresome to you, is it not ? Have you shown Mrs. Poignarde the greenhouses, Elizabeth ?" he asked, looking at his sister.

"Yes ; but not the fernery. We could not get in."

"Ah ! you must see that by-and-by. I have some new ferns."

A glance swift as lightning followed. She interpreted it, "I have something to say to you."

Some hours later, after tea, he led her out into the conservatory off the drawing-room. The doors remained open between. A swinging lamp hung in the centre from the dome ; and under a great tree-fern, the leaves of which grew to the roof, and then bending back, hung down so as to make a sort of arbour, were wicker seats. All round were tiers of beautiful flowers : creamy yellow roses, curious broad-leaved geraniums, trumpet lilies—scarlet, yellow, every brilliant hue—relieved by the cool masses of ferns and the background of dark stephanotis and passion-flowers, climbing behind on the sides and hanging down in graceful wreaths from the roof.

"Sit down here one moment," he said, drawing forward one of the low chairs.

She seated herself, and leaning her elbow on the arm of the chair, rested her chin in her hand and turned her eyes upward, wide open and impatient, full on his.

He seemed nervous, and almost avoided their gaze.

"We mustn't stay here long," he whispered, glancing back at the open door of communication. "Your husband was with me to-day, and he has drawn another couple of hundred pounds. That leaves in my possession only one hundred of his now. I hear he is laying heavily against a horse."

"Bah! Is this all?" she interrupted scornfully; "have you brought me here for this? Say the last penny of our money is gone, at once—the sooner the better, too. I am weary for the end: I am indeed." And she clasped both her hands in her lap despairingly.

"Let me counsel you, Adelaide," he whispered close in her ear. "The end cannot be far off. Poignarde cannot succeed at book-making: he drinks; and that science, as they call it, requires a clearer head than his at the best of times."

"I know," she answered, and turned away her head listlessly. "I thought we were going to the fernhouse."

"Wait one moment," he said; "I forgot something. Then he went back to the drawing-room, and taking a taper, lighted it. He returned with it to the conservatory, where she was, and said in a loud voice, "Follow me, if you please, Mrs. Poignarde; I am going to light up the fernery." He opened a door leading into a peach-house. They passed through this, and entered a labyrinth of rockwork, all overgrown with beautiful and rare ferns. Clusters of maidenhair and queer foliage plants filled every nook. There was a fountain in the centre, and its tiny cascade fell into a pool in which gold fish glided lazily away to hide from the light under broad hart's-tongue leaves. Gold and silver ferns, silvery mosses, all glittered when he lighted little lamps fastened here and there. Some of these were placed so as to shine through the red-veined leaves of the begonias, which looked like curious beetles of mammoth size. Mrs. Poignarde looked round in delight and wonder. He extinguished the wax taper, and there was

now only the pale light of the coloured lamps among the leaves. A damp, faintly acrid perfume filled the air, and the dripping of the little fountain was the only sound. Saltasche took her by the hand, and led her close to one of the lights.

"Now," said he, "look down there." Outside, in the clear twilight, she could see across the garden to the pleasure-ground, and to the weeping ash tree, now in full leaf, where he and she had sat that night two months ago.

"You remember? What did I tell you then?—to trust me, and me only, and to call upon me when in need. I know your wretchedness; but the end has now come. To everything——"

"But—but he may win. Then he would have enough to go on for a long time."

"He will not win; he will be utterly beggared. He may have to leave the army; then he won't want to keep you with him. He will let you go where you like; and where can you go, now?"

"And I will go to Rio,—back to Uncle Rodolphe: he will receive me, I know. You

will help me to do that, will you not, Mr. Saltasche?" and she raised imploring, tearful eyes to his, which were turned away. "Help me to go back home."

He looked at her pitifully, holding her hands in his without replying to her question, wondering to himself how she would bear the news that was waiting for her at home—the news of the death of Rodolphe Chrestien, the merchant-prince of Rio Janeiro, which had been telegraphed to him from London that evening. To-morrow it would be in the papers; no doubt the agent had written to her the bad news too. Saltasche had a kind, sympathetic heart, however lax he might be in morals; and he felt sorry for the pain this friendless creature was to undergo, even though it furthered his own plans.

She could not see his face clearly; but she could see his eyes bent upon hers. A strange light seemed to shine in their depths; and it seemed to her as if he were smiling. Could it be that he was mocking her? She drew her hands away with a violent effort, feeling that she could have bitten her tongue with rage for having yielded to such weak-

ness; and with a look that was defiant and frightened, she made a sudden turn to go. With one step he was before her, and barred the path with his arm.

"Let me pass, Mr. Saltasche, at once."

"Hear me. You will know why I say nothing; you will indeed,—soon—too soon!" Something in his tone reassured her, and at the same time gave her to understand that there was something behind; and she looked at him as if for an explanation.

He walked beside her to the door. There he stopped for a moment, and said to her in a low, meaning tone: "You will send for me, won't you? You will look on me as your best friend."

"I may easily do that," she answered despairingly, "for I have not a friend in the world."

"You have *one*! Go now, go! We shall be missed."

In the drawing-room they were discussing parish affairs. Miss Saltasche, by her brother's directions, took a strong interest in the schools and charities of the neighbourhood. If she had her own will, she would have attended a

queer little Bethesda in a lane off the village main street; but with Cosmo's aristocratic proclivities, that was out of the question, so she was forced to content herself with the tepid ministrations of the Reverend Wilmington Grey.

Hogan was yawning over a book of exquisite etchings, which his untaught eye could not appreciate. He was wondering to himself how anybody could draw such ugly faces and figures, and what on earth was the use of putting pots and pans in a picture.

"Ah! you have that, have you? Some fine bits there," said Mr. Saltasche, leaning over him. "See Ostade signed under that horse. Do you like pictures? Come over here. That, now: where do you think that came from?" and he pointed to a picture hanging on the wall. "That is one of Jordäen's best pieces; that picture was stolen at the sacking of the Palais Royal in Paris in 'forty-eight. It is invaluable. This frame, look," (and he turned to another picture,) "that is more than two hundred years old. Fact: that is a Poussin."

"The bust? Yes, that Veiled Virgin:

Marochetti's. He did it for me. Clever idea? Yes; but it's a mere trick—a mere trick."

And so talking, he led Hogan round the room until they came to the door. He stopped a moment, and taking a cigar-case out of his pocket, held it up, calling to the clergyman,—

"A cigar, Grey?"

He was answered, as he expected, in the negative; and then, with Hogan, he went out to the garden.

"I had a word to say to you before you go," he began, as soon as his cigar was lighted.

"Lord Brayhead is very irritable about this Bill. You see it is an unpleasant position——"

"Most confoundedly so. I wish to God I had never heard of it. It is utterly impossible and ridiculous to expect to get a day for it, with the present crush of business. Unreasonable! Does he think that not only my own, but the business of the country, is to stand still for his crotchet?" There was a little too much heat in Mr. Hogan's tones. He knew very well that only for this crotchet he would not be in Parliament at all, and,

moreover, that the six hundred pounds which Lord Brayhead had contributed towards his expenses gave his lordship a real claim—not the less real because it could not be openly avowed—on his services.

“I was talking to him about it on Saturday ; and he seemed very angry at the session being lost. He counted on you to attack it at once, you see. I think you had better see him and explain matters.”

“I’ll give him back his money, and be done with him.”

“Softly, Mr. Hogan,” said Saltasche, in a cold voice that Hogan had not heard before. “You cannot throw us over in that fashion. And we have reason to complain of the way you have done the work. The night the motion was made by Sir Harry Vane you were not ready to answer the objections brought up by Duffield on behalf of our opponents ; you failed, also, to make that point about the mineral resources. In fact, you have not attended to the business.”

Hogan’s cigar almost fell from his lips. The sudden way in which Saltasche had identified himself with Lord Brayhead, the

tone and manner he had assumed, all took him with a shock as if a bucket of cold water had been thrown over him. He quickly realized the position, however. He acknowledged to himself that he had not done his utmost for the Bill : it was hard to strive and work for an absurdity ; and knowing the accursed thing to be an absurdity, he had treated it so as to deserve his lordship's censure. But that Saltasche should pull him up, and identify himself with "the old fool," was, for half a second, incomprehensible. Then he remembered the tuft-hunting proclivities of the man—remembered what the Lord Brayheads were to him, not merely in society, but in business—and he almost wondered at his ever expecting anything else. And then, too, he had got his price : he was a member of Parliament, and he had realized nearly five thousand pounds, or saw his way clearly to realizing that sum, by the good offices of Mr. Saltasche. He acknowledged all this ; but he remembered, too, that there were considerations on his own side : he had helped Saltasche and Stier and Bruen to float many barques on the financial ocean that were intended to sail

very close to the wind indeed. But what of that ? (and he tried to put his own share in those ventures out of his mind). Hundreds of men in better position would do the same—were only too glad to get the chance. He comforted himself with precedents—prompted thereto by something of the same sheep-like instinct as Mrs. Bursford. Perhaps he had caught the trick from her. He was a good deal in her company of late.

“I am obliged to confess,” replied Hogan, “that more might have been made of that occasion ; and, though I don’t offer it as an excuse, I must tell you that when public opinion and your own judgment are against a thing, it is difficult to work it up.”

“That is not to the purpose,” Saltasche went on—speaking now, however, in his own tone. “See him to-morrow, and make the best case for yourself that you can. On no account give him to understand you think his project hopeless ; mark that, please.”

“It is notorious, in the House and out of it, that he is doing it for a spite against the Broad-gauge Company. What do you say to my offering to refund his money ?”

“You will please yourself as to that. Considering that his lordship could have got some one else to do as much, and also,” (here Saltasche spoke with emphasis,) “that the obligation does not rest there, your course should be obvious.”

Hogan, as he walked home that night, made up his mind to see Lord Brayhead and eat humble pie. It was the first time, and the savour of the dish was not pleasant.

So unpleasant was it that, as he left Lord Brayhead's presence the next day, he almost swore he would throw up the whole thing and go back to his practice—the practice which he had despised, and which his uncle the Bishop had declared to be the safest and the surest in the long run. He had always been independent before ; and now——well, he had got what he bargained for, and this was part of the price. Lord Brayhead had spoken to him as he might have done to his servant-man. As for Saltasche, whose tone in speaking to him rang through his ears still, and affected him just as a bad taste does one's palate, Hogan hoped soon to be able to throw over that flunkey. On the whole, he went back to London in bad spirits.

CHAPTER V.

“Der Mensch erwartet oft einen Kelch mit Necktar, und er kriegt eine Prügel suppe, und ist auch Necktar süß, so sind doch Prügel um so bitterer; und es ist noch ein wahres Glück, dass der Mensch, der den andern prügelt, am Ende müde wird, sonst könnte es der andere wahrhaftig nicht aushalten.”—*Heine, “Reisebilder.”*

THE Bursfords had taken lodgings in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. A large drawing-room, with two windows facing the street, and one bedroom, formed their whole accommodation; and for this they paid a sum so high that were it not that she had the O’Gorman Mulcahy’s rent of the house in Merrion Street to fall back on, Mrs. Bursford would have rebelled outright. At it was, Jervis’ supplies were necessarily cut off.

It was an afternoon late in the month of May. The windows were open, and the air, though close and warm as it is of a London May day, smelt pleasantly of the mignonette

and musk in pots in the balcony. Mrs. Bursford was lying on a sofa by the wall. She was weary and exhausted; an extensive shopping expedition had occupied her and Diana all the forenoon, and they had not long returned. Miss Bursford was sitting in the window, busily trying to read the debate of the previous night in the *Times*. She had taken a great interest of late in Parliamentary business.

She felt too tired to wade through much of it, however; and presently, lying back in her chair drowsily, she let the paper slip out of her lap and on to the floor. The rustle seemed to startle Mrs. Bursford: she raised the cushion on which her head was resting, and said,—

“Diana! you might give me Miss Saltasche’s letter. I had not time to read more than a page of it this morning.”

Her daughter unlocked a desk and handed the letter, a voluminous epistle written in a crabbed hand. Then she returned to her seat; and Mrs. Bursford put on her spectacles and began to read it aloud, with comments interpolated.

“Her brother is coming over next week, to the Westminster Palace Hotel. He always

goes there. 'That unfortunate little Mrs. Poignarde'—do you remember, Diana? the pretty foreign-looking little woman who played so well at his concert—'she has lost her uncle, a very wealthy merchant, whose heiress she was to have been: left all his money in charity, or something of that sort. I gather from the Greys that her marriage had displeased him. Mr. Saltasche managed some money affairs for the husband,—a sad scamp, it seems: he tells me they are almost penniless. She expects to have to teach for her living.' Dear, dear! I suppose it was the knowledge that she would have to come to that at last that made her practise and study as she did. I always thought there was something out of the way in her playing so well."

"Oh! quite," assented Diana. Then Mrs. Buttsford went on,—

"She says she has heard Miss O'Hegarty won't go away anywhere this summer. Her nephew, Dermot Blake, is to be home in July or August: he means to go to Blakestown direct."

"August, is it now?" said Diana. "I thought we heard June, or May. He'll marry

and settle, no doubt. I wonder will it be one of the Haras or Dillons? They will be on the *qui vive*."

"Won't they, though?" said Mrs. Bursford. "I should not be one bit surprised if they packed back to Kerry for the summer instead of going to the Rhine, just because he'll be there."

"The Taylors, too: they have money now."

"They'd need it. What a chance they have of him! Dermot will marry some pretty face,—that's what he'll do. Let Dorothy do all she likes."

"Lady Brayhead thinks of Biarritz, and will take one of her nieces with her. She thinks it probable Miss Braginton will accompany Mrs. John Braddell to London for a while."

"Oh!" said Diana, turning round in her chair.


"She was furious when she heard of the letting of the Burton Street establishment. I saw she was bent on getting over, by crook or by hook," said Mrs. Bursford, folding up the letter and putting it in her pocket. "And now she has just foisted herself on these Braddell people. I do wish——"

But the wish was never spoken ; for Mrs. Bursford's glance fell on the clock on the chimneypiece, and she started up.

"Half-past four!" she exclaimed. "Diana, I forgot to tell them that we wanted afternoon tea. I'll ring for the servant."

"She has taken up with the Braddells because of their widowed brother-in-law—that's just it," continued the elder lady when the order had been given. "The O'Gorman Mulcahy has gone back to Mayo, and has made no sign. Pah! the creature! I am glad Mr. Saltasche is coming over—very glad. I feel uneasy about those Leadmines shares. From what Mr. Hogan says——"

"Pray, mamma, on no account let him imagine that Mr. Hogan is your authority: now please remember that. Mr. Saltasche may be quite unaware that Mr. Hogan knows so much of our——knows we hold those shares. And then things take such sudden changes in the City: they were thirty-eight yesterday, and to-day they are thirty-seven and one-eighth. That is nothing extraordinary." Miss Bursford evidently had been studying something more than Parliamentary business.



At five o'clock Hogan came in, looking pale and tired, and very hot. Diana rose to welcome him, with quite a pretty fuss. A long reclining chair, with soft silken cushions, was placed in the shade by the open window, where the air could come in but not the sun. A footstool seemed to present itself of its own accord to his feet, which were weary with the hot glaring walk up Piccadilly. After the heat and dust without, the cool room was delightful. It was not like a lodging: if it was, it was a different sort from his rooms in Bloomsbury. There were quantities of pretty trifles scattered about. Diana had taken the trouble to pack all her knicknackeries and carry them across with her. The O'Gorman Mulcahys must have found a bare drawing-room when they took possession. Books, magazines, vases, and pots of flowers gave it a cheerful inhabited look; and Miss Bursford, in a charming cool dress of white and blue, all the harsh lines softened and toned down by the judicious half-light, moved gracefully, on hospitality intent, about the room.

"What may we expect in another month—in the dog-days?" said Hogan, laying back

his head in the chaise-lounge, and watching Diana's gliding movements lazily from under his half-shut eyelids.

A confused dull hum, a faint echo of the thoroughfares, came in from the street with the perfume of the flowers. The change was so complete, he felt almost as if in a dream. Then the servant came in with tea. A round table on three legs, holding a miniature tea-tray, was brought forward; a funny little round teapot, shaped like a melon, with a leaf for a lid and some twisted silver tendrils for a handle; cups of different sizes, shapes, and colours, but all of them pretty and quaint, —Miss Bursford's thin white fingers moving amongst them gracefully, if a little fussily.

"I assure you, Mrs. Bursford, you might get a sunstroke to-day in Pall Mall quite easily."

"I daresay, indeed. I was out this morning: it was so fatiguing. I am sure it will end with a thunderstorm. There are always thunderstorms in London at this time of year. Diana, you always put too much sugar in my tea."

Hogan rose and fetched back the teacup, to

have the fault rectified by the pouring in a little more tea. Mrs. Bursford was sitting in the far window, in her own easy-chair.

"Now," said Diana, all smiles and graciousness, handing him a cup of tea delightful of fragrance.

He laid it on the gipsy table.

"I am too far away," he said, looking at the cumbrous chaise-lounge and the footstool. "This will be a short cut;" and he lifted the little table and its load a good foot nearer to his place. Diana placed her chair nearer, and laughed.

"You are fond of short cuts, I think," she said, with a trace of meaning in her tone. "I like them too, but I lack the power, somehow, of foreseeing short cuts. What a world of time and trouble it saves! It is a real talent." She said this with an affected emphasis—an italicizing of eyes and voice that implied homage and admiration.

He smiled a kind appreciation as he sipped his tea.

"What is there new to-day?" asked Mrs. Bursford, from her arm-chair.

"Really very little. Judge Conolly is dying.

They speak of Mr. Guages as his successor. Conolly did not hold it long."

"No; and Mr. Guages is old: sixty-eight, they say. He has need of a rest, indeed."

"That, and the new theatre, and the financial scandal, are about all the news going. Lord Featherhead has advanced fifty thousand. Miss Babillon's salary is to be, according to some people, two hundred a week. Her dressing-room is a marvel: satin and point-lace hangings in all the shades of blues. He is having her picture painted as 'Queen Too-loo-loora,' by Fleshynge. I'm told it's to cost eight hundred guineas. And she is to appear on the first night in a new burlesque written for her by Lord Featherhead and Tom Titt."

"Especially Tom Titt, I suppose?" said Miss Bursford. "What idiotic puns he makes! When is his novel expected out?"

"Quite soon; it is nearly all stolen from Ernest Feydeau, and some other French writers. By-the-bye, Mrs. Stryper is bringing out another: that woman must work night and day. She makes money by it, too: advertises so daringly. Her last dodge was to present copies gratis to all the public reading-

rooms and mechanics' institutes. Then, of course, their acknowledgments appeared in the papers, and were a first-rate advertisement. I am told she will get a thousand pounds for this. The plot is certainly daring—a mother and daughter in love with the same man. By the bye, she is in a fury just now. Some Yankee got a letter of introduction to her, and was asked to dinner. And what did the fellow do but write an account of her, and her house, and her dinner, off to a New York paper!—described everything, to the pattern of the plates. Everybody is talking of it.”

“What was the financial scandal?” interrupted Mrs. Bursford, a little impatiently.

“A merchant absconded with a large sum—a hundred and twenty thousand, they say: gone to Spain. There is no extradition treaty, you know, with Spain. Such a foolish thing of anybody that is ‘wanted’ to leave London! It is the safest place of all, if they would only think it.”

“Had he speculated?” asked Mrs. Bursford.

“Yes, and had made money; but he had been implicated in some unpleasant business likely to injure his standing, and people fought

shy of him ; so he thought it better to be off."

"Dear me !" Then Mrs. Bursford picked up the stitches in her tatting, and dropped out of the conversation. Diana quitted the tea-table, and seated herself opposite Hogan in the window, well back from the light, among the shadows of the curtains.

"You did not speak last night, then ?" said she, in a reproachful tone. "I was so disappointed this morning." The blonde eyelashes drooped pensively for a moment.

"You were looking for the report, eh ?" said he in a lazy tone. "Ah ! I had thought of saying something on that Enlistment Bill. The subject did not interest me, though ; and I had had a hard day's work in the City, so was glad to doze in my seat. It is a good quality of mine to be able to go to sleep in all sorts of odd positions and times—that is, after midnight."

"The Duke of Wellington and Napoleon could do that too, I have read." Diana related this admiringly, just as if she saw in it some additional links in the chain of analogy she had wrought in her own mind between these heroes and her swain.

"Saltasche, by-the-bye, prides himself greatly on his likeness to Napoleon," said Hogan, smiling. "Have you noticed that?"

"Dear, yes: he dresses the part, too. He has a picture of Napoleon: some people say he had it painted from himself. He can give a very good imitation—that is quite his weakness; and he is very susceptible to flattery on that head."

"I hardly supposed he had a weakness," laughed Hogan: "we all have. That mania for imitating great people is very common. What a number of fat men prided themselves at one time on being like O'Connell! It always dies out after a while. I think almost every short swarthy man imitated Napoleon more or less. I know another who has his photograph taken in jack-boots and a sort of hunting costume—with his arms folded, of course."

"Mr. Saltasche has a little too much colour," said Diana.

"Well, a little. It is very vexatious, though, when you are presented with a photograph and asked deliberately, 'Who does that remind you of?' Of course you don't know. Then

when you are informed sulkily that it is *considered* so like the Duke of so-and-so, or Prince such-a-one, you can't help showing surprise. There is an old gentleman here who dresses exactly like Prince G——, and will do so to the end of time, because he was once mistaken for him. His head has been completely turned ever since."

"I quite believe it. People are so silly. In Dublin I know several people who persist in copying exactly his Ex'cy's dress, whiskers, and way of brushing his hair. I know a girl who was perfectly crazed for a season or two because she had been told she was like Viscountess H——. People went so far as to say that she had been saluted in the street in mistake for her. But that I doubt: she never was so good-looking."

"Mr. Saltasche, I mustn't forget to tell you, will be here on Monday morning," said Hogan, looking at his watch. "I must be in my place early to-night." Hogan had not yet got out of the trick, common to most new-made M.P.s, of regulating their daily lives in accordance with the exigencies of the House, and of continually talking of the same. "There

will be an effort made by some friends to get that wretched Railway Bill on its legs again. Ah!——” and he sighed heavily.

“Is it so hopeless, then?” asked Miss Bursford, with a charming show of interest and sympathy.

“Hopeless?—indeed it is. That’s not the worry, though.” He spoke unguardedly, and heedless of the look of sharp curiosity that suddenly shone in her eyes.

“Oh dear!” sighed the lady, clasping her hands with affected vehemence, “if I were only a man! What a glorious career one could carve out! Don’t you admire that saying of Napoleon’s, ‘*La carrière ouverte aux talens*’? To think that any man with talent and—ah—energy can raise himself! There is really something most fascinating to me in the aristocracy of intellect.”

This was kindly meant; but there was something in it that jarred Hogan. Self-made men may be divided into two classes—those who have advanced themselves by intellectual achievement, and that other large class, of whom the immortal Whittington may be taken as the type, and with whom we are all

familiar. The last are usually proud of their own success, and fond of reverting to their humble beginnings: an amiable weakness, which society has always condoned on the ground of its supposed stimulating effect on youth.

It is strange, but true, that the contrary should exist among the "aristocracy of intellect." This seeming anomaly may be accounted for by the fact that Intellect is not yet recognized as the ruling element of society. It is so in reality; but the multitude bow before money. Money excuses, gilds, ennobles everything; whereas if a clever man be poor, it is dangerous for him to advertise his cleverness,—people almost instinctively button up their pockets. A successful clever man has very often a sort of apologetic air.

Hogan was no exception to the general rule. He was a self-made man, and by no means of the best stamp. He was morbidly sensitive as to his origin—maybe from some conscientious motive, after all—and he could have well dispensed with Diana's lavish incense of this particular attribute. It was not in the best taste. But it must be allowed for the lady that she was unversed in the pecu-

liarities of the specimen just now in hand. She was only feeling her way. He too, seeing clearly her motive—for he was quick of perception—in his masculine vanity was inclined to overlook the offence. So he smiled a mixed approval, and rose to go.

Diana accompanied him to the door with an expectant look, which he had not the presence of mind to ignore.

“Good-bye, then ; I’ll see you again shortly. Let’s see,—this is Monday : Friday, in the afternoon ; yes.”

It was becoming his habit now, when leaving Clarges Street, to fix the day and hour for his next visit. He had fallen into the practice quite insensibly. Having called once and found them not at home, Diana had declared it to be perfectly insupportable that a “Dublin friend,” as she was pleased to style him, should run the risk of a tiresome long walk for nothing. Mr. Hogan really *must* tell them when he was coming. No ! she would not hear of his confining himself to Tuesdays—their at-home day : he must come whenever it suited him. The idea of tying down a member of Parliament, a public man, to a

certain day or hour! Absurd! he *must* name his own time; and so on.

Hogan smiled on seeing the pleased, triumphant expression that kindled in her face.

"Oh, by-the-bye," said he, "I'll bring that book of poems you were speaking to me about. 'Love is Enough': is that it? Yes, I have ordered it."

"You are really too kind," she murmured, with effusion. "You will come on Friday, and bring me news of all your achievements? Good-bye: *au revoir*." And a languishing *œillade* accompanied the parting hand-shake. He pressed her fingers just a little. It was impossible not to acknowledge such persistent, such flattering efforts for his good graces in some way; and, clumsy novice that he was, he could think of nothing else. It was pleasant, indeed, for Hogan to be able to drop anchor in such a quiet, refreshing haven, after the heats and burdens of the day! He felt this keenly; and he liked the flattery, the attentions, and caresses of the siren. It was soft and pleasant, and we know his tastes lay in that direction. How or when it was to end he never asked himself.

As he walked down Clarges Street to the corner of Piccadilly, where he meant to hire a hansom to drive home to his dinner, he jotted down a hasty memorandum of his engagement for Friday, and dismissed all thought on the subject from his mind. After Friday there would be another day; and there might be a second visit to the National Gallery, or a flower-show or concert, or, maybe, another book of poems. Then he thought of Nellie and her coy shyness. And in the almost midsummer heat of Regent Street, amid the noise and crowd and dust, there rose to him a vision of the garden walk in Green Lanes: the trees in blossom, and hung with little glistening raindrops after the spring shower, and the timid girl, with apple-blossom cheeks and downcast blue eyes, who had walked beside him there.

CHAPTER VI.

“ *Apemantus*.—Heyday ! what a sweep of vanity comes this way ?

* * * * *

Var. Servant.—How dost ? Fool !

Apem.—Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. Serv.—I speak not to thee.

Apem.—No ! 'tis to thyself—come away.”—*Timon of Athens*.

THE afternoon of a fine day, early in June. The various approaches to the “ Palace Gardens ” were unusually thronged with people, on foot or in carriages. The Rose Show of the year was being held, and everybody was in haste to get in. Their Excellencies were to be present, and as the weather was perfectly fine and warm, hardly a ticket had been left unsold. At one of the entrance-gates—not the principal one—stood Mr. Saltasche, evidently on the look-out for some one. He never quitted his post of observation, though innumerable people of his acquaintance passed in, and many gorgeously-dressed ladies smiled gracious

encouragement to him to escort them. Dicky Davoren passed, with his sister—taking off his hat gravely as they went by, in return for Saltasche's careless nod. The Brangans and Raffertys, looking like full-blown peonies of various startling colours, were attended by Bishop O'Rooney and a couple of young lads: gentlemen of their persuasion are not generally burdened with much spare time, and their young ladies are left pretty much to themselves until after business hours. There were abundance of military men—recognizable, as a rule, by their well-cut clothes and "set-up" air; a sprinkling of professional men; and a large number of country gentlemen up for the Cattle Show, slouching of gait, freckled of countenance, and deliberate of movement. All these passed Mr. Saltasche in crowds. At last a cab drove up, and Mrs. Poignarde, dressed in light mourning and looking paler and thinner than before, accompanied by her husband and a lady whom Saltasche did not know, got out. He advanced to meet them, his eyes sparkling with exultation.

"I am so pleased you have come. My sister and Mrs. Grey are in the tents: we shall follow them. How do you do, Captain?"

"My cousin, Miss Stroude, from London: Mr. Saltasche."

Saltasche bowed to a middle-aged, pleasant-looking lady. After a moment or two, they joined the stream that was flowing towards the tents. Poignarde was dumb, as usual, and Saltasche speedily found his sister and introduced the stranger to her. Miss Saltasche was busy with a note-book and pencil, taking down the names of the finest plants. Mrs. Grey was talking to people near her.

"Have their Excellencies come yet?" asked Mrs. Poignarde.

"I do not know," replied Saltasche. "As yet I have seen no one. We must have your opinion," he added, turning to Miss Stroude with bland bow and smile, "on our horticultural efforts. After Kew and the Crystal Palace this must seem very poor to you."

"Are you exhibiting anything?" asked Poignarde, who for some reason or another seemed trying to be agreeable and talkative.

"No, not this time. I had some things at the last show, and got a prize—I believe for a tree-fern; but the plants were so injured that McKie would not allow me to send anything to this."

"Your ferns are very valuable, I believe?" continued the Captain.

"I was offered a hundred pounds for a tree-fern, McKie tells me. I know it cost me more than that," said Mr. Saltasche, laughing.

"You have a Scotch gardener, then?" said Miss Stroude.

"Yes; I dare not gather one of my own flowers, he is such a tyrant. The dream of his life is to compass a blue rose."

"A blue rose!" she repeated. "What an absurdity!"

"Everybody has his hobby; and that is McKie's. I believe my sister encourages him in it—just out of policy, you know."

Then Miss Saltasche fell into rank beside Miss Stroude. Poignarde seeing a brother-officer outside, slipped away to join him; his wife and Saltasche made the tour of the tent side by side.

"Come and see the geraniums," said he. "I want to show you Lord Brayhead's collection of plants."

They made their way across the grounds to another large tent, not yet thronged with people. They stopped for a moment before a beautiful pyramid of scarlet blossoms, which

seemed to send out a glow of warmth all round it. The reflection shone in her long brown eyes, opened wide in admiration. Her exquisite oval face, framed in soft wreaths of hair and the black tulle of her mourning bonnet, looked like marble in its paleness. He was watching her.

"Tell me," he said in a low voice, "how has it been with you since? How have you decided now?"

"He is arranging an exchange. His cousin, Miss Stroude, is staying with us. She has come over here on some business, and has been very good, after her fashion. She says she will procure me teaching in London."

"Teaching? You! Surely not!"

"Yes; she wonders I have not tried long ago. It would be so easy, she says, with my talent and proficiency. She did not know the plan that I have been building on for years. And now that has all vanished, it seems to me I am indifferent to everything. What does it matter?"

"It does matter," said he brusquely. "You are talking nonsense. When does Miss Stroude leave you?"

"She is going down to Westmeath to-morrow. She will be back in a short time; and she spoke of my going over to London with her, if he can manage to settle his exchange in so short a time."

"Settle nothing," breathed Saltasche, in a low fierce whisper; "leave things as they are. I'll find you something pleasanter than teaching. You, indeed! Mind—promise nothing."

She looked up at the strange tone, and a faint shell-pink tinged her cheeks when she met the greedy eyes bent upon her.

"Let us find our people now," said he. And they retraced their steps towards the first tent. It was not an easy matter to get on now. The viceregal party had arrived, and the usual mobbing was going on. It was easy to discern their whereabouts. One had only to follow the pushing, struggling *queue* that extended behind them. Every one who had ever been presented bowed as they passed; and his Excellency's unfortunate hat seemed to be only put on his head to be taken off again immediately. They got back to the rose-tent with difficulty, and found their party collected at the entrance.

"Oh, here you are," said Miss Saltasche. "We want to see the fruit. Which tent is it in? Come with us, Mrs. Grey. Lord Tenbrock is exhibiting some. You will like to see that, of course." Lord Tenbrock was one of the patrons of the Greys' parish.

They all filed off in the direction of a small tent, towards which the crowd seemed also to be rushing. The viceregal party having completed their scamper through the floral section, were now inspecting the strawberries, giant cabbages and onions, of the fruit and vegetable department. On the way they encountered Mrs. Hepenstall, Mrs. de Lancier, and some attendant military men. They greeted the Saltasches and Greys very cordially. Mrs. Poignarde, who was walking beside Saltasche, raised her eyelashes, and timidly looked for a recognition. Mrs. Hepenstall, a very frisky matron, and her friend of the auricomous hair, looked blankest forgetfulness. Their military attendants cast admiring glances at the slender, white-faced little woman in black. One of them knew Saltasche, and commenced a lively conversation with him, in the hope, evidently, of drawing her into it.

Saltasche, generally complaisant enough in this *genre*, listened and answered stiffly; and the two groups swept asunder presently. He looked at her archly.

“You are complimented highly to-day, you see. I had a great mind to introduce Captain du Maurel to you. I wonder would those ladies ever have forgiven me. See: here come their husbands!” A couple of well-dressed, fast-looking men passed. (“Good-day, Lancier! Day, Hep.!”) “The near man belongs to the little fair woman. He won a bet of fifty pounds yesterday: rather a droll one, too. Backed himself for two ponies to drink a pint of stout out of a soup-plate with an egg-spoon, while Mr. Duffer of the —th walked round Stephen’s Green. Did it, too.”

“Oh! was it he? I heard Eric talking of that last night. It seems to have caused great excitement.”

“Immense. I believe it is a cousin of Du Maurel’s or Lancier’s (I forget which)—Mr. Sharpsye—that owns the Derby favourite this year.”

“Bah! Talk to Captain Poignarde of those matters; he is sure to know. I hate the very name of horse.”

"What 'm I sure to know? eh?" growled a well-known voice behind them. The Captain's voice was thick and his eyes watery. He had evidently been paying a visit to the refreshment stall.

"I was saying to Mrs. Poignarde that Sharpsye, who bought Skyscraper from Lord Bentinck, was a cousin of one of those men who have just passed us."

"He is a cousin of Du Maurel. Made all his money by knife-handles. Fact: Sheffield man. I say, that reminds me, I want to say a word to you. What are we stayin' here for? Just look at these cabbages?—indeed I won't, ma'am. These old women are fit for anythin'. Come on outside and leave them. Selina Grey will pocket some of those onions yet. Came from Tenbrock's? Oh! that's what's the matter, is it?"

So speaking, the Captain elbowed his way out. Saltasche, after a look at her, followed him. When they got outside, Poignarde shook himself as if relieved.


"I say," he began, "it looks nice and quiet over there: what do you say to cross over and have a weed?"

They left the crowd, and passed over the grass sward to a comparatively deserted alley bordered with lilacs and laburnums all in full blossom. Entering this, Poignarde lighted a cigar and seated himself on a bench.

"I have been told," he began, "of a real sure thing." He stopped to give a long puff at his cigar. Saltasche's eyes kindled with impatience.

"Derby, eh?" said he quickly. He knew perfectly well what the fellow wanted; and he was in a hurry to get back to his friends. He looked at him with a sort of impatient disgust. The sodden countenance and pimpled nose, and the insolent, patronizing air, never appeared to him more sickening. A wretch not worth a penny if his creditors were paid,—on the verge of ruin, and yet swaggering and boasting to the last.

"Derby! Yaas, that's the ticket." And he nodded his head sapiently. "Stand to win three thousand this minute." Saltasche blandly smiled, as if quite pleased and not at all astonished at this news. "I say," went on the Captain, "I'll put you up to a good thing. Rattler is to be 'pulled.'" And he looked



all round cautiously among the stems of the lilacs, as if some listener might be crouching to gather the words of wisdom that fell from his lips. "Don't let that out. I have it from the stable direct. I've laid heavily against him. Skyscraper's the horse. Yes, sir. Du Maurel even doesn't know: he'll come a cropper—ho! ho! Will you put anything on it? eh?"

"Er—no; much obliged to you, Captain. My business is enough for me. I never cared for 'horse politics,' either; never had time, you see: all that requires time and attention."

"'Tention! By Jove, I should say so. The sums I have had to pay for tips, now!" he added, reflectively.

"More than that, it really takes such foresight, calculation, and arrangement to win—er—you know. It would be quite beyond me—quite;" and Mr. Saltasche smiled agreeably at this avowal of his own incapacity.

"I dare say," assented the other, patronizingly. "I think I'll have to ask you to let me have that hundred."

"Impossible!" answered the broker, sharply and decisively. "I could not realize it for

a week to come. I can give you fifty, or eighty, to-morrow or the day after, if you like. I am told," said he, "you intend to exchange to India."

"Yes. The ——th sails July 2nd; and in case—ah—I'm only thinking about it," and he looked at Saltasche with a half-grin. "I don't want that generally known, you see; it ain't settled."

"Thursday next, the day after the Derby," said the broker sententiously, "you'll know for certain."

Poignarde nodded, and throwing away his cigar they strolled back to the crowd. Lady Brayhead and her nieces the Bragintons had appeared on the scene. They walked about patronizing everything and everybody. The flowers were compared disadvantageously with those of the London fêtes: nothing to Kensington, not to speak of the private collections of their titled friends.

"Begonia? Yes; nothing to Lord Fraise-feuilles, is it, Blanche? Do you remember the table vines at dear Lady St. Elmo's? "How do you do, Mr. Saltasche? Lord Brayhead? No, he is not here. Oh! you

saw him in London the day before yesterday ? Did you meet Diana and Aunt Bursford ? ”

“ Oh yes, several times. I called in Clarges Street. They are looking uncommonly well, and go out immensely. The day I saw them, they were going to afternoon tea at the Under Secretary’s, and to Mrs. Ware Hawk’s concert in the evening.”

Miss Braginton’s complexion took a green shade, and her black eyes glittered viciously. Just then she caught sight of her friend Mrs. Braddell, escorted by a great fat country gentleman with a band of crape round his hat. She dived into the crowd to secure her prize ; but when she came up with them she found Miss O’Hegarty had caught Mrs. Braddell in conversation, so she was obliged to wait an instant. She stared blankly at Nellie Davoren, who was leaning on her brother’s arm, and on whom the stare was lost—for Nellie did not recognize the little lady in the pink silk bonnet, whose eyes seemed glancing in every direction. At last Miss O’Hegarty noticed her ; and she was obliged to come forward—against her will, for she would much have preferred waiting until the coast was clear.

"Miss Braginton, how are you? and where's your sister? When did you hear from Diana? She is enjoying herself in London, I'm told. Any amount of gaieties and beaux."

At the last word a smile curled Miss Braginton's lips that was edifying to see.

"I am glad to hear it," she snapped out.

"Oh, indeed, then; but I have heard of her at the National Gallery, and somewhere else—Kensington Gardens—with a very devoted squire indeed. Fact, I assure you." And Miss O'Hegarty nodded her head significantly.

"Pray, who is it? Come now, Miss O'Hegarty,—pray now; you *are* too bad,"—and Miss Braginton put on all her force of smiles and affected implorings, for the benefit of the widower, who was standing close by.

Nellie recognized her now: she watched the little lady's contortions with a sort of curiosity. She, too, had heard Miss O'Hegarty's insinuations; but she never dreamed that she could mean Mr. Hogan—Hogan, from whom that very morning she had received a letter, which was in her pocket now, and would be carried about with her until by dint of constant reading she would

know its contents off by heart. She turned and said something to Dicky; and they both left Miss Dorothy to her friends, and went outside to speak to the Raffertys, who were now accompanied by Mr. Mulcahy. The Bishop was walking with Mrs. Rafferty. He gave a long look at Miss Nellie, remembering her perfectly well; and she, too, looked at him well and long—not for any interest she took in himself, but just because he was Mr. Hogan's uncle.

The day was beautiful, and it was pleasanter outside than in the tents, where the crowds of people and the heavy odours of the flowers made it very oppressive. Nellie felt in high spirits, and laughed and talked with Mr. Mulcahy until that youth felt utterly bewildered, and Miss Brangan, who looked upon him as her property because he had come with her party, bent her black brows in displeasure.

“Look out there; there's Mr. Saltasche: do you see him, Nellie?” said Dicky. “He's speaking to his Ex'cy, I declare.” The whole group turned their heads in the direction indicated.

“I didn't see the Lord Lieutenant yet,”

said Miss Brangan, in a discontented tone; "let us go over, and try to get near that tent where they are now."

"Oh no, don't! They'll be going now directly, and we can watch them pass out of the gate," cried Dicky.

But Miss Brangan would not be satisfied with this. She was determined to inspect their Excellencies just as she had inspected the other attractions of the *fête*; and she dragged the party over to that part of the grounds where the vice-regal party now were. Dicky gave Nellie a pull and a meaning glance.

"Let them go—and deuce go with them. Pack! Here come Orpen and Griffiths; I'm delighted they're gone."

Mr. Orpen engaged Nellie in conversation, while Mr. Tad Griffiths whispered hurriedly to Dicky,—

"Are you coming to-night? Orpen said you were afraid to."

"Afraid, eh? We'll see. I'm short of cash, though. Has he settled who is to be in the collection for the Derby?"

"Yes, ten of us; it's twenty-five shillings

each. Listen: they say Mahoney's married to the housemaid. Lord!—fact! Did you ever hear of such a fool? Big idiot! Mulcahy said he'd join too. Is all your money gone?"

Dicky nodded. "I'll manage it, though. Who else is in?"

"Wylding, he is going it: he told me this morning he had his mother's Indian shawl, his own and his brother's dress suit, and a whole heap of books, in pawn. And the fun of it is, they're invited to a dance next week, and the dress suits will be wanting,—ho! ho! Isn't that a joke? Moreover, there's a nice row already: you see his father locks the hall door every night, and the keys are carried upstairs. Well, my brave Wylding hops in and out by the dining-room window; there's no area round the corner. And if the cook didn't see him and tell on him! Such a scrummage! And now, if this other little game is found out it will be a nice job altogether."

Just then Miss O'Hegarty appeared, having followed Nellie and Dicky.

"How do you do, Mr. Orpen? I hope your mother is better. Nellie and Dick, their

Ex'cises. are gone; I think we ought to be going. Nearly six o'clock! dinner will be ready before we are home. Come along, dears. Nice gentlemanly lads, those are, Dicky," she went on as they walked towards the gates. "I am glad to see you choose such nice improving companions: that young Orpen is so quiet and refined."

A grim smile passed over Dicky's rather haggard face; but he did not endeavour to disillusion her.

"Who were those people you were with, Nellie?"

"The Miss Raffertys, and some of their friends," answered Nellie a little absently.

"Ah yes: R. C.'s; I guessed as much. Their toilettes decidedly bore the 'mark of the Beast,' as Mr. Wyldoates calls it. Wonderful,—it's wonderful; but one recognizes them always. Do walk faster, children. Peter will be so furious."

CHAPTER VII.

A JUNE morning in College Green. The Bank stood out clear and bright ; the scarlet uniforms of the sentries and the white and blue wings of the pigeons gleaming in the sun, might, by a fanciful eye, have been taken for flowers set against the grey stone background. The strawberry sellers were crying their wares, and a flower-girl or two with a basket of pot roses and mignonette, scented the air as they loitered by. A blue haze shimmered in the sky ; the smoke curled up in thin, transparent reeks. The awnings were all drawn down before the windows ; and the day promised to be intensely hot.

Mr. Saltasche, driving over to his office from the terminus, seemed to find it so already. He lay back in his seat languidly, resting his elbow on the wall of his car, and holding a newspaper so as to keep the strong sun out of his eyes. He reached the office in Dame

Street, and ascended the steps slowly, nodding mechanically in reply to the greetings of some men who were standing in the lobby. He walked over to the window, and looked out. High over head, in the centre of the street, the telegraph wires ran ; he followed their course with his eyes, and noted where they connected at the Commercial Buildings, and then went on again to the newspaper offices, to the Corn Exchange, and across town.

“Humph !” said he, almost aloud, “another couple of hours, and everything will be decided.” Then, after a long glance up and down the street, he turned round to his desk. It held a goodly pile of letters and telegrams ; and he seated himself to his morning’s work. An envelope caught his eye directed in a lady’s hand—large round English handwriting. He opened it quickly : it was from Mrs. Poignarde, and had been sent by hand.

“DEAR MR. SALTASCHE,—Eric has just had a telegram from London about the race, and he is in a terrible state. He has left with some men, in order to hear the result as soon as possible.

C. P.”

He tore this into tiny atoms, and sat for an instant debating whether to telegraph to her or not. "Useless," he decided; "I'll go out directly the news comes." The next letter that engaged his attention was one from Mrs. Bursford, asking him to sell out her shares in the Leadmines Company. This he disposed of quickly, scribbling her an intimation that he would see her in a few days, and asking her to postpone her decision. He meditated a decisive *coup* with that scheme shortly, and had no intention of allowing her money to be taken out of it yet. Then came telegrams from Stier and Bruen, one after the other. The Patagonian bubble, which they had inflated at his bidding, had burst with great report; ruining some people outright, maiming others, but leaving a fair sediment of solid profit in the hands of the dexterous manipulators. Saltasche grinned as he finished the letter, written in German, of Mr. Stier. This letter enclosed a draft of a prospectus—not in the German language—of a new company. Lord Brayhead was chairman; Mr. Hogan, M.P., was also a distinguished member of the board; Messrs. Stier and Bruen, and other

great lights of the City, figured prominently. There is no need to go into the details : every inducement, social and political, joined to the promise of ten per cent., seemed to invite the speculator. Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds were required ; of this more than one-half was already paid up. Ten per cent !—and the Bank of England only paying two ! Mr. Saltasche half closed his eyes, and ran over in his mind the names of possible subscribers : the reverend Mr. Grey, who had lately commuted ; old Dillon ; Mrs. Bursford had some money in Five Twenties. He remembered quite a number. There was that “Tract Distributors’ Orphans Society,” the meeting of which was to be held the same day at one o’clock, to receive the bequest of the late Mr. Fuzelle—seven thousand pounds. Then he ran his eye over the prospectus again, made some corrections, and prepared it for the post. He did a great deal of business that his clerks knew nothing of ; the gas stove by the fireplace destroyed all traces of his private correspondence, and burnt paper told no stories.

So the morning passed away. At a quarter to one he touched the bell. His clerk appeared.

“Johns, the meeting is at one to-day, is it not?—the ‘Orphans Board,’ I mean?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the clerk; “at Morrison’s Hotel, at one.”

“See here,” said Saltasche. “Go over to the Buildings, and as soon as the telegram of the race comes in copy it down accurately, take a car and follow me to Morrison’s; give it into my own hands, do you hear? No one else’s: and don’t delay.”

Then Mr. Saltasche put on his hat, and stepped down into the street. He kept on along the shady side, exchanging gracious salutations with every one. He met a great number of men hurrying towards the offices, eager to hear the news of the race—some indifferent, and only sympathizing with the excitement of their friends, and some pale and anxious. A cigar shop by the College was crowded with loungers—well-dressed men, trimly shaven and brushed, with fatuous, vacant faces that always somehow seem to lack a feature until they are furnished with cigar or briar-root pipe. They filled the doorway and steps (fortunate he who secured the doorpost to lean against), watching the passers-by with interested looks,

and now and again dropping a languid sentence. Poignarde was on the step, his face turned toward the Dame Street side, his pipe of course between his teeth, and feeling, thanks to an unlimited number of drams, in tolerable spirits. Still an observer might have noted a paleness betimes, in spite of the bravado; and there was a pinched, drawn look about his lips.

"There's a fellow goin' down there," he said to a man beside him, "wins a sweep every year. Every year for the last five he's won a hundred and fifty sovereigns. Fact!"

"I hate sweeps," was the laconic reply of Captain Du Maurel. "Hallo! good-morning, Mr. Sáltasche!" cried he, stepping down to the pathway to greet that gentleman as he turned the corner.

"How do you do? Morning, Poignarde!" returned he, nodding to the group in general, and yet to each member of it in particular. "No news yet! When *does* the telegram come in? Do you stand to win, Du Maurel, hey?"

"I hope so," laughed Du Maurel, a handsome little man, with rosy cheeks and merry black

eyes. "I've backed Rattler, and Poignarde has laid against him."

Poignarde tried to smile, pulling the ends of his moustache; but Saltasche noticed the pale lips beneath it and the contraction of his brows.

"Dear me!" said Saltasche, shrugging his shoulders, "I can only say I hope you'll both win." Then, with a nod and a sententious smile, he passed on.

"I say,—do any of you fellows know if he has any money on the event?" asked Du Maurel, striking a match.

"Too many (puff) irons in the (puff, puff) fire," Poignarde made answer oracularly: "deep old boy!"

"The innocent get-up of him—that white waistcoat and the everlasting rose! He's a character, ain't he, now? Awful clever man."

"Clever!" put in a third man behind. "Gad, you don't know half. Mephistopheles was a child to him. He's been everywhere—is richer than Cræsus. Edgerton Cathcart, of the Dragoon Guards, says he used to be at the Tuileries constantly; the ex-emperor was

awful chums with him. He corresponds with Gortschakoff——”

“Draw it mild now, I say. As for Cathcart’s stories, such a liar as that, you know——” and Captain Du Maurel scornfully puffed out a great mouthful of smoke.

“It’s not Cathcart alone says it. Theo. Wyldoates, of the Embassy, told me also ; and Metternich himself dined with Saltasche in Paris.”

“Rot ! ” was the Captain’s comprehensive reply. “Poign., my boy, do you believe all this ? ”

But Poignarde, lost in anxious thought, did not even hear the question.

The “deep old boy” strolled along leisurely to his appointment at Morrison’s—to all appearance calmly indifferent to everything save the serene beauty of the day ; he nodded smiling recognitions to every one of his acquaintance whom he met. Nothing of his bearing betrayed the consuming anxiety within him. He took his seat at the window of the room where the meeting was to take place, no one having yet arrived, and looked out musingly. Opposite was the College Park, and a fresh smell from the

grass and the new-leaved trees crossed the asphalt and dust of Nassau street. A game of cricket was going on; and he could see the lads at play between the branches of the trees.

He was not long left to his meditations. All the members of the board entered together, and business commenced. Some sort of sick heaviness came over Saltasche suddenly, while speaking; he leaned back in his chair at the table, feeling almost overcome. The heat of the room was stifling, his temples throbbed painfully, and it was with difficulty he roused himself to follow and take his part in the business going on. How he longed for the sound of the car drawing up at the door! He was too nervous to look at his watch, so strained his ears to catch, above the din of the streets, the chiming of one of the town clocks. He felt sure it was past one; and the telegram was expected at one. The chairman was reading a report; and his prosy commonplaces fell upon Saltasche's ears indistinctly and drowsily, like sick-room voices to a worn-out patient. There seemed a lull at last below. A long line of dray carts ended, and he could

again catch the voices of the cricketers shouting to each other at their play. He could hear the rattle of a car now, coming towards them. No; it went by. He wiped the perspiration off his brow, and leaned back in his chair.

"You seem very warm, Mr. Saltasche," said a gentleman beside him, looking at him pityingly.

"Indeed, yes. I feel the heat intensely to-day." Then with a strong effort he overcame his weakness, and sitting up, threw himself into the work energetically. When the quarter-past rang out, he scarcely heeded: the excitement had passed, and he was cool and impassive again. If an hour had yet to elapse, he could have borne it patiently.

He neither heard nor felt the door open; and when Johns, leaning over his chair, put the whitey-brown envelope in his hand, he showed no emotion whatever.

"Don't mind us, Mr. Saltasche. No apology," said the chairman, anticipating him politely.

Saltasche bowed, and rising, turned to the

window as if for light. The bit of paper torn from the clerk's notebook needed no unfolding. The names of three horses were scribbled on it, one over the other in a column, and Skyscraper was not one of them.

Ten minutes concluded the meeting; and Saltasche, who scarcely seemed to feel the ground as he walked, hurried back towards his office. As he turned into College Green he met Captain Du Maurel, who had been with Poignarde in the cigar shop. His sparkling eyes and pleased face showed that the result had not been displeasing to him. Saltasche stopped.

"Captain Du Maurel, might I ask you——?"

"Certainly, certainly," hastily interrupted the young man; thinking that his questioner could have but one idea in his head, like himself. "Rattler first, Mayfly second, and Oswald third."

"Thank you," returned Saltasche, with a mixture of surprise cunningly blended in his tone. "Might I ask you where is Captain Poignarde?"

"Oh, perhaps at Blunt's; it's most likely,

poor devil!" and away went the lucky gambler, walking jauntily, and feeling immensely proud of his wise selection.

Saltasche ran into his office for a moment; and then, with as little delay as possible, hired a car, and was soon bowling along towards the Phoenix Park. He reached the Poignardes' lodgings without much loss of time. The windows were wide open, and he could hear her at the piano as he crossed the green before the house. He knocked gently at the door, and passed the servant, who indeed knew him well enough now, saying to her that Mrs. Poignarde expected him.

He knocked at the door, and on hearing her answer entered. She jumped up with a startled look from the piano, and stood for a moment as if bewildered. Evidently she had not expected a visitor; for she was dressed in a long white dressing-gown, and her hair, fastened in a bunch with a ribbon, hung down her back. Then she recollected his possible errand, her face flushed for an instant, and she advanced a step or two towards him.

"Your news! You have come to tell that—"

He took her hand and led her to a chair in

the window, facing the light, then seated himself near her.

"Poignarde, as we anticipated, has lost everything," he said abruptly.

A paleness came about her lips, and the pupils of her eyes seemed to dilate as she looked at him, but she said not one word.

"This does not come unawares?" he said, affecting a surprise he did not feel at her apparent equanimity. He saw well the blank chill of despair that had taken hold of her.

"No, no," she replied, with an effort to control her voice; "I have been always expecting it, and prepared——"

"Prepared to do what, Mrs. Poignarde?" He leaned forward, grasping the arm of her chair, and looking into her eyes with an intense gaze. "In twenty-four hours you must be out of this: his creditors will be here. I have discovered that he owes money to the Jews. He may get off—may effect an exchange to India; but you—you?"

"Gertrude Stroude will receive me, and she will place me in a school to teach. Oh me!" she broke into a wail of despair,— "how different from what I had hoped!"

"Do you know what that is? Have you realized the life that is before you? Were there not governesses at the Kensington school? Do you remember them? And to remain there, I suppose, until Poignarde sends for you, to begin this"—and he glanced with a sneer round the squalid room—"this over again? That is what your friend, his friend rather, intends for you."

"No!" she cried wildly, springing from her chair. "No, no: have I not suffered enough? Why must I expiate his wrongdoings too? Oh, heavens! India! India with Eric,—and after all I have undergone? Never! never!" She threw herself on her knees, and buried her face in the cushion of the sofa, moaning with sheer despair.

For one moment Saltasche did not move; he watched her every breath. He had chosen the shaft with care and judgment, and now, having aimed and sent it home, was minded to let it rankle in the wound awhile.

Presently she rose, and pushing back with both hands the locks of hair which, loosened from the fillet, clustered about her face, turned her wistful eyes on him.

"If I could only be sure of escaping from him, I don't care about the rest. I remember well the governesses at school; theirs was a wretched life indeed, but not so bad as this—oh, no!"

"If you go with Miss Stroude to London, she will never lose sight of you until she sends you to India with or after your husband. Rest assured of that."

She turned ashen grey, and clasped her hands together; drawing near to the open window, through which the murmur of the river came distinctly, she pointed to where it glittered like a broad silver band in the sunlight, gliding fast under the narrowing banks towards the bridge, where the dark still pools, flecked with cream-like froth, showed the depths that lurked under the smiling surface.

"If it comes to that," said she, "I have a choice: a way lies there,"—and she turned her eyes upon him as she spoke. He had risen, and was beside her; so near that his breath was on her cheek.

"Adelaide, there is another way! Listen to me. A way out of all this misery and wretchedness, once for all, to freedom and

•

happiness, far off from every tormentor. Leave them, my darling; leave them with me! In twenty-four hours you are lost for ever to them, and they are blotted out of your existence."

Her eyes grew larger and larger as he spoke, and a flush came and went upon her cheek. She raised her hands to free herself from the arms which clasped her as in a vice.

"One moment, for God's sake! I stifle!" she gasped.

He opened the door and the window wide, and placed her chair in the current of air. She opened her lips and inhaled it greedily. He knelt beside her, and took her hands, burning and trembling, into his, and showered kisses on them.

"Will you trust me, dear?" he whispered. "Adelaide: O God! will you kill me with suspense?" He let his head fall upon her knees. She raised it with a sudden movement, and looking into his eyes with a despairing gaze, murmured,—

"Leave me for to-day! leave me! I must think. This is too sudden; and——" here her eyes fell on the open door, and with a startled

gesture she bade him close it. He did so, and returned. "This is too sudden," she repeated.

"No!" he interrupted, almost fiercely. "You have seen, known long enough, my love for you. Come, Adelaide, I have nearly a hundred thousand pounds I can realize. We will go to Italy when you choose, my goddess,"—and he lifted the great coil of brown hair off her neck and kissed it.

"Wait—wait only one day!" she pleaded, breaking from him. His face darkened ominously.

"Child," said he, "you don't know what you say. Look at my risk; consider the step I am taking,—not that I speak of that," he added hastily, "but I want you to think before you leave me in suspense. I must make my arrangements at once. Adelaide, give me one word of assurance. Pity me, dear." And he knelt again before her, and took her hands in his. "Say yes, Adelaide, darling—just that one word."

Like a little bird before a hawk, or a child fascinated by a serpent, she trembled and faltered, powerless to resist the whirlwind of entreaty and passion that Saltasche poured

forth. He read assent in her eye before it was spoken by the quivering lips, and leaping to his feet he seized her in a fierce embrace.

"Go away," she cried; "for God's sake go away! I have said yes; is it not enough for you? Leave me."

"Yes, I'll go—to work for you: I'll see you soon again."

Saltasche judged it well to leave her. He did not fear that reflection would alter her resolution; not a doubt of his success ever crossed his mind. She would remain dazzled and stunned for awhile; then Poignarde would appear on the scene—drunk and brutal, no doubt. That was the only thing needful. As for Miss Stroude's influence, he counted that as nought. The humdrum existence of her well-ordered English home, where even any excess of piano-playing was perhaps interdicted, would have little charm for her. The pear was perfectly ripe, indeed, he concluded, as he drove back to town, and all that was wanted was to give the tree the least possible shock. Now to find this Poignarde, and send him home. Then to business. Some of those letters he had written must be destroyed.

Stier and Bruen must be stirred up. He had realized handsomely on the Patagonians; but there were Colorado mine shares which must be inflated by some means or another before he could consent to part with them. The Transcontinental Railway, too: some French fellow was blowing on that promising scheme in the *Phare de la Loire*. He could lay his hands on sixty thousand, as it was. If the Leadmines scheme were energetically worked, and Stier and Bruen's last company (Mrs. Bursford must invest in that),—it would require three months at least before he could get together all his money,—with care his sixty thousand might be doubled. Thus he planned and schemed as his car drove on—foreseeing events with the sagacity of a master-brain, and meeting them, combining and arranging. By the time he had reached his office his whole course had been struck out.

Not so with her. As soon as he left the room she threw herself on the sofa, with her hands clasped above her head, and shut her eyes in dazed bewilderment. What had happened? What was going to happen? Everything seemed to whirl round and round

in the room. She was weak and exhausted with excitement and want of food—for she had eaten nothing since the previous night; and the reaction set in now. She lay still, feeling numb, almost cold, until little by little she realized the scene just enacted. Eric had lost all, and must go to India, and she remain in London and teach for her living until he could send for her, to begin over again the wretchedness and torture, the drunken excesses, the scenes that were so terrible to her, the degradation and misery. “Never! never! never!” she repeated, almost in a frenzy, and she rose from the sofa and walked to the window.

She could see away over the river to the mountains, where the gorse was yellowing in the sun. A sweet smell came on the breeze, the tall elms in the park were swaying gently at its will, and the white blossoms fell like summer snow from the hawthorns. She longed to be out in the open air: the hideous little room never felt so stifling. She went into her bedroom and hastily plaited up the long coil of hair, threw off the dressing-gown, and put on a thin black stuff dress.

A coarse black straw hat completed her toilet; and she started at a quick pace across to the Park gate. The sentry, sweltering in his uniform on the hot gravel walk, stared at her as she walked fast by, with her white face and wild eyes. She never heeded the sun pouring down on the wide dusty path. She passed the People's Garden, with its flaring *parterres* of yellow and scarlet, and the ponds where the swans were gliding lazily among the reeds and water-flags. She turned aside at last into a solitary thicket of hawthorns, and flung herself on the grass. A wide green stretch lay before her; and beyond it, hiding themselves from the sun in a distant glade, she spied the deer. At her back the city lay seething in the heat. The domes of the Four Courts and the Cathedral glistened like mother-of-pearl, and a blue veil of gossamer-like sheen danced before her eyes. Summer had begun to reign in earnest. The great spikes of the chestnuts were fast stripping, and the ground was white and yellow with their scattered gloriès. The air was filled with the bitter-sweet of the fading hawthorn, and down in the orchard by the river-side

the apples were swelling among the leaves, where it seemed as but yesterday she had marked the clusters of white and pink blossoms. She lay back against a tree-trunk, and opening her lips, drank in the balmy air; and taking off her hat, let it play on her throbbing temples. How beautiful it was, and how calm and still! Almost insensibly the excitement passed away, and she was able to think calmly and to consider her position.

She was to be pitied indeed,—a wretched, friendless creature, passionate and sensitive, with a past of terrible memories, and only now recovering from a blow which had shattered the dreams and nullified the labour of years. Disappointment seemed to be her lot. It had been so from the beginning: would it be so till the end? She asked herself the question with a sort of despair.

Gertrude Stroude's alternative was hateful; and she could not endure the cold pity which had prompted it. She remembered well, at the time of her marriage, how Miss Stroude, in common with the rest of Poignarde's relations, had testified her

disappointment and chagrin at Rodolphe Chrestien's decision. They had all espoused Poignarde's side : not one of them had felt for her. She clenched her hands with revengeful determination. Were it only in opposition to them she would dare this. She had accepted, and she would keep her word. She secured a brilliant, happy life for herself, and punished everybody. Gertrude Stroude would condole doubly with Eric now, as she did when he brought home the news from Uncle Rodolphe's agents; but she would never have a chance to sneer at her, and insinuate how dear Eric was neglected and his comforts not attended to, and relate stories of other people, the point of which stories was meant for her. Bah ! all that was done.

Then she felt stiff and cramped with sitting so long on the ground, and she got up and shook herself. She leaned against the tree, and took a long look round her. She could see the soldiers lounging, with their red coats loosened, in the shade by the lake. The deer were tossing their antlers restlessly, tormented by the flies; and the drone of the bees at work in the blossoms over

her head was the only sound she heard. Her eyes felt tired and dazzled; she had brought no parasol, and her headache returned. To get back home, and lie on the sofa with the blinds pulled down, seemed to her now the most desirable thing. Besides, there might be a message from Mr. Saltasche; or Eric might have come home; so, creeping along the shadiest paths, she retraced her steps.

When she reached the door the servant put a telegram into her hand, saying that it had come nearly half an hour ago. She went up to her room, and first throwing herself on the sofa, for she was thoroughly exhausted, she broke open the envelope. As she guessed, it was from Saltasche; but the contents were so startling that she jumped up off the sofa. It ran as follows: "Pack up everything, and meet London mail in Westland Row this evening; on no account fail. Poignarde will be there."

It was nearly four o'clock, so she had not much time to lose. She rang for a cup of strong tea, and having drunk it and bathed her aching head with cold water, she went to

work with a feverish energy, and long before six everything was ready for the route. Then she ordered a cab, and lay down until it was time for her to leave the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

Messrs. Stier and Bruen, and their friend and colleague Mr. Saltasche, were very busy for a while. After the collapse and disappearance of Captain Poignarde from Dublin, the creditors of that gentleman, whom he had so cleverly eluded, threatened and blustered, but ended by doing nothing. Military swindlers are very common; and unfortunate tradesmen have only to grin and bear their losses, for any attempt to obtain redress only entails loss of custom; and they have always the resource of making their honest customers pay for the dishonest ones. So, after a few days, the not uncommon episode of an absconding military defaulter was forgotten.

Mr. Saltasche, by some strange coincidence, was in London now almost constantly. His friends in Cole Alley were quite astonished to see so much of him. They marvelled,

too, at his anxiety to push on the new company so fast. He seemed to want funds, for he insisted on selling out a quantity of railway stock, which, according to the brokers' advice, would have been worth more money if he chose to wait some weeks longer.

"He must have been losing money in something we know nothing about. Ah!" said Stier, shaking his yellow locks.

His partner rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I do not think that," he replied. "I saw yesterday a superb statue he ordered from Rome for his sister; it cost a great deal. He is always buying things. Yesterday he was at Christie Wood's and bought more china: his lodgings are full of packages directed to Dublin."

"Ha! he was always like that—spending fast always. He has some great *coup* preparing, and is realizing for some big thing."

"Humph!" returned Mr. Bruen. "He is getting all his money together—that is clear; and he is not to be depended on. This Lord Brayhead and he are together now a good deal.

What sums of money he is spending on that scheme! He has an engineer and staff at work. He will begin everything before he gets the Bill. How many of those shares does Hogan hold now?"

"Ah! he is well into the boat," grinned Stier: "everything. Leadmines (very soon we must sell that venture); Honduras Bonds; Transcontinental. He is clever—that young man. I do wish I knew Saltasche's scheme; he has one, I know." And Mr. Stier went off to the Stock Exchange.

Mr. Saltasche, we may be sure, did not take his good friends into his counsels altogether. It would have been highly prejudicial to his interests to do so just now; for he meditated nothing less than carrying off the funds of a couple of the companies which they had started with his co-operation. He was head and chief in reality; and having purchased an immense number of shares, and induced a great many people of his acquaintance to do the same, he found no hindrance offered to his lodging the money in Bank in his own name. There was nothing out of the common in that. Stier and Bruen might look dubious;

but he knew very well their anxiety was to surprise his plan and try to share the profits. They would be very clever if they surprised *this* plan.

Poignarde and his wife were in lodgings for a few days. They had selected a dingy street in Soho. Saltasche lent the Captain some money, and the exchange was in process of being effected. In ten days at the furthest he was to sail from Falmouth. Mrs. Poignarde was to accompany him thither, and then betake herself to Southampton and the Isle of Wight, where a widow lady had offered her a situation as companion. Such was the plan arranged for the ill-starred pair. Mrs. Bursford, who had it at first hand from Saltasche, wrote about it to his sister and Mrs. Grey. People asked but few questions indeed about the Poignardes. Mrs. Grey was in her heart rather relieved that they had sunk below her horizon. Few people knew them, and fewer still cared for them. So the meagre account of their final arrangements was allowed to pass unnoticed. Miss Stroude was angry and offended at their having neglected to inform her of their intended departure. She, too, felt relieved to

think they had disappeared for good, and was disinclined to give herself any trouble about them. Her feelings altogether resolved themselves into an indistinct sensation of thanksgiving, and hope that the ne'er-do-well couple might never turn up again.

CHAPTER IX.

“ ‘Nichts in der Welt will rückwärts gehen,’ sagte mir ein alter Eidechs. ‘Alles strebt vorwärts, und am Ende wird ein grosses Naturavancement statt finden.’ ”—*Heine, “Reisebilder.”*

BETWEEN three and four, one scorching afternoon in the last week of June, Hogan, walking at a rate that seemed almost suicidal in such weather, turned the corner of Cole Alley, and abruptly plunged into the office of his friends Stier and Bruen. There was a cane chair unoccupied in the window, which had been left open to admit such air as might be going; and Hogan threw himself upon it. Mr. Stier, who was standing with his back to the chimney-piece, his hands stuffed far down in his pockets, turned half round and just looked at the new comer. The worthy Hamburger's face expressed the most intense perplexity; his spectacles were pushed up high off his

forehead, and the white-eyelashed eyes blinked in bewilderment.

"Well, Mr. Hogan, you have no news, I see. Ah!"

"None. Lord Brayhead believed Mr. Saltasche in Dublin. I have seen his friend Mrs. Bursford, too. They know nothing. His sister is the only person who could tell us, I daresay."

"Ah! His clerk knows nothing—not even where to forward letters or telegrams. Bruen! Bruen! I say."

Mr. Bruen murmured something, and finished directing a letter which he was engaged on. That done, he left his desk, and advanced to the front of the office.

"Bruen," said the senior partner, "it is likely that Miss Saltasche could tell us something."

"It would be well," said Hogan, "for some one to see Miss Saltasche. A personal interview would be advisable, would it not? You must settle, too, about the City article in the *Beacon*. It was very lame yesterday and the day before."

This was accompanied by a look which

evidently conveyed some suggestion to the gentleman to whom it was addressed. The partners nodded to each other, and Mr. Stier replaced his spectacles upon his nose.

"Will you go over to-night?" asked Mr. Bruen of Hogan.

"No. In the first place I must be in the House. Secondly, I am acquainted with Miss Saltasche; and under the circumstances, I think a stranger would be the best. Yourself now, Mr. Bruen?"

"H'm," returned Mr. Bruen thoughtfully; "I suppose I must. I shall have to hurry; it is just four o'clock. I'll come back to-morrow night. How to do,—go straight to her house from the train, and surprise her, hey? She used to know all his business: a clever woman! I do not believe he is gone—absconded, I mean; certainly, if he has, he has left nearly two-thirds of his money behind him."

"He has! do you say? But why has he gone away, and where?"

Hogan was very pale. He had taken off his hat, and was wiping his face with his handkerchief. He had been so stunned at the

news of Mr. Saltasche's disappearance that he had been utterly unable to reason or think over the bearings of the affair. He had dined with the missing man two days before he left the Westminster Hotel. They had walked down the street together—Saltasche on his way, he said, to the Haymarket. Hogan vainly tried to remember any hint of his intended movement in their conversation together. His memory was a blank; there remained to him only a vague recollection that Saltasche had been in unusually high spirits. The dinner had been excellent: champagne—particularly good champagne—had accompanied it. He bit his lip when he remembered that item, and acknowledged to himself that the last bottle might have had something to do with his lack of memory. The barrister was a moderate man; but he was one upon whom temptation and opportunity were not lost. He certainly never "exceeded" at his own expense. But there are men who for three hundred and sixty-four days will eat and drink moderately at their own tables, and on the three hundred and sixty-fifth will deliberately make themselves very ill at a public

banquet. And there are men of unblemished character, and high commercial integrity or credit, who think it no sin to cheat a railway company by travelling first-class when they have paid only for second-class accommodation, and by travelling as often as they can without paying anything at all. The most moral and upright have their pet sins, their "mental reservations," while outwardly subscribing to the Decalogue. That last bottle of Giesler's dry Monopole!

"If we knew that," answered Mr. Bruen, quietly from his desk, "I should not have to go to Ireland to-night. Tell me where this lady lives—the directions."


Hogan briefly indicated the route, and engaging to meet Mr. Bruen at Euston Square the morning of his return, took his leave of him and the senior partner, and set his face westwards in very bad spirits.

At the very moment that this conversation was being held in Cole Alley, Mr. Saltasche was seated in a shady avenue of Versailles beside Mrs. Poignarde.

No one would have recognized him. A silky

moustache of glossy black shaded his upper lip, and joined to an imperial on his chin, utterly altered the whole character of his face. His hair was cropped in the scrubby fashion peculiar to Frenchmen. A frilled shirt, diamond studs, and a red tie, gave him the look of a Parisian *gandin* of the second order. Nor was his companion unchanged. Her rusty black dress had given place to a costume of pink silk and lace of the richest description. Her bonnet, placed far back on her head, lighted up the masses of rich hair and the creamy pale tints of her face and neck; in one jewelled hand she held a parasol, the handle of which was solid coral and gold. She turned it round and round in her hand, looking at it indifferently; *ennui* expressed itself in her very attitude.

"I wonder what they are thinking in Cole Alley," said he reflectively. "Hogan will be in a nice fright. How Stier and Bruen must be puzzled! How well managed it was!"—and he chuckled. "The idea of my seeing Miss Stroude on London Bridge as I went to the boat."



"It was droll," she observed. "I had quite forgotten when she was to return."

"I don't believe," said he, turning round and surveying her critically, "that she or anybody would recognize you now. You are changed for the better, my dear,"—and he smiled with a sort of approving air of ownership and patronage. She saw this and winced, though she smiled. Already the golden chain was beginning to gall her. The Dead Sea apples she had coveted for years were turning to ashes and bitterness. She was thoroughly tired of Saltasche. She did not understand him; her intellect could neither follow nor appreciate his. She listened to, but soon lost the thread of his discourse, when he enlarged and expatiated on his schemes. Sometimes, when he had read to her articles out of the *Beacon*, which he managed to procure in Paris, her attention would wander miles away, and the voice fall on her ear unheeded; then, folding up the paper, Saltasche would launch out into histories of the people of whom he had been reading, and she would listen in bewilderment—vainly trying to recall what had gone before. The theatre every night, concerts,

every kind of public amusement, filled the time. A huge grand piano was bought, and she played more than ever; still time hung heavily on her hands, and she hated the red velvet and gilt of their grand apartments as fully as she had ever done the dingy room at Inchicore.

"I flatter myself," continued he, "that my get-up is perfect; but I must soon think of laying it aside again. I shall have to return to London in a week at the latest."

"Have you thought of what excuse to offer for your disappearance?" she asked.

"Oh dear, yes," he chuckled; "that won't take long. I am sending to-night a notice to be inserted in the *Beacon*. They are to believe in London that I was in Naples negotiating about the new Sicilian railway with the Government. What do you say to go to Naples, since you do not care to remain here? If we go there to-morrow, I may have time to place you in a villa of your own. You can amuse yourself during my absence. I had better not send to the *Beacon* after all: no use blowing on the affair too much. I see Prince D'Istria's villa at Baia is advertised. We'll

look at it together ; and I will get all my pictures and things packed and forwarded." Then he looked at his watch. " Now, Adelaide, we dine at six at the Rocher de Cancale : let us be moving."

She rose and took his arm, and they walked along the alley towards the gate, on the way to the railway station.

" How long do you expect to have to remain ?" asked she.

" In Naples, do you mean ? A day or two, at the most, is all I can stay—to my sorrow !" And he looked into her eyes with an expression of sorrowful anxiety thoroughly real.

" And you will return ? "

" Need you ask, dear one ? I will not delay an hour—no, not one that I can help."

As they reached the *gare* a crowd of people were passing out from a train just arrived,—Deputies, clerks, business men,—scarcely one that did not bestow a passing tribute of admiration on the beautiful woman beside him. Saltasche drew himself up, delighted beyond measure ; he appropriated every glance from the black eyes of the Parisians. Two men, e of them dressed and got up like a *jeune*

premier, cast admiring looks into the carriage where Saltasche and his companion had taken their seats.

"*Est-elle belle, est-elle jeune. Ciel ! quelle mise !*" said one, rolling his eyes in the vain hope of attracting her attention.

"*Le vieux c'est le père ; il la ressemble,—hein ?*" returned the *jeune premier*.

Adelaide threw herself back in the cushions of her seat, and pulling the folds of her skirts close to her, relapsed into a moody silence until they reached Paris.

CHAPTER X.

“Ich muss dich nun vor allen Dingen
Zu lustige Gesellschaft bringen,
Damit du siehst, wie leicht sich's leben lässt.
Dem Wölke hier wird jeder Tag ein Fest :
Mit wenig Witz und viel Betragen
Dreht jeder sich im engen Zirkeltanz
Wie junge Katzen mit dem Schwanz ;
Wenn sie nicht über Kopfweh klagen,
So lang der Wirth nur weiter borgt,
Sind sie vergnügt und unbesorgt.”—*Faust.*

CAPTAIN ERIC POIGNARDE, formerly of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, formerly of the —th Regiment, and now of the —th Line, with a detachment of which he was enjoying, in Her Majesty's ship *Ramchunder*, the amenities of the Bay of Biscay on his way to India, was by no means the only person whom the Derby “event” had affected injuriously.

Mr. Gagan's rooms were the scene of a melancholy committee-meeting on the afternoon of the fatal day.

Mr. Gagan, looking remarkably anxious and

ill-at-ease, occupied the window-seat. Tad Griffiths sat astride of one of the three wooden chairs—his arms folded on the back rail and his head resting disconsolately on them. Orpen, whose impassive countenance preserved its equable expression under all circumstances, was sitting at the head of the ink-besmeared table; beside him Dicky, his eyes fixed on the open page of a memorandum-book, in mournful silence. Mr. Wylding, who had been admitted to the subscribers' fund on the last occasion, was smoking by the fireside, with his boots resting on the top bar of the grate.

"A blessed go, I call it, and no mistake!" spoke Gagan: "two pounds gone in a crack like that."

"Two?—ten pounds!" roared Tad; "and what on earth's to become of me? I've pawned my Sunday coat, and every blessed book."

"You're easily managed, you noisy beggar!" returned the gentleman by the fireside. "Look at me: I have Charlie's togs and my own in the bank, and a whole load of the governor's law-books (he's on circuit), and my mother's Injun shawl. Oh Lord! what 'll I do at all, at all?"

"And me," said Dicky,— "I've boned the fees, and it's the second time; there are two sets owing now," and the boy almost sobbed. "If I hadn't been cleared out at that billiard-room, I could have paid both a fortnight ago."

Orpen looked at him with a sneer of contempt.

"Bob Aubrey owes a whole year's fees, you little flat; and he's not one bit afraid."

"Aubrey's father is a clergyman, and he'll be let down where I won't; he's got friends here. What am I to do? what am I to do?"

"I say, Gagan, have you got any whiskey? I do believe this little softy is sick."

Gagan nodded sulkily at the cupboard, and continued tattooing on the window-pane. Orpen fetched out a black quart bottle and a tumbler, and administered a dose of raw spirits to Dicky.

"Look here!" said he, sitting down; "we must do something,—it won't do to have a shindy just at present. Mahoney, you see, has rather blown upon us a little. Did you hear of his doings, Wylding?"

"No: what's that, now?" asked a couple of the lads together.

"Well, some friends of the family discovered

that Mahoney and the housemaid were spending a deal of time in each other's company; and it's been discovered by the family that they've been married this month or two. So my bold Mahoney is to sail for Australia next Monday, with his *sposa*."

"I knew another fellow did that sort of thing," said Wylding, with a grin. "Do you remember Jack Leonard, that went to Oxford? They say he missed a fellowship examination on purpose. Awful clever chap: he's a reporter in London now."

"I'll tell you," said Orpen, reverting to the first part of his previous speech, "what must be done to stave over this time. We must club, and do a bill. I know a money-lender."

"A bill!" echoed the company, terrified. "Oh! oh!"

Orpen shut up his red pocket-book with a snap, and moved as if to rise from his chair, saying distantly,—

"Please yourselves: what is it to me? I'm not in difficulties. Look at Davoren, owing two sets of fees. Aubrey has been warned by Dr. — that his name will be taken off the books in three days."

"You said just now he wasn't afraid," interrupted Dicky hotly.

"Neither is he afraid; 'cause he's always drunk, that's why. Wylding, you'd better be looking out, too. I want that four pounds for my tutor, if you please."

"I tell you what, boys," said Tad, lifting up his head for the first time: "come on and settle the bill notion at once; it must be done. How much will it have to be for?"

"Eleven pounds for me," said Dicky, drawing a deep despairing sigh in spite of the whiskey.

"Six will do me; I'm going to be economical," said Mr. Wylding, taking his feet out of the grate and coming over to the table.

"How will six do you, I'd like to know?" asked Orpen insolently; "you owe me four, and you have all those traps in pawn."

"So as you get your four, Judas Iscariot, what's that to you?" was the gracious answer of the gentleman, as he poured himself out a dram of spirits.

Mr. Orpen took no notice; he continued writing down the several amounts in a column of his pocket-book. Then he added them all up.

"Five-and-thirty pounds. Now, see here: this must be divided; we'll make two bills, say of twenty pounds each. And then there'll be the interest—forty per cent. That'll be, let me see, eight pounds on each bill."

"Sixteen pounds to pay! O Lor'! we can't ever," cried Dicky.

"Per annum, you idiot; for a month or two it's only the twelfth of that," hastily added the financier.

"Must be done," said Tad, lighthearted and impecunious ever. "We have had one blow-up, and will have to be good boys for a while, till that jackass Mahoney is forgotten."

So it was settled that two bills, one of twenty and the other of fifteen pounds, were to be drawn. There was a slight difficulty as to whose name should adorn them—none of the boys save Orpen having reached his twenty-first year—and Orpen declined positively to take them out in his name. After much debating, a person was found—the keeper of a saloon frequented by the lads—who for a consideration agreed to appear as the drawer of the bills.

Mr. Melchisedech insisted on having a

month's interest in advance, and the bills were drawn for two months. Dicky received his share, and gave a note of hand for the amount to Orpen, as did also the other lads.

Relieved from present anxiety, Dicky Davoren speedily forgot his narrow escape, and spent the half-sovereign that remained to him of his ill-gotten money with his usual spend-thrift carelessness. Tad Griffiths had fifteen shillings left, after settling his little bills; and he proposed to Dicky to have a night's jollification.

"Where's the use of troubling?" said Mr. Tad, in an offhand tone. "If you get in a hole your governor will only have to stump up, you know. Enjoy your life while you're young—that's my notion. Something's sure to turn up before two months, you know; and Melchisedech can be got to renew. Lor'! I don't mind one fig."

Thus this philosopher discoursed. And Dicky, whose mind was relieved from the terror ever haunting it of Dr. ——'s notification being sent to his father, jingled his shillings in his pocket, and yielded himself to the glamour of his friend's tongue. So instead of going

home to dinner, he and Tad took an outside car and drove to a billiard-room near the canal. Here they remained for a couple of hours, betting on the game and occasionally taking part in it. Betting they found to be the more lucrative. Tad had some experience, and knew whom and when to back. Some officers from the barracks were playing. There was a stout English major, who seemed remarkably skilful, and whose play was certainly a study: betimes, in the beginning of a game, he made strokes so grotesquely bad that even Dicky laughed at them; then he would collect himself, and do astonishing execution. They left this at six o'clock, having won about five shillings between them. Mr. Griffiths proposed dinner, and named "The Brander," near Hawkins Street, as a satisfactory place. Then of course another car was hailed, although they could have walked the distance in fifteen minutes; and they were speedily set down at the door of the restaurant. The brazen-faced barmaid bestowed a nod of recognition on Tad that filled Dicky's soul with envy.

"Now, what 'll you have, gentlemen?" asked she.

"Dinner. We're going to dine," replied Dicky, with an important swagger.

"I'll take a glass of sherry—*dry*," answered Tad, with nice discrimination. "Try one, Dick: give you an appetite."

"*Pale* for me," returned Dicky, not to be outdone. "Will you take a glass for yourself, my dear?"

The barmaid grinned as she filled both youths' glasses out of a decanter of Hambro' sherry, and her own out of a private decanter of burnt sugar and water.

"Now, what have you got for our dinner?" Dicky shouted to a waiter. "Lobster?—eh?"

"Lobster, sir? No, sir; there's nothing at all in the house except a cold shoulder of mutton, sir."

Dicky and Tad made a grimace of indescribable contempt and disgust. Ted swore audibly. There was no help for it, however. Presently the cold shoulder of mutton made its appearance, flanked by a dish of such potatoes as are in vogue at these establishments—hideous to see; and greens which had been cooked in the early morning, and were now made presentable by the simple process

of dipping them into boiling water. Beer was ordered by Tad, and sherry by Dicky. When the waiter returned with them, the last-named young gentleman, fixing him with his eye, demanded, in an offhand tone,—

“Where’s the currant jelly?”

“Currant jelly, sir! For what, sir?” asked the waiter respectfully.

“For this mutton of course: do you imagine I’m going to eat it without?”

“We don’t furnish currant jelly, sir.”

“You don’t, eh? Is this an hotel?”

“It is, sir; it’s the Brander Hotel, sir!”
The waiter was indignant.

“You call this an hotel, do you? and you expect people to dine without the proper sauces and condiments—eh! do you? Fetch me red currant jelly at once.”

“Divle iver I see any one ait such a thing!”

“You didn’t!” returned Dicky in a tone of withering contempt. “Well, allow me to tell you, my good man, I never saw any one dine on cold mutton without it in all my life.”

“Faix, I did often then, sir—begor did I,” said the waiter; taken in, however, by the au-

thoritative manner of the youth, he went out and returned with a pot of currant jelly, of which Mr. Davoren showed his appreciation by eating it clean out. He refused most positively to pay extra for this item when their bill was brought—telling the waiter coolly that he would charge for the salt next, and reminding him sarcastically that he had omitted to notice the mustard which the other gentleman had consumed. The other gentleman looked on, meantime, with semi-drunken gravity. Dicky carried the day. He profited by a moment of irresolution on the waiter's part to consign him to the warm regions, and throwing the amount of the bill—ten shillings—on the table, hooked his arm into Tad's and left the restaurant triumphant. The carman who had waited outside informed them gratuitously that it was very dry weather. Tad jerked him a sixpence, and nodded in the direction of the bar they had just left. Having refreshed himself the jarvey came out in high good humour and suggested to the gentlemen to take "a breath of fresh element out towards the Park." They agreed; and what with the drive and the theatre and supper afterwards, there remained

of their joint twenty-five shillings, and their winnings besides, only a few coppers in Dicky's pocket when his considerate friend helped him into the railway carriage on his way home.

"Good-night, ole f'ler," said Mr. Griffiths, after a prolonged handshaking. "Never mind, I shay. Get in a hole, you know, gov'nor'sh 'bliged help sh'out again."

Dicky thanked him with effusion.

Somehow the idea did not seem at all so reassuring, next day. The brilliant and comfortable perspective sketched by his friend Tad melted away almost altogether; and there remained only the deadening sensation that he owed eleven pounds since the day before yesterday, and was twelve shillings further off being able to pay it than he had been last night.

CHAPTER XI.

“Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men’s minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like; but it would leave the minds of a number of men, poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition and unpleasing to themselves.”—*Bacon*.

“It’s the most unaccountable proceeding I ever remember to have heard of. Disappear in broad daylight, without ever giving notice to anybody, leaving one in such suspense; and then a newspaper paragraph like this informs one of his whereabouts! Do let me see that *Beacon*, Mr. Hogan. Are you sure it is he?”

The speaker, Mrs. Bursford, who was seated in her easy-chair, stretched out her hand for the newspaper which Mr. Hogan had just brought in.

“Where is it? Oh yes:—‘Mr. Saltasche has had an interview with Signor Minghetti, and

has quitted Naples *en route* for Vienna.' Well, well,—it must be he: and what has he been doing in Naples?"

"Or what is he going to do in Vienna?" said Hogan, laughing. "That gives me very little concern, so that he reappears here, I can assure you. What a fright I did get, to be sure! You know our friend Mr. Bruen went over to Dublin one night to see Miss Saltasche. She laughed at his fears, but at the same time could give him no information. They knew nothing about him at his office at all. At the same time, neither Johns, his clerk, nor Miss Saltasche seemed to care in the least, or attach any importance to his disappearance."

"Elizabeth Saltasche knows him better," said Mrs. Bursford drowsily. "How fearfully warm it is, to be sure!"

Miss Diana was leaning back in her chair, fanning herself with a blue and gold fan. "Fearfully warm!" she echoed.

"Just allow me," said Hogan, taking the fan from her. "How I should have enjoyed this last night in the House! Is it not awful to keep us in town this way? It will soon be over now, thank goodness!"

Diana smiled faintly, half closing her eyes under the vigorous breeze of the fan. She was not by any means in a hurry to leave London. She had now been there nearly four months, engaged in the struggle, and success had not as yet crowned her efforts. All her forces had been drawn up, and she had been sitting round the fortress, which had as yet given no tangible sign of surrender. Saltasche had deserted for the nonce; but he was to return, and she hoped to press him into the service for the final attack, ere the rising of Parliament should necessitate a retreat.

"How long have you to suffer now?" she asked, in the faintest die-away tone.

"Hum—another fortnight, I daresay, will see me nearly out of it. I'll go to Scotland, I think, for a few weeks. When do you mean to go? or do you remain till the end of the session?"

"We're going to Devonshire, to some friends near Exeter. After that, we thought of Blankenberg or Trouville for a while."

"Ah! Lady Brayhead is at some of those places now. By-the-bye, I met your cousin Miss Braginton in Regent Street yesterday. I

was speaking to her. She said she would be here shortly to see you. She is staying with Mr. John Braddell, the member for Blanks-town."

"I knew she was in London," said Diana coldly. "Indeed, mamma, did I not say at the Academy the other day that I was sure I had a glimpse of her in the crowd? I wonder when she will be here."

"You were at the Academy, then? Did you look at the picture I recommended you to? Whom did it remind you of?"

Mrs. Bursford was gone out of the room. The door and windows stood wide open, and a pleasant current of air came from the balconies, which linen awnings kept fresh and cool for the flowers. Hogan felt more disposed than usual to-day for an æsthetic flirtation. The weight of anxiety had been removed by Saltasche's telegram to the *Beacon*; and although some things had gone seriously wrong in the City, he trusted that the return of their leader would set matters right again. So he disposed himself comfortably in the cool chaise-longue—thinking that an hour's pleasant, if idle conversation, would do no harm.

"I could not fancy. The portrait of Miss Babillon, the actress, do you mean?" said Miss Bursford, in reply to his question.

"No: Enid. Don't you remember Enid—that scene we were reading? Where is the Tennyson?"

He rose and fetched a large illustrated Tennyson from a side-table. Of course, from the special passage it was easy to digress to various others. Diana opportunely recollected several bits she "did not understand." Now, for two people to read out of a book it is absolutely necessary that they should sit not merely on a straight line with each other, but close together. Diana was really looking very well and even pretty that day. Warm weather suited her; and under its influence the wintry tints of her complexion had disappeared. A charming dress of silver-grey and blue silk set off her golden hair to perfection; and of course it was merely to hold the great awkward Tennyson that Mr. Hogan turned round that unfortunate chair of his in such a way that both their backs were turned to the drawing-room door. So it was, anyhow. And the explanations had barely lasted a short twenty-

five minutes,—only one piece had been dissected, and its abstruse and hidden signification brought to light; the second was in process of treatment, at a very much slower rate, and in a very much lower tone of voice than we would imagine necessary,—when a brace of exclamations simultaneously struck on the students' ears, and caused the valuable drawing-room-table, Doré-illustrated, Tennyson to slip from their fingers and crash down upon the ground.

“We have not disturbed you, I hope, Cousin Di.?” said Miss Braginton, with beaming looks advancing to embrace her relative.

“God bless me, Mr. Saltasche! You back? Why?” And Hogan's astonishment fairly swallowed up and overcame his embarrassment. He was not deficient in *aplomb*, and managed to brave the quizzical, half-contemptuous eyes of Saltasche, and the triumphant, condescending significance of Miss Braginton's with fair success. Diana, whose very lips had turned white with mortification, speedily chose her *rôle*. She cast a meaning glance at her mother, who had entered, utterly bewildered, to find who the visitors were; and

assumed that air and tone *de circonstance* supposed to be peculiarly becoming to and indicative of the state of betrothal. So she kissed the extreme corner of her cousin's cheek, shook hands with Mr. Saltasche without raising her drooped eyelids, and sank back in her chair with a lassitude plainly referable to and caused by the same interesting and critical conjuncture. The amiable Miss Braginton hastily ran her eye over Diana's dress and general equipment,—both of them fortunately calculated to bear out the impression which was desired to be conveyed by her manner. "Engaged" was her mental comment. "Engaged, no doubt. At last!"

"Yes, Aunt Bursford; I am in London, enjoying myself—oh yes, ever so much! They've brought the carriage over. I haven't seen either of you in the Park since I came."

Of course she had not. The Bursfords had no carriage to appear there in.

"Well, no; we have not a carriage this season of *our own*; and—ah—of course we have been asked to join the Bradwardines ever so often, but really three girls in a carriage is too

much; and—ah—besides, the Bradwardines, you know, are *hardly* in our set.”

Now Miss Braginton’s boast was repaid with interest—the John Braddells having been in business; but indeed the lady scarcely heard the insinuation, she was so busy taking notes of Diana’s intended. “Not more than four or five and twenty, quite plain-looking, and nothing of manner or style. Diana just looks like his aunt.” She was already composing a letter home to Dublin.

“Are you going out at all, Blanche?” asked Diana, who had taken a good-natured, patronizing tone. “Mamma, are we not going to Lady Clanronald’s at-home on Friday? We could quite easily get a card for Blanche.”

“Well, if she’d care for leaving her friends. You know she is staying with the Braddells; and—ah—I *couldn’t*, you know, ask dear Lady Clanronald for cards for them.”

“Pray don’t speak of it, aunt. I don’t think Amelia would in the least care for the Clanronalds. You see they are in such a mixed set—*Roman Catholics*, and that sort of creatures.”

Diana gave a sort of little jump.

“Lord G——!” Mr. Saltasche had been

talking rapidly to Hogan for the few moments occupied by this little interlude; and now, having occasion to use that nobleman's name, raised his tone unconsciously, as people will do when they have to mention a name with a handle to it. Silence was imposed on the ladies—not a bit too soon, for Miss Braginton's blackberry eyes were gleaming ominously.

"Lord G——," continued the speaker, "was exceedingly pleased with the intelligence; and he told me just now that the Government will take up the matter immediately. The English shareholders will be especially favoured in the scheme."

"You have been seeing Lord G——, then?" said Diana in awestruck tones, and heartily glad of the *divertissement* thus afforded. Miss Braginton almost gaped with astonishment.

"Yes; I've been over to Naples, to talk to Minghetti, an old friend of mine. I dined with him two days running at the Ministry: delightful man! How are Lord and Lady Brayhead, Miss Braginton?"

"Oh! very well, thank you. My aunt is at Biarritz with my sister. Lord Brayhead is at Claridge's Hotel."

"I must be away: I have appointed to see the Whip at the Reform Club," said Hogan. "Miss Bursford, good-morning. Good-morning, Miss Braginton," continued Hogan, bowing over the tips of that lady's gloves, tendered in the stiffest manner. In spite of himself there was some significance in his glance as he took Diana's hand, which she gave with an affectation somewhat unusual, and for which he was at a loss to account.

"*Au revoir, donc!*" She bowed and smiled as consciously as she could.

"Are you at home this evening? I'm coming up after dinner," said Saltasche hastily to Mrs. Bursford, but looking at Diana. Of course they were at home; so Saltasche followed Hogan, leaving the ladies to their own agreeable reflections.

"How on earth"—Hogan broke out when they found themselves in the street—"did you reach London at the same time as your telegram?"

"Bah!" replied his companion, airily; "I had left Naples two days before that was sent. I was in Paris, and telegraphed to a friend in Naples to forward that. Vienna was a mistake: I never said anything about Vienna.

Then you see I was operating on the Bourse; and the rise in those Transcontinentals brought me over. By Jove! that won't do. I have to deliver on Monday, and they have gone up twenty. I have some slips here from the Paris papers yesterday; and I met a fellow who has let me into the scheme; so I think the *Beacon* financial article to-morrow will bring those shares down with a run. At all events, I stand to lose fifteen thousand by these fools Stier and Bruen."

"How is that?"

"Bah! hogs!"—and Saltasche shook his shoulders with a grimace of disgust. "Going over to Dublin, and shaking my credit there, with his nonsensical talk of my disappearance: damned egotist! Nothing like those Germans for egotism. I'll pay them for it. I must have a paragraph for the Dublin papers now on Sicily and its mineral resources, and the new coast railway. I shall capitalize shortly, and invest in land around Palermo."

"It's too hot to be walking," said Hogan, in a peevish, impatient tone. In truth he felt his head spinning. So they stood for a moment till a hansom approached.

"Now," continued Saltasche, "for a man to write up this Sicilian affair. Jones, I suppose, will be glad of a couple of pounds; and you must go to work now. I'll drop you at Temple Bar. Here"—and the energetic gentleman drew out a roll of papers and handed them to Hogan—"I have marked what is necessary. Write it up concisely; in a solid style, mind; and let me see it when I call between six and seven this evening. I shall be going up town again then. By-the-bye, am I to congratulate you and Miss Diana?" And Saltasche faced round, with a movement as sudden and abrupt as his question, and peered gravely into his companion's face.

"Dear no!" returned Hogan, with a sickly attempt at a laugh; "not at all. Oh dear no! you are quite in error."

"H'm, h'm!" said Saltasche, with a shake of his head; "I must say I thought so. I can tell you Miss Braginton gives you credit for it too. Hum—yes, indeed—it looked very suspicious; uncommonly so. Here we are, now," said he, stopping the cab at Temple Bar. "Good-bye: half-past six. I'm going to give these Cole Alley blockheads a rating."

Hogan turned up Chancery Lane to Holborn; and Mr. Saltasche went on his way down the Strand.

He grinned when he thought of how easily Hogan and the women they had just left had swallowed his lie about Minghetti and G——, —G——, whom he had never laid eyes on in his life! “Nothing like a name: nothing in life. If I’d said the secretary, now, or mentioned any understrapper, I wager one of them would have made inquiries about it,” thought he. Then he nodded amiably to a Dublin broker, who was standing at the corner of Farringdon Street, talking to a couple of men. He observed the astonished look that came over the broker’s face as he returned the salutation, and also the pull he gave his companions to look in his direction. He took out his watch. Twenty minutes to three: just time to go and show himself on ’Change. So he dismissed his cab at the Bank, and crossed over to the Exchange. To a great number of men he was unknown, of course; but he found numbers of curious, questioning eyes turned upon him as he entered the crowd. Mr. Stier came forward a little shamefacedly. Salt-

asche held out his hand with his usual *bonhomie*, and plunged straight into business talk. He transacted some business, too—making loud bids for some condemned Peruvians, which had the effect of drawing some more eyes upon him. Presently his Dublin friend, whom he had passed at the corner of Farringdon Street, entered, and made up straight to him.

“Hollo, Stonelock, how are you? I’ve just come back from Naples.”

“Laws!” said Mr. Stonelock; “Naples, were you now?”

“Ran over to have a talk with Minghetti, my old friend, about the new Sicilian line we’re starting. Lord G—— has promised me this morning that he’ll have it taken up in no time.”

“God bless us all, man!” was all Mr. Stonelock could say.

Then another man came up, heated and panting.

“I say, Saltasche, this is most infernal, I say,—the way the *Beacon* has attacked the Mutual Combination Assurance Bank. In three days, I declare to Heaven, the stock has gone

down to five-and-twenty; and I bought at sixty. Those infernal newspapers will kill all enterprise in the country, I say."

"Why, the *Daily Rattletrap* is running 'Combinations' down a month back."

"No, it's not: that's been stopped; the manager is paying fifteen pounds a week for advertisements." And the warm gentleman, after exchanging a knowing wink, plunged back into the din.

"Scandalous state of affairs—'pon my soul it's scandalous!" said Mr. Saltasche: "the idea of any newspaper blackmailing that way. Stonelock, is it not audacious of the *Beacon*, now?"

"Yankee notions, my dear boy. The manager of the Diddlewhey manganese works refused to pay the *Rattletrap* ten pounds a week for advertisements; and now see where they are. That Chaffinch, the editor, blew on the whole dodge. Sharp fellow that!"

"Fifteen pounds a week; ten pounds a week. By Jove!" thought Mr. Saltasche, "I'd soon have Mr. Hogan's salary clear at that rate;" and he began to consider to whom he could send a danger-threatening "proof." "Must be

done by Chaffinch, though. Hogan would not like that sort of thing—oh no, no!” Then Mr. Stier came out of the Bedlam again, and taking Saltasche’s arm, led him off towards Cole Alley.

CHAPTER XII.

“A rock-surrounded bay,
Whence fronting headlands at the mouth outrun,
Leaving a little narrow entrance way,
Wherethrough they drive the vessels one by one.”
Odyssey.

It was a hot Sunday afternoon in August. Every particle of mica in the granite boulders and granite dust of Kingstown Pier glowed like molten silver. The harbour was like a mirror: not a ripple disturbed its surface; and every yacht seemed double, so clear was the reflection, in the water, of the brightly-painted hull and rigging. The tide was out, and the seaweed on the pier wall scorched and blackened in the heat. A tiny breeze that breathed but fitfully had enticed some few pleasure-boats out in the bay, and there held them captive, their white sails drooping, waiting its good will. Seagulls crouched languidly on the

shady side of far-out rocks, left bare by the tide; and children in their Sunday clothes cast longing eyes at the pools where the little crabs were running about; and the sea anemones, hid under the tangle, were shrunk to the merest points of red jelly. Howth shimmered in a hot, blue haze; and the white villas that dot its sides shone in brilliant relief against the tawny fields of corn. The eye turned with a grateful sense of relief from the painful glare of the water to the masses of dark green foliage that lined the coast towards Dublin. The hottest and most exposed portion of the pier was that selected by the promenaders. Up and down, to and fro, moved the crowds, as if in search of something. All the motley population of a watering-place joined to the contingent of Sunday people from the city. Country girls, high-coloured of complexion and apparel; strangers, tourists, English and American, from the hotels; priests, up from the country for their summer vacation, came down in scores from their boarding-houses and lodgings. Father Jim Corkran, from Peatstown, with a gorgeous black velvet waistcoat, swaggered about, cast-

ing as he did so sharp glances in the direction of the Misses Shea, of Mulla Castle; one of whom was reported to be engaged to be married to a prosperous wholesale dealer of the Metropolis. Father Jim, strange as it may sound, after his "denunciation," had been reconciled with the Sheas for some time. Ned Shea was amiable and careless, and his wife had little difficulty in bringing about a reconciliation. Father Jim's "bark," as the saying goes, "was worse than his bite." He prided himself on his peaceful, forgiving disposition; moreover, he was one of that class who never have any difficulty in forgiving themselves. The fact that there were three daughters in the house, with fortunes of fifteen hundred each, had no doubt something to do with it. Father Jim was by no means too well off, and could not afford to have the percentage on so considerable a sum of money "go past" him. His parish, though wide in extent, was neither populous nor rich. Emigration and eviction had wofully thinned out the class of small farmers, who form the main support of the prosperity of the priests, as they do that of the country at large; and he was obliged, like his *confrères*, to supply the

deficit in his income by taxing the wealthy few. Five per cent. is not an uncommon fee. It is almost the rule when the woman's fortune is under five hundred pounds; when it exceeds that sum, a special arrangement is made between the priest and the bride's family. This custom, unknown in any other Catholic country, is of comparatively recent origin. Formerly, it was usual to send round a plate piled with cake after the wedding feast; and the guests each took a piece, and laid down his subscription,—which formed the marriage fee. Forty years ago, when there was a wedding every week where there is not one now in the year, this mode was found to suit very well; but with altered circumstances the priests have found it necessary to discontinue it.

Father Jim presently fell in with Ned Shea, who had come up with his family from the country, and whose sunburnt countenance was turned first on one side, then on another, staring in bewilderment at the crowds.

“How are ye, Father Corkran? I heard you were at the sea. Did ever ye see such a power of people get together? I did not think Dublin held half that number. Where do they

all get the dress? Bedad! the missis has run a bill with what's-his-name, that has me nearly foundered. Faix, only the hay was so good, I'd rebel."

"Ha, she has, eh? Who do you think passed me there above, but that precious member of yours, Hogan! Be jabers, yes! and here he's coming down. Look at him, Ned Shea; fat and well the rogue is looking. Look at him now and the day he came to Peatstown, with not as much flesh on him as would bait a mousetrap. I was talking to his uncle, Bishop O'Rooney; and begad, I don't think he's content with the lad at all."

"No, now! why's that?" asked Shea; like all country people, greedy for news.

"Augh! musha," replied his reverence, shaking his ponderous shoulders, "he thinks he's giving up his practice entirely, and has taken to newspaper writing. Rale low, that is; but, as I say, take care the practice hasn't given him up, *ma bouchal*. Here, he's coming over to talk to you. I'm gone."

Suiting the action to the word, Father Corkran hastily mounted a flight of stone steps leading to the upper walk of the pier; where he

joined a party of bucolic Churchmen, who, leaning against the wall, were sunning their fine red faces, and enjoying the view.

Hogan, on seeing Ned Shea, dropped Saltasche's arm, and advanced to meet him, with the greatest urbanity.

"My dear Shea, how are you? and why the deuce didn't you let me know you were coming to town? Where are you staying, and how are the family?—Mrs. Shea blooming as ever, I hope?"

Shea wrung his hand with a will, and pointed out the whereabouts of his flock,—conspicuous enough, thanks to their gaudy attire.

"Barney's all right," said he; "and has a couple of splendid young horses coming on for Ballinasloe. Maybe you'd be wanting a pair by that time, Counsellor?"

"Not I! Where are you, though? I want you to give me the pleasure of your company at dinner on Tuesday. Is Killeen in town, or Daly?"

"No: but Father Desmond is; he's here above, stopping beside me."

Hogan wrote down both addresses in his

pocket-book; and promising to call to see the young ladies in a day or two, followed his friend Saltasche, and they strolled on together watching the passers-by.

"I ought to have remained another week in Scotland," said Hogan discontentedly.

"What a day this would be by Dee side!"

"Ah!" said the other abstractedly, "or at Baia." Then recollecting himself, he started violently, and bit his lip.

"Baia! where's that?" said Hogan.

"Oh! name of a friend's place where I stay a good deal. By-the-bye, I met Braddell, the member for Blankstown, you know: his wife was asking me could it be true Miss Bursford and you were engaged,—in fact, it seems to be the generally received opinion hereabouts."

Hogan looked at him with an angry frown, but did not reply. Just then they fell in with a large group standing all together by the water-side. The Raffertys now engaged Mr. Hogan's attention. Mrs. Rafferty almost immediately started the company into a walk, in the hope that the Member would distinguish one of her daughters by escorting her down the Pier as her cavalier. She was doomed to

disappointment, however ; Mr. Hogan singled out Miss Davoren, who had stopped as she passed to speak to them, for that honour. Her brother Dicky advanced beside Saltasche ; and they speedily left the rest behind them, and started towards the end of the Pier.

Nellie was looking lovely : the sun lighted up her hair, filling it with little golden shades, and the radiance and depth of the waters lying bathed in its warm embrace, seemed mirrored in her blue eyes. Hogan, who had not seen her for some time, thought her more beautiful than ever.

"I have not seen you now since April,—since I was last here," he said. "What an age it has seemed to me !"

"Has it ?" she replied. "And how have you amused yourself ever since in London ?" A mocking glance accompanied the words.

"Amused myself ? That is kind of you, Miss Nellie : and I am worked nearly to death. Ask Mr. Saltasche here, behind us. Let us climb up here : the bay must be looking pretty. Come." He led the way to the flight of steps at the end of the Pier ; and they climbed up to the top and looked out to sea.

"Those boats look like seagulls, do they not? They must be becalmed," said Nellie.

"Come down here, to the water's edge; I have something to say to you," said Hogan in a low voice. Then he held out his hand. She took it; and they descended together the shelving rampart wall down quite to the edge, where the sea grass, left bare by the tide, was shrivelling on the stones. The strong salt smell of the water and the seaweed came up; and the tiny murmur of the little pebbles as they swayed to the motion of the now turning tide.

"Nellie," said he, stooping down to her,—she was standing farther down than he,—"it is likely you will hear some rumours of me from London, ere long; don't believe them, dear; promise you'll not heed them: won't you promise me?"

She turned round astonished, and looked up straight into his face. His eyes met hers for a second, then shifted uneasily; and his brows had an anxious, drawn expression.

"Rumours," she repeated vaguely. "What rumours? I sha'n't mind."

"As I told you before, Nellie, I'm not my

own master. I hope to be soon; but things have gone very hard with me of late, dear,—they have indeed. You will pay no attention to anything? it's untrue."

"Nellie, I say, Nellie!" called Dicky, just as she was framing a question. "Quick; till I show you Dermot Blake. Come up! he's down there with Dorothy: we'd better go to them."

"Allow me," said Hogan gravely, offering his hand and stepping to one side to assist her. She took his hand to step across to a rock. He pressed it, looking eagerly at her; but her face showed nothing further than a sort of anxious surprise.

"We have to dine with our cousin this afternoon, to meet a Mr. Blake, her nephew, just home this morning from India," Dicky explained. "See, Nell—that tall, sunburnt fellow down there."

Nellie and Dick left now, and followed Miss O'Hegarty; who, leaning on the arm of the long-expected Dermot, was parading the Pier. He was a very tall, broad-shouldered, and athletic-looking man of thirty-four; greatly sunburnt, as far as could be seen of his face, which was almost covered by a huge tawny

beard. He had bushy eyebrows, like his aunt, but not her round, hard grey eyes. Dermot's were dark grey-blue, with a merry quizzical expression in them. Dorothy felt quite proud of him. One of the Bragintons was on the Pier (from which it may be inferred that the godly Lord Brayhead was not in the neighbourhood), and Dorothy brought Dermot up to her with quite an air, just as of the owner of an excellent *parti*, and who is waiting for bidders. Miss O'Hegarty was to be a personage of no small importance until her nephew was disposed of.

"I really feel ashamed," she said, "to be seen with him; he has such a colonial air, —just like a bushranger or gold miner, you know. That complexion is really — You must do something for it, dear."

"There's the thanks she gives me! Why, aunt, I stopped ten days in London on purpose to get myself fined down before coming over —dressed myself at Poole's, too."

"Oh, pray *don't* take off the sunburn; I do admire it so. You have no idea how becoming sunburn is," protested Miss Braginton.

Dermot grinned good-humouredly, twisting

an end of his long moustache between his teeth.

"I'd have to get myself flayed to take it off. Here's a fellow coming up here just as brown as I am."

Dorothy bestowed a passing glance on Ned Shea as he passed by.

"My dear, that's some farmer—a hay-maker, or some working man. You don't see many gentlemen like that."

"I've been so long out of Ireland, I hardly recognize position by appearances that way, now. I declare in California there was an English earl twice as rough-looking as that man."

"The Pier is really crowded with very common people this summer. Every year it gets worse," said Miss Braginton. "Now, just look at these costumes—R. C.s, my dear, of course."

"These costumes" were the Raffertys' and Malowney's, who looked like a walking flower-garden as they passed.

"R. C.s! what's that for, eh?" asked Mr. Blake.

"Roman Catholic," explained Dorothy; "common people,—trade, you know."

“Haw! Why, you know, ma’am, in Kerry the best families round are that persuasion. What dooced difference does it make?”

But Miss O’Hegarty never answered the question; for at that moment she spied the young Davorens approaching.

“Oh, here are Nellie and Dicky. Dermot, darling, these are Everilda’s children. Don’t you remember?—Everilda Davoren.”

Dermot did not answer; he was too busy staring at the pretty slim girl in a pale blue bonnet, with the lovely complexion and eyes, who was coming up, and blushing so prettily—and naturally too. Miss Braginton, who did not care to risk a possible comparison of her elderly charms with those of the new comer, dived back to her post of observation by the wall.

“We’re cousins, you know—ain’t we?” said Dermot, when the ceremony of introduction had been gone through. “Certainly we’re cousins: I ought in simple duty to kiss you—yes, both of you; and faith, I’d do it too, only, you see, the very simplest acts are liable to misconstruction in this wicked world. Look

here, ma'am ; here's a seat for you till I take a stroll with my relations. I'll come back to you."

So talking Mr. Blake planted Dorothy beside Miss Braginton, and marched off between Nellie and Dick.

"Bless us ! what heaps of women. They ought to be packed off west, 'pon my word," continued the traveller. "Out in the west women are that scarce that if a man only sees a petticoat hanging on a bush he takes off his hat to it."

"Here comes my dear Miss Brangan," said Dick.

"Why does she bow so stiffly to you, pray ?" asked Nellie.

"Well, a little lapse on my part. I was talking to the young woman the other day, and I unluckily mentioned a character famous in song,—'Charming Judy Branigan,' says I. My dear, she got in a fury all in one minute ; and, said she, 'I'd have you know, Mr. Davoren, that my name's not Branigan, but Brangan.' I know why she was so huffy : her name *was* Branigan, but when the family got rich they changed it."

"Changed it? Why, pray?" asked Dermot, laughing.

"For gentility—to take the Irish out of it, of course. Here's a man coming up here: his name is Burke, and he has changed it back, as he says, to De Burgh; and there go the Byrnes, who spell themselves Burnes; and the Reillys, who call themselves Reallys. They're past counting. Dugan, whose father was Duggan; Roneys, who were Rooneys. Oh! look! look!—here come 'The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.'"

"What!" cried Dermot, staring at three over-dressed, elderly young women who were coming up.

"That's what they're called," explained Dicky; "and that swell yonder, he is a rich tallow-chandler, and he's called Count Chandelier."

"Why," said Dermot Blake, "you have as many nicknames here as we had at Yosemite or the North Fork. Come up on the top of the wall, and you will show me everybody; and perhaps, my dear cousin, you will allow me to smoke a cigar. You're coming up to dine with us in Royal Terrace, are you not?"

"Yes," replied Nellie abstractedly.

She was looking down at Hogan and his friend Saltasche, who were standing amid a crowd of gentlemen talking and laughing together. What could be the rumour? What had he done? She thought he looked the handsomest and best dressed man amongst them all. He had such a tone and bearing. Certainly London does improve people. The Raffertys were sitting on a bench near; and she could see that Mrs. Rafferty pointed out her friend, the Member for Peatstown, to every one who came up. They quite plumed themselves on his acquaintance. What in the world could the rumour be? Business? Maybe that Mr. Saltasche: but stay—was not Cousin Dorothy speaking of Diana Bursford? She was in London; could—no ——"

Then a deep-chested laugh from Dermot Blake startled her. Dicky was pointing out some one below.

"So, eh, that's O'Rooney Hogan, M.P. Now, is it the man with the light zephyr coat? Hey, now! and that's the fellow they say my old flame, Di. Bursford, is to marry. How funny!" and Dermot stared at Hogan with

his great eyes wide open. "Why, he's rather a good-looking fellow. See, Cousin Nellie,—what's your opinion? Oh! you know him, hey, do you?"

"Nellie, what's the matter with you? you're as white as a sheet," Dicky asked abruptly.

"Ah, nothing!" she replied, a little peevishly; for she felt confused by the sudden and inquisitive gaze Dermot Blake had turned upon her. "The sun is making me quite giddy. I have a bad headache."

"Have you, now?" asked Dermot, quite interested and anxious. "Come along down, and take my arm; we'll go up to where Dorothy is."

They redescended the steps, and crossing to the outside edge of the Pier, where there was the least dust, and where the *patchouli* and *frangipani* of the fine ladies did not offend them, they walked slowly on. Nellie passed the group where Hogan stood without raising her eyes. She could not, for Dermot Blake's were so closely bent on her. She was sick of the noise and glare and bustle, and longed to be away in some retired, shady nook, to think quietly over everything. She was

trying to remember what Hogan had said at the head of the Pier—the exact words, his look and manner. It was no use. Dicky was chattering and laughing; and Dermot, who seemed capable of attending to both of them at the same time, appeared never to relax his watch. She was ready to cry with vexation; and when they at last reached Miss Dorothy, she insisted on sitting down beside her and Miss Braginton, and refused to walk again to the end to let Dicky show Dermot the beautiful yacht which had arrived last week from Cowes, and on board which the owner, a rich Manchester man, and all his family were living. They went off,—Dermot rather unwillingly, it seemed to her; and she, not being called on to take her part in Miss Braginton's discourse, sat and fretted and troubled to her heart's content. Dermot Blake—great, big, disagreeable, teasing creature—must have taken something into his head; and how in the world was she ever to sit opposite to him at dinner?

CHAPTER XIII.

“Wo so ein Köpfchen keinen Ausgang sieht
Stellt er sich gleich das Ende vor.
Es lebe, wer sich tapfer hält!
Du bist doch sonst so ziemlich eingeteufelt.
Nichts abgeschmackters find ich auf der Welt
Als ein Teufel, der verzweifelt.”

“AH—mine Gott! what shall pe done? He is gone with fifty dousand—perhaps a hundert—what shall I say?—all de money, Bruen!” shouted the senior partner. “Bruen, you fool! what is to be done?” And Mr. Stier dashed a slip of paper on the ground, and wringing his fat white hands, stamped up and down the hearthrug of the office in Cole Alley. Bruen, somewhat pale about his thin lips, sat stolidly in his chair.

“Well, he’s gone this time in earnest; you have yourself to thank for it. I never was for allowing him to get the investing of the Leadmines capital—never! He got all the money he could lodged or invested in his name,

or jointly with ours ; forged our signatures. Easy affair that for him !” and Bruen shrugged his shoulders.

“He has daken every penny of eighty dousand pounds !” wailed Mr. Stier, utterly oblivious of his fine English pronunciation. “And dere is dat *Beacon* : I wish we were rid of dat *Beacon*. Ah !”

Just then the office door was thrown open, and Hogan, breathless and with a face the colour of ashes, rushed in and threw himself exhausted on a chair.

“What of this ? Is he gone ?” he gasped.

“Dere ! read dat !” grunted the senior partner, jerking him the telegram with scant courtesy of manner, and then resuming his walk up and down the hearthrug.

Hogan drew a deep breath as he read the pencilled lines ; and before he had finished the first half of the message, he uttered an inarticulate cry and fell off his chair in a swoon.

The telegram was from Dublin, stating that Saltasche was missing—that he had overdrawn his accounts at the banks, and had taken *securities*, bonds, and cash, to the amount of

some thirty or forty thousand pounds. Moreover, that he had been gone two days before he was missed.

"See, Stier: this won't do," said Bruen, advancing hastily from his place. "Bernhardt and McKie are to be here shortly, you know. Let's put him in the private room."

A touch from Mr. Bruen's long finger, as he moved to lift the shoulders of the unconscious Hogan, sent the bolt of the outer door home. Stier and he then carried him into an inner room, and laid him on the sofa. Then a jug of water was fetched out of a cabinet, and poured over his face.

"Pretty business for him this will be, too!" said the senior partner, throwing up the window. As he turned round he met his partner's eyes fixed on his with a peculiar expression. "Eh, vat?" cried he.

Bruen frowned threateningly, and pursed up his mouth.

"Thinkest thou it is a sham—that they are confederates?" burst out Stier, speaking very rapidly, and in German.

Mr. Bruen took the wrist of the unconscious Hogan in his fingers, and felt his pulse care-

fully. Apparently the result was not satisfactory; for he let it fall and shook his head.

"We must pursue him at once. Send a messenger to Scotland Yard, and—let me see: have we a photograph?"

"No. He may, though," returned Stier, nodding at the prostrate figure. "But Sal-tasche will never be got—never! Maybe is he in London dis minute."

Just then Hogan began to show signs of returning consciousness, and moved as if to raise himself. Bruen took a flask of brandy out of a cabinet, and filling a glass, handed it to him. He swallowed it at a draught, and rose and stumbled to a chair before the open window. Bruen followed him over; and placing himself with his back to the light, keenly watching Hogan's bewildered face, said,—

"Are you better? It was a strong shock that—hey?"

Hogan did not seem to hear him. He was staring with lack-lustre eyes out on the yard which lay before the window. A hideous backyard, grimed with the smuts of centuries, with blades of smoke-coloured grass struggling

for life among the cracked flags. A water-butt, dry months ago, and whose staves were in a state of disruption, stood in a corner beneath watershoots choked with birds' nests—sooty sparrows' nests—straggling, shapeless tufts of straw filched from the nearest mews or cabstand. A desolate, overshadowed place, lying in gloom though the harvest sun shone hot overhead. How well he remembered that outlook for years to come! It seemed to have printed itself, with every hideous detail, indelibly on his brain.

"Take some more prandy?" said Stier, who had helped himself to a dram.

Hogan pressed his hands to his forehead, and started up. "Yes—yes; I'm better. There will be an inquiry. My God! I am utterly ruined. What is to be done? Let us try and capture him. It was I who, at the last meeting of the Leadmines, urged them to give him the funds for investment; and there's the *Beacon*, and writing down the Transcontinentals. Oh!" groaned he, letting himself fall back in his chair.

"Bah! what's the use of this?" broke in Bruen contemptuously, walking away from the

window. "There will be an inquiry; and very likely the affair will be thrown into Chancery, and a receiver appointed. The thing is—set the detectives after him. Offer a reward to-night: five hundred pounds. Are they doing anything in Dublin? Better see if they will join us there. See here: I will go to the police myself. Let me have his description. Height, five-seven—hey?" And he began to jot down the items on a sheet of paper with a pencil. "Dark eyes and hair, aquiline nose, no whiskers or moustache. Have we no photograph?"

"I can get one," said Hogan, who remembered that the Bursfords had one in their album.

"Will you go to Dublin to-night, Mr. Hogan, and inquire into this affair?" asked Stier.

"Decidedly not!" returned Hogan quickly. "I was his personal friend. I could not do it."

Hogan, indeed, thought there were few things in the world he would not do sooner than go over to Dublin on such an errand. Dublin would not see him until the Saltasche

episode had been completely forgotten. How in the world could he face the Bishop? Barely eight months had been needed to realize all his sinister forebodings.

"Well, then, you will bring us the photograph, or send it, without delay. And about the *Beacon*. Go on as usual; we shall send you the day's intelligence. By-the-bye, were your shares—the qualifying shares, you know, as Director of the Leadmines—made square?"

"Made square—fully paid up?" repeated Hogan. "Never: that is what troubles me. If I could only raise a thousand pounds, now, it would save me altogether."

"H'm!" sneered Bruen; "were I you, Mr. Hogan, I would raise it—and at once. Good-afternoon. You will find me here to-night, if you need to settle anything further."

Hogan left Cole Alley in an unenviable frame of mind. He knew no one to whom he could apply for the money. He could give no security; and it must be forthcoming at once. Lord Brayhead was in Scotland; and even were he at hand, in London, there would be no use in applying to him. He was likely to be a heavy loser himself in the crash of the Lead-

mines ; and, moreover, his Railway Bill having been shelved for another session—owing to no fault of Hogan's, though his lordship persisted in blaming him—he would be in little humour to accommodate the luckless advocate ; and the idea of going to him and asking for the loan of money seemed to Hogan unbearable. He reached his lodgings in Half-Moon Street, and flung himself in his chair utterly overcome. The heat of the room—though it was on the shady side of the street—was stifling ; and it seemed to him that the open windows only let in dust and still hotter air from without ; so he closed them and pulled down the blinds. Then he sat down in a cushioned chair by his writing-table, and unlocking a drawer, took out a vellum-bound book in which he kept an account of all his expenses ; in this were sundry loose sheets of memorandums. With aching temples he read and wrote down calculations for nearly an hour. Nothing availed him ; the blank fact remained, staring him in the face from column after column of black and red figures—bankruptcy, ruin, and disgrace.

Saltasche had carried off four thousand

pounds of his. Nothing remained to him but a few weeks' pay from the *Beacon* and about two hundred pounds lying loose at his bankers'. He owed money, too; he had taken a suite of rooms in Half-Moon Street, and had furnished them pretty luxuriously. Nothing in Saltasche's queer *rococo* style,—polished bare floors and painted walls, and queer gimcrackery: Hogan had given an order to a first-class upholsterer, and had got what he liked—plenty of green velvet and gold, and looking-glass everywhere; Oxford Street *brimborions*, and prints which he knew must be good because he saw them almost in every house; the well-known Landseers and Holman Hunts, in fine, flaring frames; photographs there were also, in the inevitable Oxford borderings; and an enormous musical album, playing six tunes, and filled with bought portraits of dramatic and other celebrities. He had prided himself not a little on his "chambers" and their fittings, and had invited the Bursfords to lunch there one day, when all the arrangements had been completed, and the upholsterer's men had given the finishing touch. Diana, to tell the truth,

had grimaced a little over the green velvet and gilt,—a combination which, doubtless on political rather than æsthetic grounds, is held by Dublin people to be excessively vulgar. She admired “The Combat,” and “Dignity and Impudence,” and “Christ the Light of the World,” as if she beheld those rarities for the first time; went into raptures over the Bishop of Secunderabad, who was depicted sitting in profile, which did not suit him at all, with a tiny black skull-cap on his head, a pectoral cross, and his episcopal ring (a garnet as big as a teacup) finely displayed. Diana had become extremely High Church of late, went to confession, and dragged her mother, sorely against her will, to St. Alban’s. She had frequently hinted her desire that Hogan should accompany her thither, and expressed herself utterly unable to understand why he declined; telling him the service was much more like that of his Church than theirs, and evidently expecting him to be overwhelmed by her condescension. She stuffed her prayer-book with markers and coloured ribbon, wore crosses perpetually, and talked of abstaining on Fridays.

Hogan threw down his pen after a while, exhausted. The feverish excitement caused by the dose of brandy had worn off, and the reaction left him almost helpless. Everything swam before his eyes in a mist, and his temples seemed ready to burst. He lay back in his chair for an hour or more, in a sort of stupor. The ticking of the French clock on the mantelpiece was the only sound he heard. He seemed to see Bruen's face ; and his parting words, "I would raise it—and at once," rung through his head, and seemed as if they were set to the motion of the pendulum.

A knock at the door startled him. He opened it, and took a bundle of papers and a letter from the servant. The letter was from Diana Bursford ; her large round writing, and blue and gold monogram, were well known to him. He laid it on the desk, and opening a press, drank a glass of wine before reading it. Then he returned to his desk and took up the letter. The post-mark was London : they ought to be at Dieppe. And he tore it hastily open.

"MY DEAR MR. HOGAN,—We are back in Clarges Street. Pray come at once, and tell us what is this *dreadful* news about Mr.

Saltasche. Mamma is almost deranged. How fortunate that we are not involved in the awful catastrophe! Pray come at once.

“Ever, dear Mr. Hogan,

“Yours most sincerely,

“DIANA BURS福德.”

Hogan read it over slowly; then laid it down and seated himself in his chair with folded arms. “Not involved,” he repeated to himself: “then their money is safe. Lucky for them!” Then he smiled to himself at the motive which had plainly prompted that piece of information. Saltasche had told him Diana had four thousand pounds. He repeated it over and over to himself. And now, how could he induce her to lend the fatal thousand pounds to him—lend it? There was one way he could get it—only one. He got up and walked about the room, with his hands pressed to his temples. Propose to Diana, and that within an hour’s time, or else be convicted of fraud; or, if not actually disgraced, appear as the accessory of Saltasche. He might even have to resign his seat in Parliament. Then Nellie’s face rose before him: he thought of the Sunday, three weeks ago, when they stood

at the Pier's edge together, looking out at the silver stretch of water and the little yachts lying becalmed—their snowy sails hanging idle from the mast. He could almost see her sunlit hair and the wondering blue eyes that met his so shyly. And Diana? He glanced at his watch: nearly three o'clock. Then he bundled the papers and books all back into the desk, and locked it—his hand shaking nervously as he did so. He caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror as he passed, and started at the haggard face and tossed hair it showed. He went into his bedroom, and having washed, and brushed, and changed his coat and tie, he drank another glass of sherry, and started at a quick pace for Clarges Street.

Diana and her mother were in the drawing-room together; both pale and anxious-looking.

“Well, Mr. Hogan? Can this be true? Is Mr. Saltasche really gone? and are these dreadful rumours true?”

Hogan flung himself in a chair without answering. In a moment, as if he had paused to take breath, he replied,—

“Everything is true! He's nearly three days gone, and he has robbed every one. The

detectives are after him. What have you heard?"

"Oh," began Diana, "the Greys are penniless. You know Mr. Grey had commuted. He entrusted the money to Mr. Saltasche—nearly four thousand pounds: it is all gone. The Helys have lost three thousand. Oh, I never could tell you all the people in Dublin he has ruined! And the funds of the Connemara Soup Society, and the Widows and Orphans of Scripture Readers Asylum."

"Oh dear!" cried Mrs. Bursford; "don't speak of it now, Diana. I can't endure to think of it. One whom I knew so long, and who was such a good friend to me. It is terrible!" And poor Mrs. Bursford began to cry.

"They have offered five hundred reward, you know," continued Hogan to Diana, in a low tone. "There's a description of him. By-the-bye, I've been asked for a photograph: have you got one?"

"Oh yes. Mamma, could you not give Mr. Hogan that last photograph of Mr. Saltasche? The police want to have one, he says."

"I'm astonished at you, Diana—I am, indeed!" cried the old lady. "I'll do nothing of the kind. Whatever the unfortunate man has done, he has spared us; and I shall not give it to them. I wonder at you, indeed, to think of such a thing!"

Thoroughly vexed, Mrs. Bursford left the room. Hogan rose and walked to the window. He rather admired the old lady for her outburst; and moreover, with the quick instinct peculiar to him, felt convinced by it, far more than by Diana's written assurance, that their money was intact. After a moment he came back and seated himself near Diana, in an arm-chair. He leaned one elbow on the chair, and supported his head in his hand without speaking. She was watching him anxiously.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Hogan? Pray tell me: you look so haggard and worn!"

"I need be," he answered slowly. "I am on the brink of destruction. Nothing but a—a miracle can save me."

"Oh dear! Now do tell me—do! What is it? Has he—has Mr. Saltasche ——?"

"He has carried off the funds of the Lead-mines Company. He got them into his hands

as treasurer, at my recommendation as a director myself. That's bad enough; but I was not—not fully qualified to be a director at the time. Nine hundred and seventy pounds were due on my shares—are due still; and Saltasche has carried off every penny I possessed. Oh, Diana! had I only one thousand, I would be saved,—saved from utter ruin!" He laid his head down on his hands, and groaned.

"Tell me clearly: is that the only thing that troubles you?" asked Diana, her keen blue eyes watching him closely. "One thousand pounds would leave you as you were before this?"

"Yes, absolutely. That is the only pressure; but I fear it is a fatal one. My God!" he wailed, "I have no one to turn to for help."

"You have!" said Diana—a flush lighting up her face, and a strange glitter in her eyes: "you have! Let me,"—and she laid her hand on his sleeve—"let me help you. Take my money—all, every farthing. I devote it to you gladly."

It had come at last—the inevitable. In a

moment he was on his knees before her, kissing her hands.

“Dearest, best girl!—truest, only friend! Diana, dearest, you must give me a title—an excuse: how otherwise could I? Say, dear, you will be mine—my wife.”

The flush spread from Diana’s cheeks over her brow; and there was an under-current of exultation in the tone with which she replied, “Yes, then, since you will;—but here comes mamma.”

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS DOROTHY O'HEGARTY was sitting with Nellie one fine September afternoon in the drawing-room at Green Lanes. The French window, which led into the garden, was open ; and the relics of an afternoon tea were scattered about. Miss O'Hegarty was comfortably disposed in an easy-chair, tatting. Nellie, seated on a low chair beside her, her chin resting in the palm of one hand, was gazing dreamily down the garden ; where Dermot Blake and Dicky were smoking in the espalier walk. Between them and her lay the flower-garden, all ablaze with scarlet and yellow ; standard roses, now bearing their second crop, climbing tea-roses and jessamine, in full blossom, scented the air deliciously ; the bees were at work still in the beds of mignonette, and brown and scarlet butterflies flitted to and fro. The peach-apples, dead ripe, showed their scarlet and yellow

cheeks on the boughs; plums covered with purple down, and apricots, sweltered on the red-brick walls. Everything was ripe: the flowers, for all their bloom, had the parched look that tells of coming decay; and every breath of air scattered rose-leaves and little jessamine stars on the turf.

Nellie was looking pale and languid; her lips trembled every now and again, and her eyebrows were drawn up fretfully. She sat quiet and silent, apparently listening to Dorothy's never-ending stream of talk; in reality her thoughts were far away.

"Two, six, pearl," began Dorothy, ticking off the number of stitches with a contented nod. Then, taking up evidently some previously discussed topic, "I do wonder how Diana can be such a fool!"

Up went Nellie's arms over her head, which she laid back on her joined hands; and an expression of impatience, that was almost pain, contracted her brow. Not a word did she say.

"Idiot of a woman! She *has* three thousand pounds. People call it five, and no doubt this Mr. Hogan thinks it is that; and it is that

he's after, of course—the fellow. I have no doubt Emily Bursford is glad of anybody for her. She has had her share of trouble with her family. The sons were dreadful—dreadful scamps; one of them married some creature, and is obliged to live out of society—in New Zealand somewhere. Oh no!” Miss Dorothy continued, with a shake of her head that nearly displaced her spectacles, “I don't think the young man is getting at all such a catch as he imagines—at all. Then one died. People said he was the steady man of the family; but anyhow, *he died*.” Dorothy said this in a dubious tone, as if the fact of dying was damaging *per se*, and must be held to be incriminating, as no proof to the contrary had been lodged. “Then there's Jervis to the good yet; and a torture he is, too.”

Had Nellie been listening, she would have been surprised at this transition from the earlier views of the matter held by Dorothy. When the first news of Diana's engagement had reached the Fitzgerald Place *coterie*, surprise and indignation at the *mésalliance* had been the order of the day. But now the reaction—the inevitable reaction—had set in.

Diana was going about Dublin with all the airs and graces of a *fiancée* desirous to make the most of her position, and showing thereby that she considered herself in no way to be making a bad match. This glaring defiance of law and order was not to be put up with; so public opinion veered round to the gentleman's side. All the disadvantages of the Bursford family were held up in a strong light. Dreincourt's, Hutchinson's, and Jervis's misdeeds were raked up; Monsignor Bursford, the pervert; Diana's age: nothing was left undone; and for a week or two it might be thought that the only adequate expression of her friends' sentiments would be a round-robin of condolence with O'Rooney Hogan, M.P.

"I wonder what her mother will do now? She 'll have to give up her house. I suppose *they* will be living in London. Diana need not imagine he 'll be taken up by people here. London will be the most convenient for him, and of course Diana will live there."

Nellie was biting her lips hard. Her elbows were taken down now, and her hands were clasped tight together in her lap.

"The way those Bursfords cleared off out of Dublin last spring," Dorothy went on like a musical-box wound up, "not a bit of me could guess why: Emily was that close over it. Blanche Braginton wasn't long finding it all out, though. I daresay Blanche wishes she were as comfortably settled with that old widower—the widow man, as Peter calls him——"

But Dorothy was speaking to the empty air now. Nellie had raised herself lightly from the low chair, and had glided through the open window. Dermot Blake, who seemed to have been watching her, raised his chin above the top of an intervening apple tree, and cast a glance of invitation towards her; but Nellie did not see, and passed, unheeding, round the corner of the house, and, lifting the latch of a green door, entered the poultry-yard.

The hens lay meditatively in holes which they had rooted under the sunniest wall, basking in the warmth, and scratching up clouds of dust. They barely unclosed one eye apiece to view the intruder. Their lord and master, perched on the side of a water-tub, pruned his feathers with dignified indifference. The

pigeons, who were busy poaching in the food pans, spread their wings and flew to the roof of the woodhouse, impatiently walking up and down the sloping tiles, and watching with their cunning yellow eyes for her disappearance. The terrier rushed at break-neck speed out of his barrel, where he had been sheltering from the sun; and mounting on his short hind-legs, begged to be released.

Nellie saw nothing. She brushed past the water-tub, almost upsetting chanticleer, and into the woodhouse, latching the door after her. And there, amongst billets of wood, garden baskets, tools, and bunches of dried herbs and roots, she sat down on a block and began to sob. The storm had been gathering some time, and it had now burst. For a minute or two she was carried away by its vehemence.

Suddenly a laugh reached her ears from the garden. It was Dermot's laugh,—deep-chested and wholesome, like the bay of a great Newfoundland dog. She started up, remembering she would have to meet him again. She dried her eyes, and opened a little window hidden behind some bushes, to let in

the air on her hot cheeks and brow. "Only a month ago!" she thought, as she called to mind the day at Kingstown—standing with him at the water's edge, the little weak ripples of the ebb-tide breaking among the seaweed at their feet. She almost saw him as he looked into her eyes when asking her for that strange promise. "Believe nothing: trust me, Nellie." She could hear the tones of his voice. She could see the bay lying calm and white under the August sun; and the salt acrid smell of the seaweed seemed to come back to her. And now! Could it be a dream? Diana Bursford was again in Dublin, and engaged to be his wife. "Wearing a ring, too," as Dermot Blake had said, in corroboration of Dorothy's intelligence; and Dermot had laughed as he had said it—indicating to Nellie, with a gesture of his brown hand, the engaged finger. He had been watching her closely, too, while Dorothy had been telling this great piece of news. What could he have meant by it? It was very impertinent of him, thought Nellie; and she pushed aside the currant bush that was growing before the window, and peeped out at Dermot striding up and down the walk. She

looked from his huge shoulders and brown, manly face to Dicky, pale and careworn and more haggard to-day than ever; and another shadow crossed her face. Dermot seemed in great spirits, laughing and stalking up and down the walk, on the right-hand side, where the border of lemon-thyme was—just where Hogan had walked with her that April day. Ah, how long ago! How old it seemed now! She half closed her eyes, dreamily. The soft moist fragrance of the April flowers, violet and narcissus,—the little drops nestling in the cups of the blossoms, and the low, earnest voice that stole away her heart,—all came back to her. Then an angry feeling rose in her. She put back the tears gathering in her eyes, and bit her lips, summoning pride to her aid.

She closed the little window gently. Not so gently that the sound did not reach the quick ear of Dermot Blake, who had not hunted with the Red Indians without learning some of their guile. He threw away his cigar, and, crossing the flower-beds with great steps, entered the poultry-yard as Nellie was coming out of the wood-house. Away flew

the pigeons to the housetop ; the hens, roused from their siesta, clucked nervously ; chanticleer flew from the water-tub to the top of the barrel ; and the terrier, advancing as far as his chain would let him, snuffed and fawned to the new-comer.

“ Well, Mr. Blake ? ” said Nellie, shutting the woodhouse door, and meeting the shrewd, kindly glance of his eyes with one half-veiled and timorous, “ How do you come here ? ”

Dermot Blake mounted one foot on the edge of the tub, and leaning his elbow on his knee, stroked his long beard thoughtfully for a moment.

“ Miss Nellie ! ” said he, then ; “ tell me— is it in there that your hens lay their eggs, eh ? ”

“ They do sometimes,” she answered evasively, and making a move to pass him ; but he caught her by the arm, and turned her round. “ Look at me, Miss Nell ; you’ve been crying.”

“ Well, and—and—if I have, Mr. Blake ? ” flushing red, and, with a poor attempt at dignity, trying to meet his eyes, which, no longer laughing, but with something of stern-

ness and sadness in their depths, were bent upon her face.

"If you have?" he repeated,—“if you have—wouldn't you tell me why, Nell—eh? Nell, wouldn't you?” He still held her, waiting for an answer.

"No," she replied brusquely, and with a tremor of her lips that boded a fresh outburst. He let go her arm suddenly, and turned away. Nellie, with a feeling of relief, crossed the yard and opened the door. As she drew it to after her, she looked back shyly towards where he was standing. He was lighting a fresh cigar; Fly, the terrier, rolling in an ecstasy of pleading at his feet.

"Where on earth did you disappear to, child?" asked Miss O'Hegarty, when Nellie returned to her seat beside her. "I was wanting to ask you about Dicky. What is wrong with him—he looks so wretchedly?"

"He does, indeed," said Nellie. "I can't understand it."

"I think, really," said Dorothy, "he's given too much money to spend. That must be it. I declare one doesn't know what is coming over young people nowadays at all. There's

Jasper Gore at Oxford; his aunt has been telling me he has gone through every farthing of his money. The luxury of his rooms—pictures, and china, and all the rest of it—was scandalous. His cousin did the same; and Dermot found him working on a railway in California. Not much pictures and china has he there. Everybody is gone mad, I declare. People old enough to know better doing the same thing. Look at Diana Bursford, now. There, I've dropped a stitch—must go back. See, Nellie dear. Nellie, you don't hear me: go and call Dermot—we must go. No, I won't go into the garden: it's too hot. Just gather me a flower or two, will you, and tell him to come?"

Seeing Nellie busy with her scissors among the flower-beds, Dermot advanced to help her.

"Are you cutting flowers for us?" asked he, reaching down a spray of roses high over her head. "What's the use, though, ma'am? Are we not going to Blakestown to-morrow?"

"Saturday, Dermot dear," cried Miss Dorothy from the window in answer. "I could not be ready any sooner."

"Grant me patience; I won't have a bird left. I'll go on by myself to-morrow, and you can come after."

But this Dorothy would not hear of. She had no notion of missing the *éclat* of the triumphant entry of this wandering heir into his seigniorial demesne; in fact, the reason of the delay was that she had ordered a special gown for the occasion. So she advanced her head as far as she could without getting out of her chair, and cried shrilly,—

"Now, Dermot, how can you think of it? Blakestown won't be ready, it won't; and we must wait now till Saturday. Nellie, you'll be over the day after to-morrow, won't you?"

"Ha! Then I won't go to-morrow," said Dermot, in a voice meant for Nellie's ear alone. "I mean to find out what those tears were for."

"Ah! because you are not going till Saturday."

"That's nice and complimentary, by Jove— isn't it? See now: tell me what sort of roses these are."

"Tea-roses."

"Take them, my dear: tea is good for the eyes," said he, with a meaning glance at hers.

"I wish you were in Blakestown, with all my heart."

"You can't mean it!" Then changing his bantering tone, "Nell! Nell! I say!"

"What do you say, Mr. Blake?"

"Give us that little rosebud. Just that one, now."

"No!"

"You won't! Give a fellow that little bit of forget-me-not. Nellie, I say, if you give *me* a bit of forget-me-not, I'll keep it." And Dermot accented the *me* emphatically, watching poor Nellie's face the while with mischievous eyes.

An indignant glance was all he got. She hastened back to Dorothy, tying the bouquet as she went with trembling hands.

Dorothy and her nephew walked down together to the station. "Poor old Di.!" said he, in answer to some remark of his aunt's; "she's a deal too good for that fellow—a deal too good." He laughed as he spoke, though his tone was pitying.

“Humph!” grunted Miss O’Hegarty dubiously; “she hasn’t so much——”

“Ah! no matter. This fellow and that Saltasche, the runaway stockjobber, always hunted in couples. And—ah—there was some talk going about him in London, then, a while back. May not be true at all,” he added hastily; “but Saltasche was an unfortunate connection. Yes, indeed, Di.’s too good for him—quite too good for him.”

CHAPTER XIV.

“ Everyone that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crusts be scant
No man will supply thy want.”

THE vacation was over, and the College boys were nearly all back at work. One day, shortly after the commencement of term, our old acquaintance Mr. Orpen, and his friend Gagan, were walking in the front gateway.

“ Young Davoren’s in a nice fix, is he not ? ” observed Mr. Orpen.

“ This bill affair, do you mean ? Yes, the little ass is in a fix. Mel. will kick up a shine, won’t he ? What’s this the amount is now ? Renewed twice,—and how much per cent ? ”

“ Don’t know nor care,” answered Orpen airily ; “ I fancy our brave Dicky will have to hook it. He’s been going ahead nicely of

late—got money to pay his tailor and bookseller, and then the fees. Moreover, Tad and he have been patronizing their outfitters lately.”

“And pawning the clothes—eh? Ha! ha! ha!” And Mr. Gagan laughed so violently that he found himself obliged to support his frame against a pillar. Orpen also indulged in a burst of hilarity, but in a quieter way.

“I shouldn’t wonder,” said he, scratching his chin thoughtfully, “if they’d both be off immediately—perhaps to-night.”

“Laws, now!” said Gagan, “let’s look for them after lecture, and find out what the beggars are up to.”

“I sha’n’t,” said Orpen, flicking a crumb off his coat lapel with his handkerchief. “Young Davoren was with me this morning, trying to borrow a pound. What a notion I had of lending it to him!”

“Not by any manner of means,” sneered Gagan, who had a fine opinion of his friend’s prudence. “A precious flat Davoren must be, indeed.”

“As for Tad,” pursued Orpen unheedingly, “he’ll turn up all right; he’s done it before, and his father bought him out.”

"What, enlisted? are they going to enlist? Poor Dav.! what a greenie he always was!"

"Tad will enlist; the other fellar wants to go to sea,—thinks he'd like a voyage."

"I always knew what was before that fellow," continued Orpen; "all he wanted was rope, just rope enough—to hang himself. I've seen lots of fellars here, now, in my time, and I pretty well know their sort; but for a regular fool, I give it up to young Davoren—and Mahoney Quain, perhaps, too. Wanting to be equal with fellars that are twice as long on town, and know enough to buy and sell them. Pah! Why, the marker in Kelly's rooms here, in ——— Street, used to get a half sov. at a time out of Davoren, just for telling him he made good strokes,—fact, I assure you: he thought he could play billiards."

Mr. Gagan expressed a fitting sense of contempt and disgust, and the gentlemen then went to lecture.

Meantime Dicky, unconscious of the elegy which his friends were composing over him, was sitting on a bench in a low public-house off Grafton Street, waiting for his friend Tad Griffiths. The bar of a dingy tavern, unilluminated

by gas, and looking out into a filthy, muddy lane, is not a cheerful place to be obliged to spend a couple of hours in. The heavy smell of stale tobacco and beer and damp sawdust was sickening; and Dicky felt his head almost reel between terror and anxiety and the effects of the vile atmosphere. He would have liked to have stood at the door, but feared, lest he should be seen; and it was necessary now that he should shun observation. So he squeezed himself up into a corner where the projecting side of a great cask almost hid him, and having borrowed a newspaper, held it, under pretence of reading it, so as to cover his face. Not a word could he see to read, although he tried to. The lines all danced before his eyes, burning like those of a person in fever. Every time the door opened he shook and started, dreading to meet the eye of some one in search of him: the tailor's clerk, to demand payment for the goods he had ordered and pawned; the bootmaker's son, who had threatened him already several times; or, worst of all, a messenger to fetch him to explain to his father the terrible affair of Melchisedech's bill, —anything on earth would be better than that.

Why had he not asked Dermot Blake to help him out of his scrape, when he was in Dublin six weeks ago? and why had he misappropriated the other money? He might, had he not listened to Orpen and Tad and Gagan, have saved his money and paid off his share of the bill. Gagan had got out of it long ago; so had Wylding. He and Tad were the only two now. Then he thought of his mother,—the poor bedridden woman, whose only joy it was to see him and to hear him talk to her; for now she could scarcely speak at all, having had a second stroke during the last few months; and how he had neglected and forgotten her of late; and what might not happen before he could return? Dicky dropped the newspaper, and covered his face with his hands.

“Are you sick?” said the frowzy barmaid, who was knitting behind her counter; “have something?”

Seeing that he did not move, and noticing his paleness, she filled out a glass of cherry-brandy and put it into his hand. Scarcely had he touched it, when the door opened, and in walked Tad Griffiths. He shook his head when he saw the glass.

"Hollo, Dick! I told you not to do that," said he reprovingly. "Did Orpen lend you the sovereign?" whispered he, sitting down beside him on the bench.

Dicky finished the cherry-brandy before he replied, with a shake of the head.

Tad looked grave. "Just like him," said he. "In that case we must take a deck passage to Holyhead; all I have is a pound, and you have nothing at all. The boat starts at seven to-night, from the North Wall. Have you a great-coat?"

"No, I haven't. I've nothing but what I've got on. Oh, Tad!" cried Dicky, with a sudden burst of terror, "I'd like to go home first." And he looked eagerly into his companion's eyes for help or counsel.

"If you do, you'll need to start at once; it's after four. What do you want to go home for, you ass? You'll be home soon enough. Don't I tell you the governor bought me out of the Fusileers? He left me in a month—to cool me, as he said. If you go home now, your governor will kill you over those bills and all the rest of it. Just let him find it out for himself; and then he'll be delighted to see

you home by the time you get back from China or India, and all will be right as a trivet. Just give him time to forget everything, and then you'll come out all right and tight."

Dicky brightened on hearing this sanguine forecast, and consented to remain where they were until it was time to go to the boat. Tad sent out for sandwiches, and they had some more cherry-brandy. The barmaid entered into the conversation, which now assumed a cheerful, jocular cast; and at half-past six, flushed and excited, Dicky and his friend took their way on foot to the quay, to where the steamer was in readiness for the night trip to Holyhead. They took a deck passage over; which left them just money enough to get by rail to Chester, where the —th Foot was stationed,—in which regiment Tad intended to enlist. Fortune seemed to favour their schemes. They reached Holyhead next morning—cold, and miserably tired; and after a meagre breakfast, started for Chester, whither Dicky accompanied his friend, and where they parted. Dicky went on to Liverpool, and had the good luck to find a ship just sailing for Gibraltar;

on board which he engaged as cabin boy, having first sold his clothes to a Jew huckster. Twenty-four hours after leaving Dublin he was far out to sea.

At the same time, perhaps, that the two boys were making their entry into the historic city of Chester, Mr. Davoren was engaged in examining the contents of some blue envelopes which reached him by the midday post. Having perused them, he looked at his watch. Finding it to be just the time he might expect to meet his son coming out of college, he took an hour's leave, and mounting a car, was soon at the college gate. He watched the crowd of lads coming out; and not seeing Dicky among them, asked the porter if he had seen him that day. The man replied that he had not; but catching sight of Orpen passing, he pointed him out, saying that gentleman might be able to inform him, as he was constantly in his company. Mr. Davoren accordingly accosted Orpen.

"Would you be good enough, sir, to tell me if you know where I can find Richard Davoren, my son?"

Mr. Orpen raised his hat politely. "I have


not seen him since yesterday morning when he called at my rooms—about a book of his, I think. About ten ; yes, ten o'clock."

"You have not seen him since ? or could you tell me if you know of any one who has ?"

"I have not, and I do not know any one who could tell you anything about him. I am very sorry indeed. Good day !"

Mr. Davoren then went to Dicky's tutor ; and from him he came away with a very angry face. He jumped on his car again, and returned to his office. There he found fresh trouble. A disreputable-looking man presented him with Mr. Melchisedech's document, and a request for thirty pounds to enable him, the drawer of the bill, to meet it. After a moment's thought Mr. Davoren wrote the name and address of his solicitor on an envelope, and desired the man to meet him there the following morning. Then, feeling unfit for any more work, he left his office and went home.

Nellie was sitting in her accustomed place in her mother's room ; and seeing from her window her father coming in at such an unusual hour, hastened down to know if anything was wrong.



"Wrong!" he shouted angrily. "I should think there was, indeed! That young ruffian, your brother, has gone to the devil;" and he dashed down his stick and hat with violence on the floor.

"Oh! oh!" she cried, startled and alarmed, and perhaps almost more concerned for the paralytic patient above, whom a shock might kill, than for the cause of her father's violence and anger.

Mr. Davoren flung into the parlour, pushing the door after him with a crash that resounded through the house, and began to walk up and down, trampling the floor with his heavy boots in a perfect ecstasy of fury. Dicky had caused him a terrible annoyance and expense, and he was determined in no way to suppress his sensations. The disgrace, the vexation, were overwhelming. He had no room for other considerations; and it was with a sort of anger that he encountered Nellie's hastily uttered reminder of the patient upstairs.

He ceased his march, and dropped into a chair.

"Every one but me, of course. God help me! What have I done that I should have

such a curse in my children? How shall I bear it, after all I have done for him? No one did anything for me; and yet I gave *him* every advantage. I was willing to give him a profession. He got everything he wanted. Thousands and thousands would never have done what I did for him. And look at **the** way he treats me. I shall never forgive him—never!”

“Where is he? What has he done?” She gasped rather than spoke the words.

“Run in debt; borrowed right and left; made away with everything. Of course, he **has** run off now. No one knows where he is.”

“Run off! Oh, my God! Run off!—it **will** kill mamma.”

“Aye, indeed. God help me!—nothing but disappointment and trouble everywhere before me. Last week I lost ten pounds, and now—look at this little monster. I had better go back to town, and inquire if he has let me in with any other shopkeepers. Heavens and earth! How shall I look any one in the face? Was there ever a being persecuted like me?”

So this distracted parent set off back to town; and Nellie, frightened to death and pale

as a ghost, stole back upstairs to her post. She found her mother awake, her face turned towards the door, watching for her.

"Dicky,—tell him to come to me," said she indistinctly, opening her eyes wide—blue, soft eyes, like her boy's. "Do you hear me?" she added sharply; "send him."

Nellie breathed a prayer for aid, and put forth all her strength; then slowly, and trying hard to master her voice—breaking and trembling in spite of her—replied,—

"Mamma, he is not in. I'll send him directly he comes."

"What? Where is he? I insist. He has not been here for days. This moment, Nellie: tell me where is Dicky?"

Her cheeks were flushed now, and her eyes seemed unnaturally large and bright. She tried to move, to raise herself. The thick tone had disappeared from her voice, and she spoke fast and nervously. Nellie's heart sank within her at this ominous sign.

"I assure you, mamma, you are doing yourself harm; indeed, I will bring him directly. I expect him now at once. Do lie down—let me settle the pillow. He will be in now directly."

"You are not speaking the truth. He must be ill. Nellie," said she after a pause, looking with terrified eyes at Nellie's pale face, "is Dicky dead, that he has not come to me?"

"Oh, mamma; no, no. Why do you speak so? Why do you distress yourself? Believe me, he will be here directly—by dinner-time; he will indeed."

Her mother spoke no more: she seemed worn out, and laid down her head, moaning faintly. The moment Nellie thought she could quit her safely, she slipped downstairs, and sent a servant for the doctor. How she wished Dorothy were near, or some one, to help her! She feared that another stroke might supervene after the excitement her mother had gone through, and of which she feared a recurrence; for she must know the truth some time, and if Dicky had really run away, it would certainly be the death of her mother. She sat down on a low stool before the fire, and in the darkness and solitude abandoned herself to bitter tears, and to thoughts that were angry as well as bitter. The heedless selfishness of Dicky, the callous indifference with which he had pursued his own ends, and the

terrible result that might be entailed now; the disgrace, the wretched fate in prospect for him, poor misguided child;—all were passed in review. She had had her own troubles and heartaches, as we know, of late; and this seemed to be the drop wanting to fill the cup to the brim. Until late in the evening she remained crouched before the fire. Her father did not return to dinner; and it was the entry of the doctor that roused her at last.

He pronounced her mother to be in a highly dangerous state, and advised that some one be got to watch all night by her.

CHAPTER XVI.

“ What vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a lady whom a knight should love,
As courtesie ; to bear themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove ?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know,
Their good ; that now them rightly may reprove
Of rudeness for not yielding what they owe ;
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.”

Faërie Queene.

HOGAN had not followed his *fiancée* to Dublin. He preferred for many reasons to remain in London. For one, he did not deem it prudent to turn his back on the scandal, slight as it was, in which he had been involved by the inquiry into the affairs of those companies whose assets Mr. Saltasche had carried off. He had, thanks to the timely aid afforded him by the Bursfords, weathered the storm which had nearly engulfed him. As he acknowledged to himself at the time, he had escaped by a hair's-breadth. There were ugly rumours

about him in Dublin, and we may be sure in Peatstown too; the Irish newspapers had fastened on them greedily. However, a *douceur* to his supporter Mr. Killeen, of the *Peatstown Torch*, had, he fancied, set that all right so far as his constituents were concerned. There was ample time for everything to be forgotten ere Dissolution should arrive. He did not want to sever his connection with the brokers in Sycamore Alley, whose newspaper he still continued to edit, aided by Mr. Chaffinch; and he hoped to be able to raise money by some lucky hit on 'Change, and to pay back the Bursfords' thousand pounds and get out of his engagement to Diana.

The more he thought of it, the less he liked the prospect of this marriage. Although he had been overwhelmed with gratitude and relief at the time, as soon as the sensation of danger had been removed the impression began to wear off, and his gratitude gave way to an uneasy feeling of having purchased the accommodation at too high a price. He even began to tell himself that he had exaggerated the position, and that he had been taken at an unfair advantage. Nevertheless he could see

no way out of the difficulty. It seemed almost impossible to find anything like a paying speculation; and Stier and Bruen appeared to think that his salary of five pounds a week ought to content him, and were disinclined to let him into any of the good things that might be going. The *Beacon*, too, was by no means the paying concern it had been. Stier and Bruen were very close-fisted in their dealings—unlike Saltasche; and the financial articles were nothing like what they had been in his days.

He had not written to Nellie now for some time—only once, indeed, since their short conversation on the pier at Kingstown. A fortnight or so before Christmas he observed an intimation of her mother's death in an Irish paper, and wrote immediately a letter of condolence, as kindly and feelingly worded as he could make it. After an interval he received a short note of thanks, indited in a trembling, broken handwriting, and breathing of such sorrow and affliction that his heart—not too sympathetic, as we know—felt deeply touched. He wrote again to her, this time at length; but as vaguely and guardedly as ever. He said nothing of his plans or prospects: the

usual moan over his hard work, his loneliness, his dependence upon yet remote contingencies, and his hopes; his mental sufferings that rumours so prejudicial to him, and so hurtful to the feelings of those who were interested in his welfare, should have gone forth. He trusted to time to set him right; and so on.

There was something in it that jarred upon Nellie in spite of herself; she compared the long involved sentences which said so much and meant so little with Dermot's straightforward way—the hints and half-sayings with his blunt outspokenness. She saw a good deal of Dermot just at this time. Then she remembered the unbecomingness of thinking of such things now; and she threw the letter—the only one of Hogan's she had ever treated so—into the fire before she had even finished reading it.

That very day Diana also received a letter from her intended, the tone of which displeased her mightily. There was some talk in it of an investment, by means of which he hoped to be able to repay certain and sundry obligations, contracted unwillingly though gratefully, etc. Diana drew down her eyebrows and her upper lip as she read. When she had

finished, she handed the letter across the breakfast-table to her mother.

"What do you think of this? What ought you to do?" asked the elder lady, as she returned it.

"Go over at once, I think. I shall write to him to-morrow—not until to-morrow; or had you better do it, mamma?"

"Very well, Diana," assented Mrs. Bursford with a sigh; "perhaps I had. I can excuse your doing so, you know."

So the next day but one Mr. Hogan found a huge monogrammed violet envelope on his table in Half-Moon Street. He opened it with some slight misgiving, and unfolded the following from his Diana's mother:—

"MY DEAR MR. HOGAN,—

"As dear Diana is suffering from a slight headache, the task of acknowledging your letter of yesterday devolves upon me. Diana and I expect to be in London on Monday or Tuesday next. I hope we shall see you without delay in Clarges Street. We are somewhat astonished at some expressions in your letter which seem to indicate a possible misconception on your part of your and her joint

position. However, we may leave all discussion on that point, should there be (which I hope there will not) any necessity for it, until we meet.

“ I remain, my dear Mr. Hogan,

“ Yours most sincerely,

“ *EMILY BURSFOED.*”

Hogan laid down the letter with a deep sigh, and took a few turns up and down the room. Then he seated himself at his desk, and wrote rapidly an affectionate inquiry to Diana about her headache, demanding to be informed on what evening or morning they might be expected at Euston Square, that he might have the pleasure of being of some service to them.

Diana, on perusing this missive, felt there was no occasion to hurry their departure from Dublin; and the eventful session of '73 had commenced before they were installed once more in Clarges Street. Hogan was now almost driven to bay. He was too pusillanimous to risk an open rupture; and he cast about him in vain for some means of paying back that hateful thousand pounds. He imagined, foolish man, that if that could be accomplished

he was saved. The memorable struggle of the Government over the ill-fated University Bill was carried on without any assistance from him. He sat in moody silence on his bench, as member after member entered his protest against the measure. He might as well have been sitting in the drawing-room in Clarges Street with his Circe. Then came the resignation of the Ministry—the resignation which they were obliged to withdraw, to the intense delight of their supporters, and the fatuous self-glorification of the Liberal Party in general. Hogan passed an interval of terrible suspense until the answer of the Opposition was made known. He began to realize what his position would be if he failed to procure his re-election: he would literally have to begin the world afresh, and that with drawbacks so terrible that he doubted his power to overcome them.

Diana also was very anxious. She felt it was high time the affair was being settled one way or the other. She knew that Hogan was penniless. He possessed, to be sure, some three or four thousand pounds' worth of stock, which at its present value was not good for as many

shillings ; but as her intended said, there was no telling how or when it might go up in the market. Hogan had infected Diana with some of his habits—that of trusting in luck, for example, as we see. There had been no further attempt on his side to approach any pecuniary settlement of the debt between them. Diana and her mother were arranging the execution of a long-matured plan—namely, to remind a relative of theirs highly placed in the Government of a promise he had once made to Mrs. Bursford : that he would procure a Government appointment for her ne’er-do-well son Jervis. Diana contended that this promise could be transferred to Hogan ; and if that gentleman would only come to an arrangement, this additional inducement could be made known to him.

Day after day he made his appearance in Clarges Street, and disappeared without making a sign. At last Diana, taking heart of grace, seized the opportunity of his mentioning casually the name of Lord Blanquière to relate—making the most of it, we may be assured—the tie between him and the Bursford family. Hogan seemed impressed, as she intended he

should be ; but as usual took his leave without saying anything in particular. As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Bursford, who had left the room purposely that he might declare himself without restraint, came in.

"Diana, it is time this was put an end to. To-morrow, when he comes here, I shall have a talk with him."

"I really think you must, mamma: we are now nearly six months engaged. I told him about Lord Blanquière; he seemed to take it in."

By "to-morrow" a great many things were settled that the Bursfords had not anticipated. The Ministry announced their intention of appealing to the country; and Hogan, M.P., was plain Mr. Hogan once more. Before eight o'clock in the morning he was in Clarges Street, and engaged in an impassioned discussion with the mother and daughter. Hogan was for starting at once for Peatstown, so as to be in the field early: the Tories had been at work this long time, he declared. Their registries were in perfect order, and he feared a serious opposition. So he was talking, nervous and flushed, when Mrs. Bursford cut him short.

Diana left the room, in obedience to a look from her mother.

“Now, Mr. Hogan, may I ask you how long do you intend my daughter’s engagement to last?”

“Mrs. Bursford, my means at present, as you know, do not permit me to marry. If I am re-elected——”

“Stop, Mr. Hogan. You will not be re-elected for Peatstown; you have not a chance of it. You have no means. Now, Lord Blaquière, whom I saw yesterday evening, has promised to use his influence to procure a Government post for —ah—the person in whom I am interested——”

“Mrs. Bursford, I am willing to marry Diana now; but you will hardly, I think, insist on her prospects and mine being sacrificed to precipitation.”

“You are willing to marry my daughter now?” said the old lady. “Well and good, Mr. Hogan; and you will allow, I think, that her prospects are as dear to me as to you. However, now we shall go to business; and I must tell you that you are losing time and money in going over to Peatstown. I know

Peatstown well, from the Wyldoates' accounts. You are not advanced enough in your ideas; and you have disappointed your friends there. Now, if you will take my advice, you will ascertain your chances before you go even as far as Dublin."

Diana now came in, and joined her entreaties to the arguments of her mother. Hogan consented to telegraph to Dublin and to Peatstown, to Killeen, on whom he fancied he could rely. If it then proved to be a fair prospect of success, he could go. If not, there was nothing for it but to trust to Lord Blanquière's good offices. So he took his leave of the ladies, and went down to the Clubs, and to Westminster, to learn what was going on. He felt stunned and apathetic now; and amongst the angry, excited crowds who were discussing the news, he seemed so calm and indifferent, that many eyed him suspiciously, and asked each other could the member for Peatstown have got anything from the Government? There would be some crumbs of patronage to be divided. But what had Hogan done to deserve anything? So that hypothesis was abandoned.

Before returning to Clarges Street he turned into his own house, to see if any news had come from Dublin. There was a telegram from the Bishop, curt but significant. "Don't mind coming. D. Houlahan is gone down to Peatstown by the morning mail. I'll write to-day."

Dinny Houlahan—Dinny the Hare—gone down! That was a good joke indeed: and Hogan laid aside his hat and sat down in his easy-chair. Dinny Houlahan was a barrister whose principles it were kindness to designate as uncertain. He had been in prison in '48. His enemies declared him to be an informer, and that the imprisonment was a mere blind—an expedient to "save the situation." However, he had suffered imprisonment in the cause; and, aided by an impartial jury, he had been instrumental in procuring the acquittal of a murderer of the agrarian type, as recently as the previous autumn. And this was the gentleman who, "with his blushing honours thick upon him," was to supplant Hogan. There was another telegram—one from Ned Shea: "You will have my support, and a hearty welcome; I cannot

answer for anything more." This was enough. He rose from his chair, and took a couple of turns up and down the room. While so engaged, the servant came in with a note in her hand. It was from the Cole Alley office, and was addressed "—Hogan, Esq."

"DEAR SIR,—

"We regret to inform you that we have no further occasion for your services as managing editor of the *Beacon*. We have made arrangements to sell the paper to Schepeler, Ignatieff and Co., of Fenchurch Street. We shall be most happy to recommend you to them, should you wish it. You will be pleased to hear that the detectives have at last got on the track of Mr. Saltasche.

"Faithfully yours,

"STIER AND BRUEN."

Hogan stirred the fire, and burnt the three communications. He stood watching the shrivelled fragments as they floated up the chimney in the draught. A queer conceit entered his brain as he stood looking at them. The Bishop's telegram, which might be held to personify his Parliamentary career and its brief illusory existence, had scarcely kindled

when it took wing, all ablaze, and disappeared into the region of smoke; Ned Shea's burnt out quite, and divided into crumbling atoms; while Stier and Bruen's thick double sheet lay for a while, and turned yellow and brown ere it kindled: even when the flame had exhausted itself, the writing seemed to glow, and the letters turned red again and twisted strangely. He remained a long time staring idly into the fire; and it was not until a single stroke of the clock warned him of the hour—half-past four—that he moved from his place on the rug.

Then to Clarges Street, where he found Diana in the most charming afternoon toilette waiting for him. She received the news of his determination to abandon the contest with the composure bred of foregone conviction. The afternoon passed rather pleasantly. Hogan did not mention the news about Saltasche; he hoped in his heart that the detectives might yet be baffled, for he by no means relished the idea of the inquiry that must ensue upon that gentleman's trial. Neither did he think it necessary to tell Diana or her mother that the editorship was gone from him; they were both left in the pleasant delusion

that the *prétendant* had five pounds a week of his own. Before he left the house Diana had named the day—which the gentleman, with an eagerness that was very lover-like and was thoroughly sincere, begged might be fixed at as early a date as possible.

Mrs. Bursford declared emphatically that everything should be as yet conditional on Lord Blanquière's good offices. She was writing to his lordship by that post. The old lady was indeed at her davenport, scribbling away on her thickest-toned, most monogrammed paper. When Hogan took his leave, Diana followed him to the lobby.

"Lord Blanquière may not be able to do anything for us," she said, resting her hand on the balustrade, and looking at him scrutinisingly.

Hogan was equal to the occasion. He took her fingers in his.

"Dearest Diana," he said, "surely that need be no cause for further delay. I am no poorer than before." We must do him the justice to say, that in speaking thus he had an eye to the recommendation of Stier and Bruen, and a prospective if not an actual five pounds

a week. If Lord Blanquière can offer me a position, so much the better; if not——”

If not . . . there were two thousand pounds still of Diana's, and her mother's jointure of four hundred a year. Five hundred pounds would clear off his debts. And he could pull along, as he told himself, until something turned up.

If not . . . Diana filled up the hiatus by a glance expressive of unlimited capabilities of self-sacrifice and heroic undertaking.

“I suppose,” she said, “now that you are not in Parliament, we shall live in Dublin. With mamma, you know, in Merrion Street?”

“No, no,” he replied sharply; “I must stay in London. Much better to have your mother remove from Dublin. She could live with us here infinitely more conveniently. How could I edit a newspaper from Dublin? You had better talk to her about that, Diana.”

Then he went away; and Diana set to work to persuade her mother how much more suitable and convenient it would be to bring over her furniture to London, and establish herself

with her son-in-law in some nice house in the Bayswater or Paddington district. How this proposal was received, we leave it to the reader to imagine.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ L’homme n’est qu’un roseau le plus faible de l’univers ; mais c’est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l’univers entier s’arme pour l’écraser. Une vapeur, une goutte d’eau suffit pour le tuer. Mais quand l’univers l’écraserait, l’homme serait encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parce qu’il sait qu’il meurt ; et l’avantage que l’univers a sur lui l’univers n’en sait rien. Ainsi toute notre dignité consiste dans la pensée.”—*Pensées de Pascal.*

MONSIEUR AND MADAME DE PRÉDÉLIAC,—for such was the *nom de guerre* adopted by Saltasche and Mrs. Poignarde—did not remain long in Baja. Almost directly after his arrival from London they took passages in a fishing-boat, and crossed to Algiers. Here a fortnight was sufficient to weary Mrs. Poignarde ; and impelled by some sudden whim, they passed over to Marseilles. Everywhere the same lassitude and devouring *ennui* possessed her. She seemed as if consumed by some inward fire, urging her onwards eternally. Scarce a city the south of Europe but saw them alight,

and after a few days' feverish sojourn take wing again. North, south, east, or west, she cared not,—so that they were in motion. Wearying of the noise and bustle of Marseilles, they went on to Nice, and hired rooms at the chief hotel.

The morning after his arrival, Monsieur de Prédéliac sauntered into the smoking-room to have a look at the papers. Several gentlemen were lounging there; one pushed 'a pile of papers towards the new-comer. He, seeing them to be English, politely declined; and taking up a *Moniteur*, said in French,—

“Thank you; I take the *Moniteur*.”

“Did you see here,” said one of the loungers, “there's a paragraph in the *Swiss Times*, saying the detectives are on the trail of that fellow Salt—something or other, who bolted with a pot of money last November?”

The *Moniteur* drooped ever so little, and Monsieur de Prédéliac's face wore an expression of interest too intense to be warranted by the accounts of the debates in the French Assembly, which were spread before him.

“Where's the *Swiss Times*? Oh! ‘Traced to Naples. It is supposed sailed to Algiers or

Ajaccio. Five hundred pounds reward!' They're very apt to catch him, don't you think, Ross?"

"Yes; especially as he is English. The accent is sure to betray him. So few can ever attain the pure tone."

"Very few. Ross, you are peculiarly blessed in that particular."

"Hee—ee! I've lived such years abroad, you know."

Presently Monsieur de Prédéliac laid down his *Moniteur*. The last speaker, impelled either by a desire to display his powers, or the almost equally irresistible temptation to practise his French, turned to him, and with an air of conscious power said,—

"*Monsieur, veuillez byong m' prêter voter journal?*"

"With pleasure," returned Monsieur de Prédéliac. "There is nothing in it. The debate is so poor: I blush for my countrymen. Ah! monsieur, we are fallen upon bad times. *La France* is truly in a pitiable state. Ah! Heaven!—pitiable!"

All this was uttered in the quickest, most idiomatic French, and accompanied by shrugs, grimaces, and gestures sufficient of them-

selves to bewilder anybody. The Englishman, who little expected such a volley in return for his adventurous random pebble, could only ejaculate,—

“Er—*vraiment*.” His two friends pricked up their ears.

“Ah!” continued the mischievous Parisian. “In Paris, monsieur—in Paris the demoralisation is frightful to contemplate: no order, no security; business is at a standstill. With a Republic which to-morrow may be a Revolution, and the day after a Commune, what security for anything? Monsieur, there is not that!”

Here Monsieur de Prédéliac, forgetting that the gesture was slightly incongruous with his aristocratic name, turned the palm of his hand outwards, and with the nail of his index finger slightly scraped the inside of one of his front incisors.

“*Paz—za de zecurité, monsieur?*” he repeated.

“Er—*vraiment*,” from the Englishman again; who, feeling his friends’ eyes upon him, felt bound to do something. A phrase occurred to him.

“ Foo l'Empereur, maintenong——” But he could get no further; his opponent cut in with a burst.

“ Feu sa Majesté ? Ah ! Monsieur, quelle perte terrible ! Lui et moi, nous étions comme des frères. Je lui dois tout ce que j'ai, tout ce que je suis. Quand je dis ça comme à vous, je suis toujours de Prédéliac.” The aristocratic air which accompanied this assertion was inimitable. “ Mais toute ma fortune, ma position, je les dois à lui—à mon cher Louis. Car il était Louis pour moi. Quand nous étions seuls, dans l'intimité, je le tutoyais. O ! qu'il était bon ! Mais je suis égoïste dans mes regrets. La Patrie, la France, demande mes pleurs.”

“ Er—*vraiment* ” (this time rather frigidly); vous devez le regretter. Oh, oui—sans doute. Permettez: merci,”—and the Englishman, feeling it high time to beat a retreat, opened his *Moniteur* with as much dignity as he could command.

“ Voluble party that, hey, Ross ? ” observed one of the bystanders, as Monsieur de Prédéliac left, having finished his cigar.

“ Er—yes; don't feel too sure about him. Those wandering Frenchies are seldom worth

much. That fellow has a sharp eye in his head—talks a deal too much. Hem—I never like to let those sort of fellows go on too far, you know ; they're always delighted to get a chance. I'm pretty well up to that sort of thing."

Monsieur de Prédéliac strolled out, in the hope of getting hold of a *Swiss Times* or *Galignani*. He was afraid to be seen reading an English paper, lest suspicion should be aroused. And he knew well that a mere surmise, raised even in jest, would be greedily caught up by idlers such as he had just quitted,—delighted to have something sensational wherewith to kill time. He found what he wanted at last, and folding it up hurriedly, stuffed it into his pocket and returned to the hotel. Once safe in his own room, he hastened to read the paragraph, and had the pleasure of finding a tolerably accurate description of himself.

"Height, five-seven ; stoutish figure." He grinned as he read this, and got up and walked to a great mirror opposite the window. "Five-seven—the rascals ; I'm five-eight. 'No whiskers or moustache : ' humph ! 'Traced to

Naples ; it's conjectured is in Algiers.' No hurry, my lads ; take it easy," he said, throwing down the paper and beginning to walk up and down the room. "I shall stay here unless something wonderful happens."

However, three days later found him at Monaco. Mrs. Poignarde got tired of Nice, —there were too many English. And it was windy ; and she disliked the sea. And there were American women, who insisted, whether she liked it or not, on talking vile French to or at her. So they found themselves at Monaco, where the gaming-tables at least promised some excitement.

They made their appearance at the roulette table the second night of their arrival. A Russian prince, the handsomest man in the Imperial Guards and one of the largest sheep-owners in the world, had had an unprecedented run of luck for two nights in succession. The excitement caused by this rare occurrence had spread everywhere, and the Conversation Salon was thronged with a curious host, gamblers eager to divine the "*système*," and gaping listless sight-seers greedy of the sensation. The Russian sat unmoved—the cynosure of all eyes, silent

and impassive, staking every time the maximum. He scarcely raised his eyes, even. The heat and glare were tremendous ; but not one seemed conscious of it, so tense was the excitement. The croupier's hoarse voice was almost the only one heard, except the sort of hoarse murmur that followed the transfer of the stakes ; and English, German, French, and Italian tongues exchanged ejaculations.

Monsieur and Madame de Prédéliac managed to secure good places, almost opposite to the Russian. He was seated in a careless attitude ; one hand thrown over the back of his chair, the white jewelled fingers of the other just resting on the rim of the table. His face was pale, but it was a natural paleness ; the eyes, of violet blue, betrayed his race by their somewhat oblique setting ; but the beautifully formed mouth and perfect chin and nostrils amply compensated for a defect in itself so slight as almost to escape notice.

"*Rouge gagne. Couleur perd.*" The croupier's monotonous cry went on, his little black eyes glancing round the table with the quickness and brightness of a squirrel's. "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs, mesdames !*"

Mrs. Poignarde, watching the sweep of the index, felt that sudden greed that takes the least avaricious of us sometimes; and she looked up in Saltasche's face for permission. He nodded assent, with a pleased smile, and took a gold piece out of his pocket.

She took it from his hand, and leaning forward, placed it herself on the board. The other stakes were already laid. The croupier set the ball in motion; and after a moment or so she found herself the winner of twenty-five napoleons; the Russian had lost: his eyes lazily followed the *rouleau* to her hands from those of the croupier. She received them with a smile; and whispered something to Saltasche. He nodded assent, and she took five of the pieces out of the *rouleau*, and laid them on the table again. As she drew back to her place beside Saltasche, her eyes suddenly met those of the Prince, fixed in bold admiration upon her. A transient glitter shone in her eyes; and the heat of the place or the excitement tinged her cheeks with a faint flush. Saltasche did not see the eager gaze of the Prince; he was looking at Adelaide, and thinking of that day when she stood in the tent at

the Rose Show, with the glow of the flowers reflected in her face. She was dressed in a black, close-fitting costume, unrelieved by any colour, and with soft ruffles of lace at her throat and wrists. A bonnet of black and white tulle, with a wreath of pale roses, lay on the thick braids which encircled her head; her right hand, gloveless, and sparkling with diamonds, rested on his sleeve. She stooped forward, watching the course of the ball whirling round the table: her lips were parted a little, showing the small white teeth; and the white eyelids drooped till their long lashes almost swept her cheek.

She lost this time her five gold pieces, which with the Prince's fifty were raked up by the croupier. The Russian saw nothing; his attention was riveted on her face.

The appetite newly awakened within her refused to be satisfied. Another glance to Saltasche, and she risked five more pieces. The Russian waited until her stake was placed; then, reaching over, laid a long *rouleau* beside it.

Again the ball swept round and round.

"*A vous, madame.*" And the croupier handed

her five *rouleaus* of twenty-five each. She had won one hundred and twenty-five napoleons.

Astonished beyond measure, she forgot herself.

"Why, look!" she cried, in English, to Saltasche.

A hasty glance from him warned her. Greatly alarmed, he turned his eyes cautiously round the table. They had been heard, no doubt; but no one seemed to take any notice. One man, who had been standing near the Prince, and who belonged to his party, whispered something in his ear, and having received a whisper in return, left the room hurriedly. Saltasche followed him with his eyes; he felt some indefinable uneasiness. Could this have been a spy set to watch him? He waited for nearly half an hour, nervous and alarmed; then, unable to bear the suspense longer, he whispered to her to leave.

Once outside in the open air, he felt better. Another moment in the room, and he must have fainted.

"What is the matter, pray?" asked she, in a whisper; "what have I done? No one noticed that I said anything."

"Hush, hush!" said he; "come out here in this open place." They walked across a grass-plot towards a broad terrace with benches set here and there, which the moonlight showed to be untenanted.

They sat down on one of them. Behind them was the light and noise of the Salle; and the footsteps of the people going in and out could be heard distinctly. The groves of ilex and orange looked ghostly in the cold light of the moon, and the dry leaves rustled harshly in the wind.

"There was a man at the side, near me; he left when you said that in English. I fear they have traced me. That he is English I am convinced; and no doubt it is a detective. I wonder could they by any chance have got upon our track?"

"You ought to go at once; never mind me," replied Mrs. Poignarde, anxiously.

"Bah! How? If I am right, the gendarmes are on the alert, and every road will be watched. No, no; there is no chance if I am right."

"Why not get a horse now, at the hotel, ride off at a gallop and distance them? Disguise yourself. Once up the country——"

"Adelaide," whispered he in a strange tone, catching her by the wrist as he spoke, "look yonder by the orange trees—quickly—on a line with the end of this bench."

"A man's shadow," she faltered. "We are watched. Oh my God! we are lost!"

The shadow was that of one of the followers of the Russian, who had been sent by him to watch them home, in order to find out their address; and who, having watched for them outside, was lurking among the orange trees, waiting for them to move.

"Now to think of you, in case I try to escape. All I have to do is to give you the banker's receipt for the money I lodged in your name, in case this—this happened. How fortunate that we arranged that!"

"Will you not make an effort to escape?" she insisted, catching him by the arm. "Think of what you risk! Come, oh, come!"

"Ten years! I think," he said coolly, getting up quickly off his chair as he spoke.

She looked at him in bewilderment. His face was deadly pale, and his brows set in a painful frown; the lips, however, though smiling, were white; and he seemed to walk unsteadily.

"Adelaide," said he, whispering low as they walked along, "the game is up—no doubt of it. What else could that mean? I remember, too, that I noticed to-day we several times came on the same man in the wood; and as we were at dinner the waiter seemed to be a little strange in his manner: no doubt he has been bribed. It may be only fancy; but anyhow, I don't see much hope. I'll make an attempt to get off up country. If I could get to Turbia!"

By this time they had reached the *perron* of their hotel. They entered—casting, in spite of themselves, uneasy looks round. The porter in the hall, on seeing them come in, telegraphed a glance to a personage who was reading a paper in one of the embrasures. They saw the smile and nod with which the glance was received; and passed on, as fast as they could, up the grand staircase. She was so terrified that she could scarcely walk. It was the same man, who had made known to the porter his errand, and had been admitted into the hall in order to copy their names from the book.

The doors of their apartments locked, Adelaide flung herself on the sofa; but Salt-

asche set to work energetically, and having packed all the papers securely and confided them to her keeping, counted out some gold pieces and sewed them into the lining of his vest. This done, he unfolded a map and laid it on the table.

"I don't see what I can do, unless to get off into the mountains by way of Turbia, up the country—or maybe hold on along the coast to Ventimiglia, or some fishing village, and set out to sea. And that matter, anyhow, is a secondary consideration; how to elude the people who are watching the house is the question."

"You must wait until the moon has set," said she, walking over to the window and looking out. "I suppose between one and two it will be dark enough for you. Maybe sooner; see those clouds hanging over the sea."

Saltasche turned out the gas, and walking over to the window, took her hand and made her sit down beside him. The casement remained open, and the moonlight streamed in over her white, wan face; the dark circles round her eyes were livid, and her lips

twitched and trembled. Outside, the murmur of the ilex leaves came on the breeze, mingling with the noise of the waves breaking on the beach below; and now and again a bat flitted by, like a shadow, between them and the light. For a moment or two they were silent; looking out on the pine woods, the dark crests of which hid the distant sea. He was the first to speak.

“Adelaide, surely we have something to say to each other. If I—I am taken: have you thought of that?”

She shuddered convulsively, and withdrawing her hands from his, clasped them together.

“Adelaide, could you? Oh! no,” he cried, the words breaking from him with a sort of sob. “Ten years—seven years: no, I could not ask it of you.” His eyes sought hers with a hungry, searching look.

Still she remained silent, only clasping her hands tighter together.

“Adelaide! will you let me have that sweet hope to cheer me, to keep me alive in my prison? You will, will you not?” He fell on his knees before her.

She sprang away from him with a violent effort.

"Stop!" she cried, gasping with the effort. "No, no. I have deceived you long enough. We have been wrong—both of us wrong; but I most of all. Oh! shall I ever be forgiven? I never loved you—never! I deceived you from the first; and now this is the punishment of my crime; and all falls upon you."

He was standing now, looking at her and holding by the window-frame for support. Drops of sweat stood on his forehead, and he shivered as if in an ague.

"Forgive me! oh, forgive me," she moaned, kneeling to him; "and let me go free. Even had this not come upon us, I must have left you—I must——"

"Enough!" said he. "Enough, my poor child: we have indeed need to forgive each other. There, there, sit down now, and only think what you are to do for yourself." He had mastered himself in one moment; to all outward appearance he was as calm as the day before. "The money is there; you will do as you choose with it. I shall not require any. For that matter, the affair may stand as we arranged it."

He walked up and down the room with long

strides. Then he stopped suddenly beside the window-seat where she was lying rather than sitting, and looked at her compassionately.

"Tell me," said he: "that day at Inchicore, when you consented, did you deceive me knowingly then?"

"No, not then; but I wanted so to get away from Eric; and——"

"Aye; that's it," he interrupted. Fool—treble fool that I have been!" After a pause, "I am only losing valuable time. Adelaide, we must part. If I reach a place of safety I shall find a means to communicate with you. If not——"

"If not?" she repeated, her parched trembling lips scarcely able to frame the words.

"If not, you must judge how to act for yourself. Now, what I propose to do is this. See: these straps will lower me to the ground from the balcony. You will come when I am gone, and remove them, will you? That is my last request of you."

She only looked at him despairingly.

"Now," said he; and taking her by the hand again, he led her to a chair removed

from the window. She gave him her hand, cold as ice, and obeyed him passively.

"Forgive me," said he; "we were both wrong—both: and good-bye."

She tried to rise, to speak; but voice and limbs failed her, and she sank in a swoon on the floor. He lifted and laid her on a sofa; then pressing a kiss on her lips, seized hastily the trunk straps which he had fastened together, and passed through the window on to the balcony.

The moon had set, and it was dark. Not a light could be seen. The hotel windows were all closed for the night, and the Conversation Salon was dark and silent. He passed rapidly and gently past the windows and across the front of the house; and when he reached the corner where the balcony ended, he stopped, and set to fasten the straps to a rail. To cross and glide down was the work of a minute,—the straps were long enough for him to reach the ground without risking a fall,—and in a moment or two he had reached the pine forest and was brushing at a rapid rate through the undergrowth.—No easy task in the darkness.

All his efforts were bootless. Adelaide,

whose over-wrought frame had succumbed, remained unconscious until daybreak. The strap was found hanging on the balcony by the servants; the gendarmes were sent for, and instituted a search. In the midst of the commotion some English travellers, who had the evening before arrived from Nice, called the landlord's attention to the *Galignani* paragraph, and the description of the absconding defaulter Saltasche. The landlord, whom the mention of the five hundred pounds reward roused to an enthusiastic pitch of zeal, telegraphed to Ventimiglia; and just as the unfortunate Monsieur de Prédéliac, weary and footsore, walked into the town, he was arrested and lodged in prison. It did not take long to communicate with the detectives, who had in fact succeeded in tracing him to Marseilles. They hastened onwards, and in twelve hours' time Saltasche was being conveyed in the mail train to Paris, *en route* for Calais, Dover, and London; guarded with the watchful care that so valuable a prize demanded.

He was perfectly calm and unmoved, silent and moody, for the greater part of the train

journey. When once they had reached Calais, he became quite cheery and talkative; the detectives were by no means bad companions, and showed themselves as indulgent as was compatible with the exercise of their functions.

It was a fine clear evening when they reached Calais; and there was every prospect of a calm passage. They went on board the mail boat early in the evening, in order not to attract attention; and Saltasche was glad to lie down for a couple of hours. The detectives always remained at his side. After the boat started, one of them seated himself beside the berth where the prisoner was sleeping, or trying to sleep, and the other stretched himself on a sofa opposite.

Both had revolvers ready for use at a second's warning.

They were puzzled greatly by the demeanour of their prisoner. He was neither sullen nor depressed; nor had he the feverish reckless exaltation which so often marks despair. He asked no favours, offered no bribes,—which especially astonished them, knowing as they did that he had enormous resources at his command.

Saltasche, meantime, lay on his back in the narrow miserable berth of the saloon cabin, listening in a sort of half-stupor to the hissing of the water rushing past at the other side of the planks. He was preoccupied now but by one thought—to get his guardians on deck before they arrived at Dover. He dreaded to show the least uneasiness—to give them the merest shade of suspicion. He knew the time they would arrive in Dover. No doubt the boat would be met there by Stier and Bruen, and others, greedy to feast their eyes on him. He smiled, thinking of the disappointment that awaited them.

The swing lamp was burning faintly. He could hear the heavy breathing of the sleeping man on the sofa; and turning his head cautiously and gently, saw that the detective beside his berth was watching him closely. Doubtless they meant to divide the watch until they reached Dover. He turned on his left side, with his back to the light, and took out his watch. With difficulty he managed to see the hands. Nearly two hours yet. He could wait for another hour, and see if they meant to relieve each other.

He closed his eyes, which were stiff and sore from the dust and want of sleep; but there arose a sort of phantasmagoria, and the scenes he had passed through in the last terrible days all returned. Adelaide's white face and wild imploring eyes, the moonlight shining on her long hair as she knelt in the window, rose before him. He was in the wood again at Monaco—the brambles and the hard boughs of the pine-trees scratching his hands as he forced his way through. Then the train: the weary, endless journey, the grating and jar, and the shrieks of the steam whistle; the trees flying past. It was unbearable. He turned around impatiently, and this time without any effort at concealment looked again at his watch.

"I cannot sleep," he said to the watcher.
"Could we go on deck for a turn?"

The man hesitated.

"We're very tired; and Johnston and I were thinking of dividing this watch, you see."

"Bah!" said Saltasche. "Call for some brandy, or say a pint of champagne: that will do you more good than sleep."

"You can have what you like, Mr. Saltasche;

nothing for us, much obliged. Shall I call for brandy?"

Brandy was brought in; and Saltasche swallowed a couple of glasses, to the evident content of his guards, who declined to touch it.

"Now," said he, "let us go up. I'm smothering here."

After some demur they agreed, and buttoning themselves well up in their overcoats, they passed up the companion ladder and on to the deck.

Saltasche drew a long breath as he stepped out of the grease-laden, reeking atmosphere of the cabin. The air was fresh and chill; and he pulled his great furred cloak around him tightly. It was a moonlit night, and the crests of the waves shone and sparkled like snow wreaths. Between sky and water, low down, hung fleecy clouds; and at times a flying scud of vapour passed over the face of the moon, and cast its shadow on the sea. They passed close by a great ship gliding southward—her masts and rigging looking black and ghost-like. The look-out man in the bows of the steamer shouted some strange greeting or warning. No answer came back, save the

deep bark of a dog, frightened at the noise and lights. They walked up and down in silence for about a quarter of an hour.

"We can't see the shore," said one of the detectives at last; "but we shall be in, I expect, in half an hour. There are fishing-boats away there, to the right."

"Ay," grumbled the other; "I shall not be sorry to get in. It is cold work, here."

"You will soon be at liberty, my friend," said Saltasche, blandly. "See: try a cigar, will you?"—and he took a case out of his pocket.


They stood for a moment while the lights were being struck. Saltasche noticed a pile of boxes, bales, and trunks, along the side. The taffrail was high, as the steamer was saloon-decked. A white deal packing-case projected slightly; from that it was an easy step to a black trunk on top; then one more, and he would be on the edge.

One of the men—he who was on the prisoner's right hand—turned a little aside as he struck a vesuvian on his boot-heel. Saltasche let slip his cloak, as if accidentally, off his shoulders. Both the officers stooped simultaneously to

pick it up for him. Now was his chance. Three long rapid strides bring him to the pile by the side. One step on the white packing-case—his left foot reaches the black trunk. It shakes. No: he seizes the taffrail with his right hand.

The detectives, with a wild yell, follow him. One of them has him almost grasped by the foot. But Saltasche vaults over, with a vigorous spring. A splash, and he is in the water just abaft the paddle-wheel.

He did not sink. On the contrary, he was swimming. From the side they could see his face, calm and defiant, as the moonlight fell upon it, for a few minutes. The crests of the waves were not whiter. A life-preserver was flung out. It floated by within arm's reach of him. He seemed only to wait to have the boat lowered. Then, in sight of all, he threw up his arms over his head. There was a ground-swell now. A high wave raised and shook its white mane between them, and hid him for a moment. Was it the sound it made breaking against the bow? or was it a sea-bird's cry? Something between a laugh and a sob—and he was gone.



CHAPTER XVIII.

“O ! Ten times faster Venus’ pigeons fly
To seal love’s bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.”

Merchant of Venice.

MISS O’HEGARTY and Dermot Blake were breakfasting together one frosty morning. It was chilly out of doors, as one might see from the fine red noses of the people who went by ; but a blazing fire prevented the occupants of the room from feeling any discomfort. A huge pointer lay on the rug, thumping the floor with his thick tail as he gazed into his master’s face, watching for the piece of dry toast or the drumstick which was certain to reward his patience. It was eleven o’clock ; the breakfast was unusually late, for Dermot had only come up from Blakestown by the night-mail, and had taken a good sleep to make up for his lost rest. Miss O’Hegarty, who had finished her

breakfast some time, was reading the newspaper.

"Here it is at last!" she cried; "listen, Dermot. Now, I do declare!

"'At St. George's, Hanover Square. By the reverend,—um, um,—O'Rooney Hogan, Esq., barrister-at-law, to Diana, only daughter of the late Drelincourt Bursford, of Bursford Castle, County Armagh.'

"There now! She's done it at last, hasn't she? And he's not even an M.P."

"Not even as much as an M.P.," grinned Dermot, mightily tickled at the conceit.

"Poor Diana! She's off at last."

"And that unfortunate mother of hers! Fancy,—she has allowed herself to be bamboozled into bringing all her nice comfortable things, her furniture and everything, over to London; to live with them, by the way. Long that'll last, won't it?"

"Behave yourself, Spot, I say," said Dermot to the pointer, who had stuffed his moist nose almost into his master's hand.

"Doesn't she agree with the son-in-law—hey, ma'am?"

"Not she: how would she? Low fellow!—a

friend and companion of that Saltasche man, who drowned himself, you remember, when he was being brought home to be tried. A low fellow. Got into society here somehow, through Saltasche. Thank goodness, things are changed now. With a Conservative Government we may hope for a little decency."

"Yes, I recollect Saltasche," said Dermot thoughtfully. "I saw him on the Pier that first Sunday I was there: the Sunday I met Nellie."

"Was it not an extraordinary thing that all the money should have been recovered, though? I declare I never heard of such a romance; and how it was, no one knows."

"What money?"

"Did you not hear, Dermot? Why, nearly sixty thousand pounds were placed by some person in the hands of the solicitors who were engaged by the company he had cheated. Nobody knows who it was. Poor Mr. Grey was telling me about it the other day. They say it was some lady: but one of the conditions under which the restitution was made was, that nothing should be said about the person who conducted the negotiations."

“Why, it’s a perfect romance! Well, well, I hope that unfortunate Grey will get his money back.”

“They have hopes of it. Poor things! it was an awful shock to them. They tell me that wretched Captain Poignarde, whose wife used to play so beautifully, is dead—died shortly after his arrival in India. She is teaching in London, and gets on remarkably well. I hope she ’ll get a pension.”

“Who, ma’am? who are you talking of?”

“Augh! I am stupid. I forgot you did not know them. They had gone away, to be sure, before you came home. I had it on my mind to tell Nell about it.”

“Dear me!” Dorothy began again after a pause, during which she had been engaged on her newspaper; “what a crowd of people were at the levee! Quite a different class, too, from last year’s people. It used to be perfectly dreadful to see what the Castle was reduced to. It’s really a comfort to one. Dermot dear, you should have gone: really, now, you should.”

“Lie down, Spot, you rascal. Is it the Castle you are talking about, ma’am? Not one bit of me. I’ll never go near it.”

"Well, now!" said Dorothy, looking up on hearing the clock strike, "Nellie ought to be here by this; she ought indeed. I told her to come over the first thing in the morning. Poor child! she's looking badly of late—very badly. It's wretched for her there by herself."

Dermot had finished his breakfast, and had turned round to the fire—the pointer's muzzle resting affectionately on his knee; and was looking thoughtfully into the red mass of coals.

"What's the date of that announcement of Di. Bursford's wedding?" asked he lazily, lifting the dog's ears between his fingers.

"Yesterday, I suppose: no, the day before," replied his aunt, looking at the date.

"I suppose it is in every paper in Dublin. Well! well! well!"

"Poor Emily Bursford! It is a trial for her. I quite foresee the end of that poor woman. This pair will have to emigrate as soon as that idiot Diana has given him all her money; and then her mother will have to go into lodgings or a boarding-house. It all comes of bringing people out of their proper sphere in life. That Hogan man should have been left where he was."

"Well, I'll go and have a smoke in the greenhouse. When did you say Nellie was to be here?"

"If she's not here by twelve, I shan't expect her. I do wonder what is keeping the child. It is really——"

What it really was Dermot Blake never knew; he was off to the little greenhouse on the leads, to smoke.

Here he seated himself on a bench, and began to read the paper—blowing great wreaths of smoke from his cigar to the right and left of him. But Dermot did not read long; the paper was presently laid on a bench beside him, and he got up and began to walk up and down the tiled floor. His elbows brushed the fern-leaves, which hung down limp and rusty from the pots on the shelves at his side; and the pale white primulas trembled and let fall a blossom or two at the unwonted shock of his heavy tread. There was a mist, such as often comes with frost, outside; and the window-panes were thick with steam; but overhead he could see through an open pane that the day was clearing and there was a promise of sunshine. Until his cigar was finished,

Dermot paced to and fro, meditating evidently, and frowning and biting his heavy moustache. At last, after a quarter of an hour spent thus, he passed through a door on the lobby into his own room; whence he emerged shortly, ready to go out. He went downstairs quietly, as if he desired to go out unobserved; but Spot, the parlour door being open, heard from the hearthrug the welcome sound of his master's walking-boots, and dashed out, leaping and yelling with excitement at the idea of a walk. Dermot nodded assent, as he selected a cane; and both set out.

When he got to the corner of the street he looked at his watch; he was late for the twelve o'clock train. He calculated that if Nellie came into town by it he ought to meet her on her way to Fitzgerald Place, within the next five minutes. So he and Spot strolled on together, keeping a sharp look-out for a slender figure in deep black. He met no one, however; and by the time he had crossed the bridge he had made up his mind that Nellie was not coming at all. It was too early to go to the club. He felt inclined to take a long walk: it seemed just the day for a smart

tramp out into the country. And he thought he might as well walk out in the Green Lanes direction as in any other; so, whistling Spot to heel, he soon left the thoroughfares behind, and was rapidly approaching the country roads of Green Lanes. They looked muddy and bleak, although the frost of the previous night had hardened everything. Where the sun was shining the ground was again loosened, and the traveller slipped from a footway dry and hard, like iron, into soft, yielding slush.

Dermot soon found himself in the avenue in which the Davorens' house was situated. And now, self-possessed and decided as he usually was, he felt a little uncertain. He had not been in the house since that day last September when he had accompanied Dorothy to see the Davorens; although he had frequently met Nellie in Fitzgerald Place. He wondered what she would think of him. He could easily say, however, that Dorothy had sent him; and he cudgelled his brains for an excuse. By this time he had reached the gates. The side-door was open, and he entered the front. It looked desolate and gloomy enough: the aloe tubs were damp-looking, and

the green paint wanted renewing ; the front of the house was dark and sunless, and the dead creepers and bare rose-trees hung down neglected. Altogether it had a bleak, solitary look—widely different from the aspect it had worn when he visited it the previous summer. He looked up at the windows as he approached the house, trying to discover a glimpse of Nellie. But nothing could he see. The lattice panes were untenanted and dark, in their framing of dead jessamine and rose-branches.

A servant showed him into the parlour, saying she believed Miss Davoren was there. The room was half dark ; and Dermot, coming in out of the strong sunlight, for a moment was unable to see anything.

“How do you do, Mr. Blake ?” said a quiet voice beside him.

He started round. Nellie was sitting in a window close to the door he had entered by ; and he had passed without seeing her. She was sewing, and laid down her work as she advanced to meet him.

It was the first time Dermot Blake had seen her since her mother’s death ; and he was startled to find her so changed. She looked

pale and haggard ; her eyes were dull and lustreless ; there were dark circles round them ; and the forehead wore a fretted, pained contraction.

“Nellie, poor child !” said he, “what trouble you’ve been in !”

Dermot was no master of words ; but the pressure of his great hand and the kind sympathizing look of his eyes as he bent down close to her, carried with them whole volumes of sincerity and unmistakable good-will.

She looked up gratefully, with tear-filled eyes, as she held out her hand and murmured some inaudible words of thanks.

Dermot sat down beside her, and leaning one elbow on the back of his chair, pulled his whiskers with his fingers thoughtfully. Nellie seemed struggling to keep back her tears and to try and speak at the same time ; and he did not know what to say. Spot, who had of course rushed into the parlour along with his master, having made the circuit of the room in dog fashion, came up and laid his head on his master’s knee. Nellie at last managed to speak.

“You came from Blakestown yesterday, did you, Mr. Blake ?”

“Yes,” replied Dermot, quite cheerfully

now that the ice had been broken; "last night; fetched Spot up with me: he's company, you know, when I go out to walk."

Then another pause ensued; and Dermot, desperate, plunged headlong into the business of his visit.

"Nellie, why didn't you come over to us this morning? You promised to come, you know."

"Oh, I couldn't do it—I couldn't, indeed!"

"And, why not, Nellie? Now, don't turn away that way. Say why couldn't you come? What was it?"

But Dermot got no answer. He rose and walked down to a far window looking out on the garden, wintry and black, with only here and there an early crocus showing its yellow head above the box edges. No sun shone into it, and the hoar-frost lay still on the beds. He looked out for a moment only; then turned and walked back to where she was sitting, and standing drawn up to his full height, fixed his great eyes upon her with a determined look.

"Nellie," said he, standing and looking down at her; "I can guess why you didn't come."

A quick flush mounted over cheek and brow; and her eyes met his angrily for a moment,—for a moment only, then drooped in confusion. But if her eyes were timid, not so her tongue.

“You have no right to talk to me so, Mr. Blake,” she began, in a would-be sturdy tone. “What do you mean? It’s most unkind of you;” and then all the sturdiness vanished, and she began to cry outright.

“I don’t mean it for unkindness, Nellie, and well you know it; tell the truth to me: it was because—because of——”

Dermot did not finish the sentence. His eyes turned meaningly to a paper lying on the table near him. And then, taking both her hands in his, he sat down again beside her, nearer than before.

“Nellie, this is folly—wicked folly of you. No! you needn’t say one word; I have known it all along. The idea of you and that worthless scamp: it’s atrocious! Not a syllable will I hear from you. I have a right to speak, and I will. He is a worthless scamp—a paltry wretch; and he sold

himself to Saltasche, that schemer who drowned himself the other day; and he sold himself again to other people; and now he has sold himself to his wife."

She had pulled away her hands and hidden her face in them.

"Don't you know I'm speaking the truth, Nellie dear? Don't you know I feel for you—that I love you. Yes, just that,—ever since the first day I saw you, I did. Don't you hear me?"

Dermot tried to pull down her hands, to make her look at him. Her hands fell suddenly; and with a spring she was away from the window to the hearthrug, looking at him with eyes that sparkled with indignation.

"Yes, I do hear you; and I won't listen to you. You malign a man who never saw you, whom you don't know, on mere hearsay, and behind his back. It is unmanly,—ungentlemanly."

"Stop," said he, quietly. "You don't know what you're saying. I can prove everything,—if proof be necessary," he added with a sneer. Then following her, he said, in a different tone,—

"I can't bear to think, Nellie, that you, who have so many real trials, should add to your own burden. Dear child, forgive me if I have pained you. Put that fellow out of your head,—he never could have been in your heart, I'm sure, Nell,—and let us be friends."

He held out his hand. She raised her eyes timidly to his, and placed her hand in his broad palm.

"Now we understand each other. Come here and sit down a moment, and then go and get ready. I won't have you here by yourself any longer: it's not good for you. It's a horrible life. You'll kill yourself."

"Where am I to go?" she said, with a wistful look. "To Dorothy?"

"To Dorothy first, anyhow," replied Dermot, giving his moustache a twirl. "After that—After that, Blakestown, Nellie, and me."

"Nothing of the—Oh! dear me! how dare you, Mr. Dermot Blake! Really——"

"Well, there!" and he released her. "I won't vex you; but, Nell, you will think of *that*. Say you will."

"Mr. Blake, what do you mean?" Nellie was stroking down her ruffled plumage at a safe distance and looking at Dermot with eyes in which surprise at his audacity and vexation were blended together.

"Marry me. There now! You're the only girl I ever asked in my life, or cared to ask. I don't want to hurry you, dear. I'll wait as long as you like. Only give me some hope, Nellie."

Nellie was leaning against the window. She turned round and said gravely, "This is no time to talk of such things; we ought both to have remembered that——"

"Say you'll have me: I only want that. Of course we can put off everything till after Easter." Dermot's eyes were dancing with delight.

"After Easter, Mr. Blake! You must be mad!" Nellie looked at him with eyes of astonishment. "What on earth will Dorothy say?"

"Never mind. I don't; nor what any one else says, either. I may hope, then, may I, Nell? Say yes," whispered he imploringly, taking her hand in his: "yes, Dermot."

But Nellie would not answer at all; she drew her hand from his gravely and was turning as if to leave the room. But Dermot with two long steps was at the door before her and planted his broad back against it.

"Listen, Nellie," said he, holding up a warning finger; "mind what I say to you, I am in earnest: if you don't consent to marry me, I'll start to-night to the other end of the world and never come back. And then," nodding his head, "you'll be sorry—and Dorothy——"

But Nellie had sunk into a chair and was crying. Dermot was beside her in a moment.

"Don't, my darling; there now, Nellie, I didn't mean a syllable of it. Oh! my poor child! what a brute I've been——"

"No, no!" she said through her tears.

"No—hav'nt I?" said he suddenly. "I won't tease you then; look up. Nell! look at me, I say." And Dermot succeeded in drawing down her hands. "I am really sorry, indeed I am. You'll forgive me?"

"Yes." She said.

"And we'll be friends, won't we?"

"Oh! Yes, Dermot."

“Listen though : sometime or another I may ask you again ?”

“Oh ! now don’t”—and she began to cry again.

“Well, there now, I won’t.”

* * * *

But he did, not very long after, and successfully.

CHAPTER XIX.

“ REFORM CLUB.

“ DEAR MRS. BURS福德,—

“ Your letter reached me in due time, and I must ask you to pardon my delay in replying to it.

“ I find, upon inquiry, that the amount of patronage remaining at the disposal of the late Government is very limited indeed, and that there are an immense number of applicants for the few posts yet unfilled. Amongst them are so many persons who have substantial claims on the Ministry that I fear I would not be justified in holding out any hopes whatever of an appointment such as you mention. If there is any other way in which I can be of service to you, I beg, my dear Mrs. Bursford, that you will not fail to

command me. With kindest regards to Miss Bursford,

“I am, yours most sincerely,

“BLANQUIÈRE.”

Such was the letter which reached Mrs. Bursford one afternoon, nearly a week after she had written in accordance with Diana's behests to Lord Blanquière.

She took off her spectacles, and laid them on the mantelpiece on top of the letter. Then she sat down in her easy-chair, to think over the affair. Would Hogan and Diana break off the match? In her heart Mrs. Bursford sincerely hoped so. She had objected to him from the first, and now she disliked him excessively. Still this last week she could have tolerated the match, so long as there was a prospect of a post of some sort being found for him. Now that was definitely settled. If they persisted in marrying, what on earth were they to live on? To be sure there was his five pounds a week as editor of the *Beacon*. A most uncertain thing, no doubt. Diana would not be dissuaded by this check, she felt sure. No: that she would not! And

the old lady nodded her head. Her only hope was that Hogan would cry off at the last moment. There would be the talk—the ill-natured comments—to be gone through over again. Well, they could live that down, as they had done before. Anything would be better than ——

But here the door opened; and Diana, dressed for the afternoon in a charming costume of cashmere and silk—a Regent Street copy of Worth, with her blonde hair arranged in its most becoming manner—walked in. A glance at her mother told her that she had received some intelligence.

“There is Lord Blanquière’s letter,” said the elder lady, indicating its position by a glance.

Diana walked over quickly, and took it up. Her mother watched her face as she read. She noted the mortified, anxious look that spread over it—the raised, petulant eyebrows. Then, when she got to the end, the lips closed in moody determination; and Mrs. Bursford knew by the expression of her daughter’s face, as she laid down the missive, that she had

chosen her part, and that dispute or expostulation was bootless.

"There is an end of that, then," she said shortly.

"I should say so, indeed," returned her mother. "Nothing for nothing nowadays. The Government has something else to do, indeed, I imagine, with its offices (you see what he says about persons who have no claims upon them), than give them to persons like this."

"I saw nothing of the kind, mamma," said Diana, flashing an angry look across the hearthrug. "You are a little late in the day with your observations. Pray, if you knew so much, why did you write to Lord Blaquière at all?"

"Because I was a fool, I suppose. However, we are no worse off than before; and it may be all for the best."

Then Mrs. Bursford put on her spectacles, and settled herself in her easy-chair comfortably, to conjure up pleasant visions over her netting of Hogan's withdrawal. She hoped that he would have more sense, as she put it, than her daughter. As for the thousand pounds,

she was willing even to forego that. Mrs. Bursford's views were tolerably selfish. If her daughter married, it would be difficult for her to maintain the big house in Merriion Street by herself. Altogether, her comforts would be seriously interfered with. She liked society ; and as long as Diana was with her, had an excuse for frequenting those assemblages which she protested she attended only for her sake, but which in reality she enjoyed thoroughly. She must be relegated henceforth to the position of an old dowager whose occupation is gone. Moreover, Mrs. Bursford by no means subscribed to the fairy-tale dogma—"married and lived happily ever after." She had a shrewd suspicion, confirmed by her own experience, that the prince and princess found the reverse side of the medal not quite so beautiful and sunshiny as it had been pictured to them; and she foresaw a long and endless vista of trouble, torment, and wretchedness to come. Why Diana could not make up her mind to accept the inevitable puzzled her. She was now in her five-and-thirtieth year. Her temper was a trial, no doubt; but she had grown accustomed to that.

Altogether, the old lady felt it a terrible grievance.

There was, to be sure, the probability that Hogan would back out. He might be very glad of the excuse afforded by Lord Blanquière's decision; however, in a minute or two they would know that.

Diana, who had been sitting still, looking thoughtfully into the fire, rose now, and took down his lordship's letter again.

"You see what he says here, mamma. 'If there be any other way in which I can serve you.' That really looks as if he meant it. I am quite certain he could do something and would too if we asked him."

Mrs. Bursford had not time to reply. The door was opened, and the servant announced Mr. Hogan.

He came in slowly, walking with a listless, indolent step, which had lately become habitual to him; and having greeted both the ladies dropped languidly into a chair. The last three months had made a wonderful change in Hogan's appearance. Ten years could hardly have aged him more. All the fire and spirit of his face, the buoyancy of bearing, the bright

confident tone that characterized him, were gone. He spoke with a depressed voice and indolently, as if this effort were beyond him, and his face bore marks of dissipation and late hours. In truth, of late he had not been keeping regular hours, to say the least of it. He had sought in vain to drown his remorse, and in wild, feverish excitement to get away from the memories that haunted him—the past that mocked him and the future that threatened. Nellie Davoren's face and wondering blue eyes swam before him in his dreams; and even in Clarges Street the scent of Diana's pots of violets carried him back to the garden at Green Lanes. He forgot the noise of the London street, the sickly warmth of the heated room; Diana's voice fell unheeded on his ears. He was walking once more among the apple trees, in the fragrance of the new leaves and the moist sweet smell of the earth after the April shower: the old hopes, the foregone ambitions, rose before him and mocked him; and he ground his teeth in vain anger at his own folly and his own treachery. There was no help for it now. He must go on; he must drink the cup to

the dregs. Sometimes, indeed, a wild vision of flight would pass before his brain ; but he lacked the courage and energy to realize its possibility, even—much less to carry it out. He abandoned himself to his fate. He let go all his aspirations, all his hopes of distinction, of success. Left to himself now, he must have come ere long to starvation ; his will and energies seemed paralysed, and he looked to Diana's cold, clear brain to help him, to maintain and stay him up.

After a while Mrs. Bursford, seeing that no mention was made by Diana of the communication from Lord Blanquière, withdrew, and left the pair to discuss their prospects together.

As soon as she was gone, Diana rose and handed the letter to Hogan. She said nothing, but stood while he read it, leaning one elbow on the chimney-piece watching him anxiously.

“Just what I expected,” was his comment when he had finished. “It was ill advised, I really think, to ask for anything from the Government. Something else, now—a secretaryship, or something of that sort—would be more practicable.”

Diana drew a deep breath of relief. “You

think, then, that we might apply to him in his private capacity ? ”

“ I’ve no doubt he could do more that way. He is, as you say, under heavy obligations to your father. Oh dear, yes. Meantime, Diana, what do you think of this ? ”

“ This ” was a ring, which he took from a tiny morocco case—a circlet of dead gold, in which was set one large emerald surrounded by diamond sparks. The emerald had a flaw in it; but that was only perceptible to experts and to people who were told about it. The cost was forty-five pounds—that is, it would cost that sum when it should be paid for—which, it is hardly necessary to say, it was not.

Diana was enchanted. She admired emeralds above all precious stones in the world,—and the sweet little diamond sparks ! How had he known so well, so exactly, what pleased her ?

After a time Mrs. Bursford came in, and Diana acquainted her with her lover’s decision. It was quite absurd to imagine that a Government appointment could be obtained in that way. She wondered how they could have been so silly as to imagine it possible.

Dear Lord Blanquière would of course be only too happy to exert his influence privately. A secretaryship, now.

Hogan, standing with his back to the fire, watching, with a somewhat dreary smile, the emerald glistening on Diana's third finger, assented to all she said.

Mrs. Bursford smiled grimly. She, too, noticed the engaged ring on her daughter's finger, but with very different feelings.

When Hogan was gone, Diana sat turning it round and round meditatively.

"I wonder what that cost?" said Mrs. Bursford coldly.

"I am sure it was seventy or eighty pounds. Emeralds are very costly now—quite as much so as diamonds," said Diana.

"I hope not, indeed," was the sententious reply.

"It is lovely," went on Diana, holding up the ring close to her face, and turning it round with the thumb and fore-finger of her right hand.

"I am glad you like it, my dear; that's all. You will have to pay for it, I have no doubt."

This went unnoticed by Diana. She was

in a good humour now that no taunts could ruffle ; and she merely smiled in reply to her mother's acrimonious saying.

"Then," continued Mrs. Bursford, "I suppose I may write to Lord Blanquière again at once. This day fortnight leaves quite little enough time on our hands."

That day fortnight Diana and Hogan were married.

Lord Blanquière wrote, after some months' delay, to say that an old friend of his, the governor of one of the South Sea Islands, who had been home on leave for a year, required a secretary, and that he would recommend Hogan to him in that capacity. The salary was small—three hundred a year ; and he could offer no prospect of promotion. The secretary would have to reside permanently at Honolulu.

Miserable as this prospect was, Diana was glad to accept it. Her mother bid them adieu with more relief than sorrow. Her son-in-law had not turned out well. The Bragintons had terrible stories to tell of him. The idle time of an unemployed man is seldom too well spent ; and for Hogan, who, since his

marriage, had become perfectly reckless, a complete change of scene and occupation was necessary.

Mrs. Bursford returned to Dublin, to a solitary, lonely life. She brought Jervis home with her, thinking that the prodigal might repent and be a comfort to her old age; but she was soon obliged to send him back to Monaco, or whatever foreign haunt the gentleman most favoured. Dorothy O'Hegarty is very kind to her; and although the old woman is obliged to live in lodgings, she manages to assemble her friends round her again. For their delectation she makes the best of the accounts from Honolulu. She decries "mixed marriages" as bitterly as the Cardinal himself; and Dorothy, whose dear nephew Dermot is married to a Roman Catholic, is obliged to take up the cudgels in their defence, declaring, with perfect truth, that a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Dermot does not exist.

Dicky Davoren never came back. He left his ship at Rio Janeiro, where he obtained a situation in a merchant's office. Mrs. Dermot Blake hears good accounts of him from time to time. His friend Tad Griffiths was disap-

pointed in his expectations. His father declined to buy him out a second time; and the young gentleman is now serving at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Orpen passed his examinations with credit, and took Orders the other day. Gagan is an M.D., and is studying for India. Miss O'Hegarty and Peter keep house together. The Dermot Blakes flatly refused to avail themselves of his invaluable services as major domo, and the old lady has made up her mind that if Peter left her she would miss him so much that it mightn't be good for her. She takes periodical flights to Blakestown, where Dermot and Nellie are delighted to have her. They seldom come up to town. Nellie's father is married again; and, except Dorothy, she has no ties in Dublin. Besides, Dermot hates town; and she is only happy where he is.

FINIS.

May, 1876.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST
OF
HENRY S. KING & CO.'S
PUBLICATIONS.

1

1

*65 Cornhill, and 1 Paternoster Square, London,
May, 1876.*

A LIST OF
HENRY S. KING & CO.'S
PUBLICATIONS.

ABBEY (Henry).

BALLADS OF GOOD DEEDS, AND OTHER VERSES. Fcap. 8vo.
Cloth gilt, price 5s.

ADAMS (A. L.), M.A.

**FIELD AND FOREST RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST IN
NEW BRUNSWICK.** With Notes and Observations on the
Natural History of Eastern Canada. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth,
price 14s.

ADAMS (F. O.), H.B.M.'s Secretary of Embassy at
Paris, formerly H.B.M.'s Chargé d'Affaires, and Secretary of
Legation at Yedo.

THE HISTORY OF JAPAN. From the Earliest Period to the
Present Time. New Edition, revised. In 2 vols. With Maps
and Plans. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s. each

ADAMS (W. Davenport, Jun.)

LYRICS OF LOVE, from Shakespeare to Tennyson. Selected
and arranged by. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth extra, gilt edges, price 3s. 6d.

ADON.

THROUGH STORM AND SUNSHINE. Illustrated by M. E.
Edwards, A. T. H. Paterson, and the Author. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 7s. 6d.

A. K. H. B.

A SCOTCH COMMUNION SUNDAY, to which are added Cer-
tain Discourses from a University City. By the Author of
"The Recreations of a Country Parson." Second Edition.
Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

ALLEN (Rev. R.), M.A.

ABRAHAM: HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND TRAVELS, as told by a Contemporary 3800 years ago. With Map. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

AMOS (Professor Sheldon).

THE SCIENCE OF LAW. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Vol. X. of the International Scientific Series.

ANDERSON (Rev. Charles), M.A.

NEW READINGS OF OLD PARABLES. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

CHURCH THOUGHT AND CHURCH WORK. Edited by. Containing articles by the Revs. J. M. Capes, Professor Cheetham, J. L. Davis, Harry Jones, Brooke, Lambert, A. J. Ross, the Editor, and others. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

WORDS AND WORKS IN A LONDON PARISH. Edited by. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

THE CURATE OF SHYRE. Second Edition. 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

ANDERSON (Colonel R. P.)

VICTORIES AND DEFEATS. An Attempt to explain the Causes which have led to them. An Officer's Manual. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.

ANDERSON (R. C.), C.E.

TABLES FOR FACILITATING THE CALCULATION OF EVERY DETAIL IN CONNECTION WITH EARTHEN AND MASONRY DAMS. Royal 8vo. Cloth, price £2 2s.

ANSON (Lieut.-Col. The Hon. A.), V.C., M.P.

THE ABOLITION OF PURCHASE AND THE ARMY REGULATION BILL OF 1871. Crown 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

ARMY RESERVES AND MILITIA REFORMS. Crown 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

THE STORY OF THE SUPERSESSIONS. Crown 8vo. Sewed, price 6d.

ARCHER (Thomas).

ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS. Work amidst the Sick, the Sad, and the Sorrowing. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

ARGYLE (Duke of).

SPEECHES ON THE SECOND READING OF THE CHURCH PATRONAGE (SCOTLAND) BILL IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, June 2, 1874; and Earl of Camperdown's Amendment, June 9, 1874, placing the Election of Ministers in the hands of Rate-payers. Crown 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

ARMY OF THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

A Brief Description of its Organization, of the Different Branches of the Service and their rôle in War, of its Mode of Fighting, etc., etc. Translated from the Corrected Edition, by permission of the author, by Colonel Edward Newdegate. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

ASHANTEE WAR (The).

A Popular Narrative. By the Special Correspondent of the Daily News. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

ASHTON (John).

ROUGH NOTES OF A VISIT TO BELGIUM, SEDAN, AND PARIS, in September, 1870-71. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

AUNT MARY'S BRAN PIE.

By the author of "St. Olave's," "When I was a Little Girl," etc. Illustrated. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SUNNYLAND STORIES. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

AURORA: A Volume of Verse. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

AYRTON (J. C.)

A SCOTCH WOOLING. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

BAGEHOT (Walter).

PHYSICS AND POLITICS; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

Vol. II. of the International Scientific Series.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. A New Edition, Revised and Corrected, with an Introductory Dissertation on Recent Changes and Events. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

LOMBARD STREET. A Description of the Money Market. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

BAIN (Alexander), LL.D.

MIND AND BODY. The Theories of their Relation. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

Vol. IV. of the International Scientific Series.

BANKS (Mrs. G. Linnæus).

GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BARING (T. C.), M.P., late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford.

PINDAR IN ENGLISH RHYME. Being an Attempt to render the Epinikian Odes with the principal remaining Fragments of Pindar into English Rhymed Verse. Small quarto. Cloth, price 7s.

BARLEE (Ellen).

LOCKED OUT: A Tale of the Strike. With a Frontispiece.
Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

BAYNES (Rev. Canon R. H.), Editor of "Lyra Anglicana," etc.

HOME SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth extra, price 3s. 6d.

**.* This may also be had handsomely bound in Morocco with gilt edges.*

BECKER (Bernard H.)

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF LONDON. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

BENNETT (Dr. W. C.)

SONGS FOR SAILORS. Dedicated by Special Request to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. With Steel Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

An Edition in Illustrated Paper Covers, price 1s.

BABY MAY. HOME POEMS AND BALLADS. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth elegant, price 6s.

BABY MAY AND HOME POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. Sewed in Coloured Wrapper, price 1s.

NARRATIVE POEMS AND BALLADS. Fcap. 8vo. Sewed in Coloured Wrapper, price 1s.

BENNIE (Rev. Jas. Noble), M.A.

THE ETERNAL LIFE. Sermons preached during the last twelve years. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BERNARD (Bayle).

SAMUEL LOVER, THE LIFE AND UNPUBLISHED WORKS OF. In 2 vols. With a Steel Portrait. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

BERNSTEIN (Professor), of the University of Halle.

THE FIVE SENSES OF MAN. With 91 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Vol. XXI. of the International Scientific Series.

BETHAM-EDWARDS (Miss M.)

KITTY. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MADEMOISELLE JOSEPHINE'S FRIDAYS, AND OTHER STORIES. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

BISCOE (A. C.)

THE EARLS OF MIDDLETON, Lords of Clermont and of Fettercairn, and the Middleton Family. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

BLANC (Henry), M.D.

CHOLERA: HOW TO AVOID AND TREAT IT. Popular and Practical Notes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

BLUME (Major William).

THE OPERATIONS OF THE GERMAN ARMIES IN FRANCE, from Sedan to the end of the war of 1870-71. With Map. From the Journals of the Head-quarters Staff. Translated by the late E. M. Jones, Maj. 20th Foot, Prof. of Mil. Hist., Sandhurst. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

BOGUSLAWSKI (Captain A. von).

TACTICAL DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WAR OF 1870-71. Translated by Colonel Sir Lumley Graham, Bart., late 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

BONWICK (James).

THE TASMANIAN LILY. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

MIKE HOWE, THE BUSHRANGER OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

BOSWELL (R. B.), M.A., Oxon.

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK AND LATIN POETS, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

BOTHMER (Countess Von).

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE. A Novel. 3 vols. Cloth.

BOWEN (H. C.), English Master Middle-Class City School, Cowper Street.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH, for the use of Modern Schools. Small Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

BOWRING (L.), C.S.I., Lord Canning's Private Secretary, and for many years Chief Commissioner of Mysore and Coorg.

EASTERN EXPERIENCES. Illustrated with Maps and Diagrams. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

BRAVE MEN'S FOOTSTEPS. By the Editor of "Men who have Risen." A Book of Example and Anecdote for Young People. With Four Illustrations by C. Doyle. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BRIALMONT (Colonel A.)

HASTY INTRENCHMENTS. Translated by Lieut. Charles A. Empson, R.A. With nine Plates. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

BRIEFS AND PAPERS. Being Sketches of the Bar and the Press. By Two Idle Apprentices. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

BROOKE (Rev. James M. S.), M. A.

HEART, BE STILL. A Sermon preached in Holy Trinity Church, Southall. Impl. 32mo. Sewed, price 6d.

BROOKE (Rev. Stopford A.), M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

THE LATE REV. F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A., LIFE AND LETTERS OF. Edited by Stopford Brooke, M.A.

I. In 2 vols., uniform with the Sermons. Steel Portrait. Price 7s. 6d.

II. Library Edition. 8vo. Two Steel Portraits. Price 12s.

III. A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. 8vo. Price 6s.

THEOLOGY IN THE ENGLISH POETS.—COWPER, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, and BURNS. Second Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

FREEDOM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Six Sermons suggested by the Voysey Judgment. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SERMONS. First Series. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

SERMONS. Second Series. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE: The Life and Work of. A Memorial Sermon. Crown 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

BROOKE (W. G.), M.A., Barrister-at-Law.

THE PUBLIC WORSHIP REGULATION ACT. With a Classified Statement of its Provisions, Notes, and Index. Third Edition, revised and corrected. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SIX PRIVY COUNCIL JUDGMENTS—1850-1872. Annotated by. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

BROWN (Rev. J. Baldwin), B.A.

THE HIGHER LIFE. Its Reality, Experience, and Destiny. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

THE DOCTRINE OF ANNIHILATION IN THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL OF LOVE. Five Discourses. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

BROWN (John Croumbie), LL.D., etc.

REBOISEMENT IN FRANCE; or, Records of the Replanting of the Alps, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees with Trees, Herbage, and Bush. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.

THE HYDROLOGY OF SOUTHERN AFRICA. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

BROWNE (Rev. Marmaduke E.)

UNTIL THE DAY DAWN. Four Advent Lectures delivered in the Episcopal Chapel, Milverton, Warwickshire, on the Sunday evenings during Advent, 1870. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

BRYANT (William Cullen).

POEMS. Red-line Edition. With 24 Illustrations and Portrait of the Author. Post 8vo. Cloth extra, price 7s. 6d.

A Cheaper Edition, with Frontispiece. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BUCHANAN (Robert).

POETICAL WORKS. Collected Edition, in 3 Vols., with Portrait. Price 6s. each.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUMES.

I. "Ballads and Romances." II. "Ballads and Poems of Life."
III. "Cruiskeen Sonnets;" and "Book of Orn."

MASTER-SPIRITS. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

BULKELEY (Rev. Henry J.)

WALLED IN, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

BUNNETT (F. E.)

LEONORA CHRISTINA, MEMOIRS OF, Daughter of Christian IV. of Denmark; Written during her Imprisonment in the Blue Tower of the Royal Palace at Copenhagen, 1663-1685. Translated by F. E. Bunnett. With an Autotype Portrait of the Princess. A New and Cheaper Edition. Medium 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LINKED AT LAST. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

UNDER A CLOUD; OR, JOHANNES OLAF. By E. D. Wille. Translated by F. E. Bunnett. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

BURTON (Mrs. Richard).

THE INNER LIFE OF SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND THE HOLY LAND. 2 vols. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

BUTLER (Josephine E.)

JOHN GREY (of Dilston): MEMOIRS. By his Daughter. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

CADELL (Mrs. H. M.)

IDA CRAVEN: A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

CALDERON.

CALDERON'S DRAMAS: The Wonder-Working Magician—Life is a Dream—The Purgatory of St. Patrick. Translated by Denis Florence MacCarthy. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s.

CARLISLE (A. D.), B.A., Trin. Coll., Camb.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 1870. A Volume of Travels, with Maps. New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

CARNE (Miss E. T.)

THE REALM OF TRUTH. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s. 6d.

CARPENTER (E.)

NARCISSUS AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

CARPENTER (W. B.), LL.D., M.D., F.R.S., etc.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY. With their Applications to the Training and Discipline of the Mind, and the Study of its Morbid Conditions. Illustrated. 8vo. Fourth Edition. Cloth, price 12s.

CARR (Lisle).

JUDITH GWYNNE. 3 vols. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

CHRISTOPHERSON (The late Rev. Henry), M.A.,
Assistant Minister at Trinity Church, Brighton.

SERMONS. With an Introduction by John Rae, LL.D., F.S.A. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

CLAYTON (Cecil).

EFFIE'S GAME; HOW SHE LOST AND HOW SHE WON.
A Novel. 2 vols. Cloth.

CLERK (Mrs. Godfrey), Author of "The Antipodes and Round the World."

'ILAM EN NAS. Historical Tales and Anecdotes of the Times of the Early Khalifas. Translated from the Arabic Originals. Illustrated with Historical and Explanatory Notes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.

CLERY (C.), Captain 32nd Light Infantry, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, late Professor of Tactics Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

MINOR TACTICS. Second Edition. With 26 Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 16s.

CLODD (Edward), F.R.A.S.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD: a Simple Account of Man in Early Times. New Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. A Special Edition for Schools. Price 1s.

THE CHILDHOOD OF RELIGIONS. Including a Simple Account of the Birth and Growth of Myths and Legends. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

COLERIDGE (Sara).

PRETTY LESSONS IN VERSE FOR GOOD CHILDREN, with some Lessons in Latin, in Easy Rhyme. A New Edition. Illustrated. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

PHANTASMION. A Fairy Romance. With an Introductory Preface by the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge, of Ottery St. Mary. A New Edition. Illustrated. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

MEMOIR AND LETTERS OF SARA COLERIDGE. Edited by her Daughter. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. With Index. 2 vols. With Two Portraits. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 24s. Cheap Edition. With one Portrait. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

COLLINS (Mortimer).

THE PRINCESS CLARICE. A Story of 1871. 2 vols. Cloth.

SQUIRE SILCHESTER'S WHIM. 3 vols. Cloth.

MIRANDA. A Midsummer Madness. 3 vols. Cloth.

THE INN OF STRANGE MEETINGS, AND OTHER POEMS. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE. Dedicated by special permission to Lord St. Leonard's. Fourth Edition. Large crown 8vo. Price 5s.

COLLINS (Rev. Richard), M.A.

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE IN THE EAST. With special reference to the Syrian Christians of Malabar, and the results of modern Missions. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

CONGREVE (Richard), M.A., M.R.C.P.L.

HUMAN CATHOLICISM. Two Sermons delivered at the Positivist School on the Festival of Humanity, 87 and 88, January 1, 1875 and 1876. Demy 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

CONWAY (Moncure D.)

REPUBLICAN SUPERSTITIONS. Illustrated by the Political History of the United States. Including a Correspondence with M. Louis Blanc. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

CONYERS (Ansley).

CHESTERLEIGH. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

COOKE (M. C.), M.A., LL.D.

FUNGI; their Nature, Influences, Uses, etc. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Vol. XIV. of the International Scientific Series.

COOKE (Professor Josiah P.), of the Harvard University.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY. With Thirty-one Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Vol. IX. of the International Scientific Series.

SCIENTIFIC CULTURE. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 1s.

COOPER (T. T.)

THE MISHMEE HILLS: an Account of a Journey made in an Attempt to Penetrate Thibet from Assam, to open New Routes for Commerce. Second Edition. With Four Illustrations and Map. Demy 8vo. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

CORNHILL LIBRARY OF FICTION, The. Crown 8vo.

Cloth, price 3s. 6d. per Volume.

HALF-A-DOZEN DAUGHTERS. By J. Masterman.

THE HOUSE OF RABY. By Mrs. G. Hooper.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE. By Moy Thomas.

ROBIN GRAY. By Charles Gibbon.

KITTY. By Miss M. Betham-Edwards.

HIRELL. By John Saunders.

ONE OF TWO; OR, THE LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. By J. Hain Friswell.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY. A Matter-of-Fact Story.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE. By Mrs. G. L. Banks.

FOR LACK OF GOLD. By Charles Gibbon.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. By John Saunders.

CORY (Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur).

THE EASTERN MENACE; OR, SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

COSMOS. A Poem. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SUBJECTS.—Nature in the Past and in the Present—Man in the Past and in the Present—The Future.

COTTON (Robert Turner).

MR. CARINGTON. A Tale of Love and Conspiracy. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

CUMMINS (Henry Irwin), M.A.

PAROCHIAL CHARITIES OF THE CITY OF LONDON. Sewed, price 1s.

CURWEN (Henry).

SORROW AND SONG: Studies of Literary Struggle. Henry Mürger—Novalis—Alexander Petöfi—Honoré de Balzac—Edgar Allan Poe—André Chénier. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 15s.

DAVIDSON (Samuel), D.D., LL.D.

THE NEW TESTAMENT, TRANSLATED FROM THE LATEST GREEK TEXT OF TISCHENDORF. A new and thoroughly revised Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

DAVIES (G. Christopher).

MOUNTAIN, MEADOW, AND MERE: a Series of Outdoor Sketches of Sport, Scenery, Adventures, and Natural History. With Sixteen Illustrations by Bosworth W. Harecourt. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

RAMBLES AND ADVENTURES OF OUR SCHOOL FIELD CLUB. With 4 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DAVIES (Rev. J. Llewelyn), M.A.

THEOLOGY AND MORALITY. Essays on Questions of Belief and Practice. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

D'ANVERS (N. R.)

THE SUEZ CANAL: Letters and Documents descriptive of its Rise and Progress. By Ferdinand de Lesseps. Translated by N. D'Anvers. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

LITTLE MINNIE'S TROUBLES. An Every-day Chronicle. Illustrated by W. H. Hughes. Fcap. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DANCE (Rev. Charles Daniel).

RECOLLECTIONS OF FOUR YEARS IN VENEZUELA. With Three Illustrations and a Map. Cloth. Crown 8vo. Price 7s. 6d.

DE KERKADEC (Vicomtesse Solange).

A CHEQUERED LIFE, being Memoirs of the Vicomtesse de Leoville Meilhan. Edited by. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

Containing many recollections of the First Emperor Napoleon and his Court.

DE L'HOSTE (Colonel E. P).

THE DESERT PASTOR, JEAN JAROUSSEAU. Translated from the French of Eugène Pelletan. With a Frontispiece. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

DE REDCLIFFE (Viscount Stratford), P.C., K.G., G.C.B.

WHY AM I A CHRISTIAN? Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s.

DE TOCQUEVILLE (Alexis).

**CORRESPONDENCE AND CONVERSATIONS OF, WITH
NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR.** 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

DE VERE (Aubrey).

ALEXANDER THE GREAT. A Dramatic Poem. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

THE INFANT BRIDAL, AND OTHER POEMS. A New and Enlarged Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

THE LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK, AND OTHER POEMS. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DE WILLE (E.)

UNDER A CLOUD; OR, JOHANNES OLAF. A Novel. Translated by F. E. Bunnètt. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

DENNIS (John).

ENGLISH SONNETS. Collected and Arranged. Elegantly bound. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DOBSON (Austin).

VIGNETTES IN RHYME AND VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

DONNÉ (Alphonse), M.D.

CHANGE OF AIR AND SCENE. A Physician's Hints about Doctors, Patients, Hygiene, and Society; with Notes of Excursions for Health in the Pyrenees, and amongst the Watering-places of France (Inland and Seaward), Switzerland, Corsica, and the Mediterranean. A New Edition. Large post 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

DOWDEN (Edward), LL.D.

SHAKSPERE: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art. Second Edition. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

DOWNTON (Rev. Henry), M.A.

HYMNS AND VERSES. Original and Translated. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

DRAPER (John William), M.D., LL.D. Professor in the University of New York; Author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology."

HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE. Seventh Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
Vol. XIII. of the International Scientific Series.

- DREW (Rev. G. S.), M.A., Vicar of Trinity, Lambeth.
SCRIPTURE LANDS IN CONNECTION WITH THEIR HISTORY. Second Edition. 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.
NAZARETH: ITS LIFE AND LESSONS. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.
THE DIVINE KINGDOM ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN. 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.
THE SON OF MAN: His Life and Ministry. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- DREWRY (G. Overend), M.D.
THE COMMON-SENSE MANAGEMENT OF THE STOMACH. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.
- DURAND (Lady).
IMITATIONS FROM THE GERMAN OF SPITTA AND TERSTEGEN. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.
- DU VERNON (Colonel von Verdy).
STUDIES IN LEADING TROOPS. An authorized and accurate Translation by Lieutenant H. J. T. Hildyard, 71st Foot. Parts I. and II. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s.
- E. A. V.
JOSEPH MAZZINI: A Memoir. With Two Essays by Mazzini—"Thoughts on Democracy," and "The Duties of Man." Dedicated to the Working Classes by P. H. Taylor, M.P. With Two Portraits. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.
- EDEN (Frederic).
THE NILE WITHOUT A DRAGOMAN. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
- EDWARDS (Rev. Basil).
MINOR CHORDS; OR, SONGS FOR THE SUFFERING: a Volume of Verse. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.; paper, price 2s. 6d.
- EILOART (Mrs.)
LADY MORETOUN'S DAUGHTER. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.
- ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.
AN ESSAY ON THE RULE OF FAITH AND CREED OF ATHANASIUS. Shall the Rubric preceding the Creed be removed from the Prayer-book? Sewed. 8vo. Price 1s.
- EPIC OF HADES (The).
THE EPIC OF HADES. By a New Writer. Author of "Songs of Two Worlds." Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

EROS AGONISTES. Poems. By E. B. D. Fcap. 8vo.
Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

EVANS (Mark).

THE STORY OF OUR FATHER'S LOVE, told to Children:
being a New and Enlarged Edition of **THEOLOGY FOR CHILDREN**.
Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

**A BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER AND WORSHIP FOR
HOUSEHOLD USE**, compiled exclusively from the Holy Scrip-
tures. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

EYRE (Maj.-Gen. Sir Vincent), C.B., K.C.S.I., etc.

LAYS OF A KNIGHT-ERRANT IN MANY LANDS. Square
crown 8vo. With Six Illustrations. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.
Pharaoh Land. | Home Land. | Wonder Land. | Rhine Land.

FAITHFULL (Mrs. Francis G.)

LOVE ME, OR LOVE ME NOT. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

FARQUHARSON (Martha).

I. ELSIE DINSMORE. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

II. ELSIE'S GIRLHOOD. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

III. ELSIE'S HOLIDAYS AT ROSELANDS. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 3s. 6d.

FAVRE (Mons. Jules).

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEFENCE. From
the 30th June to the 31st October, 1870. The Plain Statement
of a Member. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

FISHER (Alice).

HIS QUEEN. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

FOOTMAN (Rev. Henry).

FROM HOME AND BACK; or, some Aspects of Sin as Seen in
the Light of the Parable of the Prodigal. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 5s.

FORBES (Archibald).

SOLDIERING AND SCRIBBLING. A Series of Sketches.
Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

FOTHERGILL (JESSIE).

HEALEY. A Romance. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

FOWLE (Rev. T. W.), M.A.

THE RECONCILIATION OF RELIGION AND SCIENCE.
Being Essays on Immortality, Inspiration, Miracles, and the
Being of Christ. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

FOX-BOURNE (H. R.)

THE LIFE OF JOHN LOCKE, 1632—1704. 2 vols. Demy 8vo.
Cloth, price 28s.

FRASER (Donald), Accountant to the British-Indian
Steam Navigation Company, Limited.

**EXCHANGE TABLES OF STERLING AND INDIAN RUPEE
CURRENCY**, upon a new and extended system, embracing Values
from One Farthing to One Hundred Thousand Pounds, and at
Rates progressing, in Sixteenths of a Penny, from 1s. 9d. to
2s. 3d. per Rupee. Royal 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

FRERE (Sir H. Bartle E.), G.C.B., G.C.S.I., etc.

THE THREATENED FAMINE IN BENGAL: How it may be
Met, and the Recurrence of Famines in India Prevented. Being
No. 1 of "Occasional Notes on Indian Affairs." With 3 Maps.
Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

FRISWELL (J. Hain).

THE BETTER SELF. Essays for Home Life. Crown 8vo.
Price 6s.

Contents :—Beginning at Home—The Girls at Home—The
Wife's Mother—Pride in the Family—Discontent and Grumbling
—Domestic Economy—On Keeping People Down—Likes and
Dislikes—On Falling Out—Peace.

ONE OF TWO; OR, THE LEFT-HANDED BRIDE. With a
Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

GARDNER (John), M.D.

**LONGEVITY; THE MEANS OF PROLONGING LIFE AFTER
MIDDLE AGE.** Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Small
crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s.

GARRETT (Edward).

BY STILL WATERS. A Story for Quiet Hours. With Seven
Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

GIBBON (Charles).

FOR LACK OF GOLD. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo.
Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

ROBIN GRAY. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth,
price 3s. 6d.

GILBERT (Mrs.)

**MRS. GILBERT, FORMERLY ANN TAYLOR, AUTOBIO-
GRAPHY AND OTHER MEMORIALS OF.** Edited by Josiah
Gilbert. New and revised Edition. In 2 vols. With 2 Steel
Portraits and several Wood Engravings. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

GILL (Rev. W. W.), B.A., of the London Missionary Society.

MYTHS AND SONGS FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC. With a Preface by F. Max Müller, M.A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

GODKIN (James).

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF IRELAND: Primitive, Papal, and Protestant. Including the Evangelical Missions, Catholic Agitations, and Church Progress of the last half Century. 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

GODWIN (William).

WILLIAM GODWIN: HIS FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES. With Portraits and Facsimiles of the handwriting of Godwin and his Wife. By C. Kegan Paul. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 28s.

THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY UNVEILED. Being Essays never before published. Edited, with a Preface, by C. Kegan Paul. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GOETZE (Capt. A. von), Captain of the Prussian Corps of Engineers attached to the Engineer Committee, and Instructor at the Military Academy.

OPERATIONS OF THE GERMAN ENGINEERS DURING THE WAR OF 1870-1871. Published by Authority, and in accordance with Official Documents. Translated from the German by Colonel G. Graham. V.C., C.B., R.E. With 6 large Maps. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

GOODMAN (Walter).

CUBA, THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GOSSE (Edmund W.)

ON VIOL AND FLUTE. With Title-page specially designed by William B. Scott. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

GOULD (Rev. S. Baring).

THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW: a Memoir of the Rev. R. S. Hawker. With Portrait. Second Edition, revised. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

GRANVILLE (A. B.), M.D., F.R.S., etc.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A. B. GRANVILLE, F.R.S., etc. Edited, with a brief account of the concluding years of his life, by his youngest Daughter, Paulina B. Granville. 2 vols. With a Portrait. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 32s.

GRAY (Mrs. Russell).

LISETTE'S VENTURE. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

GREEN (T. Bowden).

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT. Dedicated by permission to the Poet Laureate. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GREENWOOD (James), "The Amateur Casual."

IN STRANGE COMPANY; or, The Note Book of a Roving Correspondent. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

GREY (John), of Dilston.

JOHN GREY (of Dilston): MEMOIRS. By Josephine E. Butler. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

GRIFFITH (Rev. T.), A.M., Prebendary of St. Paul's.

STUDIES OF THE DIVINE MASTER. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

GRIFFITHS (Captain Arthur).

MEMORIALS OF MILLBANK, AND CHAPTERS IN PRISON HISTORY. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. A Novel. 2 vols. Cloth, price 21s.

GRIMLEY (Rev. H. N.), M.A., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Wales, and Chaplain of Tremadoc Church.

TREMADOC SERMONS, chiefly on the Spiritual Body, the Unseen World, and the Divine Humanity. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GRUNER (M. L.)

STUDIES OF BLAST FURNACE PHENOMENA. Translated by L. D. B. Gordon, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

GURNEY (Rev. Archer Thompson).

WORDS OF FAITH AND CHEER. A Mission of Instruction and Suggestion. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN CHURCH AND STATE. Demy 8vo. Sewed, price 1s. 6d.

HAECKEL (Professor Ernst), of the University of Jena.

THE HISTORY OF CREATION. A Popular Account of the Development of the Earth and its Inhabitants, according to the Theories of Kant, Laplace, Lamarck, and Darwin. The Translation revised by Professor E. Ray Lankester, M.A., F.R.S. With Coloured Plates and Genealogical Trees of the various groups of both plants and animals. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 32s.

HARCOURT (Capt. A. F. P.)

THE SHAKESPEARE ARGOSY: Containing much of the wealth of Shakespeare's Wisdom and Wit, alphabetically arranged and classified. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HAWEIS (Rev. H. R.), M.A.

SPEECH IN SEASON. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES. Ninth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

UNSECTARIAN FAMILY PRAYERS, for Morning and Evening for a Week, with short selected passages from the Bible. Square crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

HAWTHORNE (Julian).

BRESSANT. A Romance. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

IDOLATRY. A Romance. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

HAWTHORNE (Nathaniel).

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. A Memoir, with Stories now first published in this country. By H. A. Page. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

SEPTIMIUS. A Romance. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 9s.

HAYMAN (Henry), D.D., late Head Master of Rugby School.

RUGBY SCHOOL SERMONS. With an Introductory Essay on the Indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

HEATHERGATE. A Story of Scottish Life and Character.

By a New Author. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

HELLWALD (Baron F. Von).

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA. A Critical Examination, down to the present time, of the Geography and History of Central Asia. Translated by Lieut.-Col. Theodore Wirgman, LL.B. In 1 vol. Large post 8vo. With Map. Cloth, price 12s.

HELVIG (Captain Hugo).

THE OPERATIONS OF THE BAVARIAN ARMY CORPS. Translated by Captain G. S. Schwabe. With Five large Maps. In 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 24s.

HINTON (James), late Aural Surgeon to Guy's Hospital.

THE PLACE OF THE PHYSICIAN. Being the Introductory Lecture at Guy's Hospital, 1873-74; to which is added **ESSAYS ON THE LAW OF HUMAN LIFE, AND ON THE RELATION BETWEEN ORGANIC AND INORGANIC WORLDS.** Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR PRACTICAL USE. By various writers. With 50 Illustrations. 2 vols. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 12s. 6d.

AN ATLAS OF DISEASES OF THE MEMBRANA TYMPANI. With Descriptive Text. Post 8vo. Price £6 6s.

THE QUESTIONS OF AURAL SURGERY. With Illustrations, 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s. 6d.

H. J. C.

THE ART OF FURNISHING. A Popular Treatise on the Principles of Furnishing, based on the Laws of Common Sense, Requirement, and Picturesque Effect. Small crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

HOCKLEY (W. B.)

TALES OF THE ZENANA; or, A Nuwab's Leisure Hours. By the Author of "Pandurang Hari." With a Preface by Lord Stanley of Alderley. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

PANDURANG HARI; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. A Tale of Maharratta Life sixty years ago. With a Preface by Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, G.C.S.I., etc. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

HOFFBAUER (Captain).

THE GERMAN ARTILLERY IN THE BATTLES NEAR METZ.

Based on the official reports of the German Artillery. Translated by Capt. E. O. Hollist. With Map and Plans. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

HOLMES (Edmond G. A.)

POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. Price 5s.

HOLROYD (Major W. R. M.), Bengal Staff Corps, Director of Public Instruction, Punjab.

TAS-HIL UL KĀLĀM; or, Hindustani made Easy. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

HOPE (Lieut. James).

IN QUEST OF COOLIES. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HOOPER (Mrs. G.)

THE HOUSE OF RABY. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES (The).

- I. THE FORMS OF WATER IN CLOUDS AND RIVERS, ICE AND GLACIERS.** By J. Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. With 14 Illustrations. Sixth Edition. 5s.
- II. PHYSICS AND POLITICS;** or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society. By Walter Bagehot. Third Edition. 4s.
- III. FOODS.** By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S. Profusely Illustrated. Fourth Edition. 5s.
- IV. MIND AND BODY:** The Theories of their Relation. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. With Four Illustrations. Fifth Edition. 4s.
- V. THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.** By Herbert Spencer. Fifth Edition. 5s.
- VI. ON THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.** By Balfour Stewart, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. With 14 Engravings. Third Edition. 5s.
- VII. ANIMAL LOCOMOTION;** or, Walking, Swimming, and Flying By J. B. Pettigrew, M.D., F.R.S. With 119 Illustrations. Second Edition. 5s.
- VIII. RESPONSIBILITY IN MENTAL DISEASE.** By Henry Maudsley, M.D. Second Edition. 5s.
- IX. THE NEW CHEMISTRY.** By Professor J. P. Cooke, of the Harvard University. With 31 Illustrations. Third Edition. 5s.
- X. THE SCIENCE OF LAW.** By Professor Sheldon Amos. Second Edition. 5s.
- XI. ANIMAL MECHANISM.** A Treatise on Terrestrial and Aerial Locomotion. By Professor E. J. Marey. With 117 Illustrations. Second Edition. 5s.
- XII. THE DOCTRINE OF DESCENT AND DARWINISM.** By Professor Oscar Schmidt (Strasburg University). With 26 Illustrations. Third Edition. 5s.
- XIII. THE HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE.** By Professor J. W. Draper. Seventh Edition. 5s.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES (The).—*Continued.*

XIV. FUNGI; their Nature, Influences, Uses, etc. By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. With numerous Illustrations. Second Edition. 5s.

XV. THE CHEMICAL EFFECTS OF LIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHY. By Dr. Hermann Vogel (Polytechnic Academy of Berlin). Translation thoroughly revised. With 100 Illustrations. Third Edition, 5s.

XVI. THE LIFE AND GROWTH OF LANGUAGE. By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College, New Haven. Second Edition. 5s.

XVII. MONEY AND THE MECHANISM OF EXCHANGE. By Prof. W. Stanley Jevons. Second Edition. 5s.

XVIII. THE NATURE OF LIGHT: With a General Account of Physical Optics. By Dr. Eugene Lommel, Professor of Physics in the University of Erlangen. With 188 Illustrations and a table of Spectra in Chromolithography. Second Edition. 5s.

XIX. ANIMAL PARASITES AND MESSMATES. By Monsieur Van Beneden, Professor of the University of Louvain, Correspondent of the Institute of France. With 83 Illustrations. Second Edition. 5s.

XX. FERMENTATION. By Professor Schützenberger, Director of the Chemical Laboratory at the Sorbonne. 5s.

XXI. THE FIVE SENSES OF MAN. By Professor Bernstein, of the University of Halle. With 91 Illustrations. Second Edition. 5s.



INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES (The).*Forthcoming Volumes.*

Prof. W. KINGDON CLIFFORD, M.A. The First Principles of the Exact Sciences explained to the Non-mathematical.

Prof. T. H. HUXLEY, LL.D., F.R.S. Bodily Motion and Consciousness.

Dr. W. B. CARPENTER, LL.D., F.R.S. The Physical Geography of the Sea.

Prof. WILLIAM ODLING, F.R.S. The Old Chemistry viewed from the New Standpoint.

W. LAUDER LINDSAY, M.D., F.R.S.E. Mind in the Lower Animals.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S. On Ants and Bees.

Prof. W. T. THISELTON DYER, B.A., B.Sc. Form and Habit in Flowering Plants.

Mr. J. N. LOCKYER, F.R.S. Spectrum Analysis.

Prof. MICHAEL FOSTER, M.D. Protoplasm and the Cell Theory.

H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, M.D., F.R.S. The Brain as an Organ of Mind.

Prof. A. C. RAMSAY, LL.D., F.R.S. Earth Sculpture: Hills, Valleys, Mountains, Plains, Rivers, Lakes; how they were Produced, and how they have been Destroyed.

Prof. RUDOLPH VIBCHOW (Berlin Univ.) Morbid Physiological Action.

Prof. CLAUDE BERNARD. History of the Theories of Life.

Prof. H. SAINTE-CLAIRE DEVILLE. An Introduction to General Chemistry.

Prof. WURTZ. Atoms and the Atomic Theory.

Prof. De QUATREFAGES. The Human Race.

Prof. LACAZE-DUTHIERS. Zoology since Cuvier.

Prof. BERTHELOT. Chemical Synthesis.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES (The).—*Continued.*
(*Forthcoming Volumes.*)

Prof. J. ROSENTHAL. General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.

Prof. JAMES D. DANA, M.A., LL.D. On Cephalization; or, Head-Characters in the Gradation and Progress of Life.

Prof. S. W. JOHNSON, M.A. On the Nutrition of Plants.

Prof. AUSTIN FLINT, JR. M.D. The Nervous System, and its Relation to the Bodily Functions.

Prof. FERDINAND COHN (Breslau Univ.) Thallophytes (Algæ Lichens, Fungi).

Prof. HERMANN (University of Zurich). Respiration.

Prof. LEUCKART (University of Leipsic). Outlines of Animal Organization.

Prof. LIEBREICH (University of Berlin). Outlines of Toxicology.

Prof. KUNDT (University of Strasburg). On Sound.

Prof. REES (University of Erlangen). On Parasitic Plants.

Prof. STEINTHAL (University of Berlin). Outlines of the Science of Language.

P. BERT (Professor of Physiology, Paris). Forms of Life and other Cosmical Conditions.

E. ALGLAVE (Professor of Constitutional and Administrative Law at Douai, and of Political Economy at Lille). The Primitive Elements of Political Constitutions.

P. LORAIN (Professor of Medicine, Paris). Modern Epidemics.

Mons. FREIDEL. The Functions of Organic Chemistry.

Mons. DEBRAY. Precious Metals.

Prof. CORFIELD, M.A., M.D. (Oxon.) Air in its relation to Health.

Prof. A. GIARD. General Embryology

HOOPER (Mary).

LITTLE DINNERS: HOW TO SERVE THEM WITH ELEGANCE AND ECONOMY. Tenth Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

COOKERY FOR INVALIDS, PERSONS OF DELICATE DIGESTION, AND CHILDREN. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

HOPKINS (Manley).

THE PORT OF REFUGE; or, Counsel and Aid to Shipmasters in Difficulty, Doubt, or Distress. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HOWARD (Mary M.), Author of "Brampton Rectory."

BEATRICE AYLMER, AND OTHER TALES. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HOWARD (Rev. G. B.)

AN OLD LEGEND OF ST. PAUL'S. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

HOWELL (James).

A TALE OF THE SEA, SONNETS, AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

HUGHES (Allison).

PENELOPE, AND OTHER POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

HULL (Edmund C. P.)

THE EUROPEAN IN INDIA. A Handbook of Practical Information for those proceeding to, or residing in, the East Indies, relating to Outfits, Routes, Time for Departure, Indian Climate, etc. With a MEDICAL GUIDE FOR ANGLO-INDIANS. By R. R. S. Mair, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., late Deputy Coroner of Madras. Second Edition, Revised and Corrected. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

HUMPHREY (Rev. W.), of the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles.

MR. FITZJAMES STEPHEN AND CARDINAL BELLARMINE. Demy 8vo. Sewed, price 1s.

HUTTON (James).

MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

IGNOTUS.

CULMESHIRE FOLK. A Novel. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

INGELOW (Jean).

THE LITTLE WONDER-HORN. A Second Series of "Stories Told to a Child." With Fifteen Illustrations. Square 24mo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

OFF THE SKELLIGS. (Her First Romance.) 4 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 42s.

JACKSON (T. G.)

MODERN GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

JACOB (Maj.-Gen. Sir G. Le Grand), K.C.S.I., C.B.

WESTERN INDIA BEFORE AND DURING THE MUTINIES. Pictures drawn from life. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

JENKINS (E.) and RAYMOND (J.), Esqs.

A LEGAL HANDBOOK FOR ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, AND BUILDING OWNERS. Second Edition Revised. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

JENKINS (Rev. R. C.), M.A., Rector of Lyminge, and Honorary Canon of Canterbury.

THE PRIVILEGE OF PETER, Legally and Historically Examined, and the Claims of the Roman Church compared with the Scriptures, the Councils, and the Testimony of the Popes themselves. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

JEVONS (Prof. W. Stanley).

MONEY AND THE MECHANISM OF EXCHANGE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Vol. XVII. of the International Scientific Series.

KAUFMANN (Rev. M.), B.A.

SOCIALISM: Its Nature, its Dangers, and its Remedies considered. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

KEATING (Mrs.)

HONOR BLAKE: The Story of a Plain Woman. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

KER (David).

ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA. Illustrated with Photographs of the Country and its Inhabitants, and a copy of the Official Map in use during the Campaign, from the Survey of Captain Leusilin. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

THE BOY SLAVE IN BOKHARA. A Tale of Central Asia. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

THE WILD HORSEMAN OF THE PAMPAS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

KING (Alice).

A CLUSTER OF LIVES. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

KING (Mrs. Hamilton).

THE DISCIPLES. A New Poem. Second Edition, with some Notes. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

ASPRMONTÉ, AND OTHER POEMS. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

KINGSFORD (Rev. F. W.), M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas's, Stamford Hill; late Chaplain H. E. I. C. (Bengal Presidency).

HARTHAM CONFERENCES; or, Discussions upon some of the Religious Topics of the Day. "Audi alteram partem." Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

KNIGHT (Annette F. C.)

POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LACORDAIRE (Rev. Père).

LIFE: Conferences delivered at Toulouse. A New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

LADY OF LIPARI (The).

A Poem in Three Cantos. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LAURIE (J. S.), of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; formerly H.M. Inspector of Schools, England; Assistant Royal Commissioner, Ireland; Special Commissioner, African Settlement; Director of Public Instruction, Ceylon.

EDUCATIONAL COURSE OF SECULAR SCHOOL BOOKS FOR INDIA.

The following Works are now ready :—

THE FIRST HINDUSTANI READER. Stiff linen wrapper, price 6d.

THE SECOND HINDUSTANI READER. Stiff linen wrapper, price 6d.

GEOGRAPHY OF INDIA; with Maps and Historical Appendix, tracing the growth of the British Empire in Hindustan. 128 pp. fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

LAYMANN (Captain), Instructor of Tactics at the Military College, Neisse.

THE FRONTAL ATTACK OF INFANTRY. Translated by Colonel Edward Newdigate. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.

L. D. S.

LETTERS FROM CHINA AND JAPAN. With Illustrated Title-page. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

LEANDER (Richard).

FANTASTIC STORIES. Translated from the German by Paulina B. Granville. With Eight full-page Illustrations by M. E. Fraser-Tytler. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LEATHES (Rev. Stanley), M.A.

THE GOSPEL ITS OWN WITNESS. Being the Hulsean Lectures for 1873. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LEE (Rev. Frederick George), D.C.L.

THE OTHER WORLD; or, Glimpses of the Supernatural. Being Facts, Records, and Traditions, relating to Dreams, Omens, Miraculous Occurrences, Apparitions, Wraiths, Warnings, Second-sight, Necromancy, Witchcraft, etc. 2 vols. A New Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 15s.

LEE (Holme).

HER TITLE OF HONOUR. A Book for Girls. New Edition. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

LENOIR (J).

FAYOUM; or, Artists in Egypt. A Tour with M. Gérôme and others. With 13 Illustrations. A New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

LEWIS (Mary E).

A RAT WITH THREE TALES. With Four Illustrations by Catherine E. Frere. Cloth, price 5s.

LISTADO (J. T.)

CIVIL SERVICE. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

LOMMEL (Dr. Eugene), Professor of Physics in the University of Erlangen.

THE NATURE OF LIGHT: With a General Account of Physical Optics. Second Edition. With 188 Illustrations and a table of Spectra in Chromolithography. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Vol. XVIII. of the International Scientific Series.

LORIMER (Peter), D.D.

JOHN KNOX AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND: His work in her Pulpit and his influence upon her Liturgy, Articles, and Parties. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 12s.

LOVER (Samuel), R.H.A.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL LOVER, R.H.A.; Artistic, Literary, and Musical. With Selections from his Unpublished Papers and Correspondence. By Bayle Bernard. 2 vols. With a Portrait. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 21s.

LOWER (Mark Antony), M.A., F.S.A.

WAYSIDE NOTES IN SCANDINAVIA. Being Notes of Travel in the North of Europe. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s.

LYONS (R. T.), Surgeon-Major, Bengal Army.

A TREATISE ON RELAPSING FEVER. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

MACAULAY (James), M.A., M.D., Edin.

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND: Tours of Observation in 1872 and 1875. With Remarks on Irish Public Questions. Being a Second Edition of "Ireland in 1872," with a New and Supplementary Preface. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MAC CARTHY (Denis Florence).

CALDERON'S DRAMAS. Translated from the Spanish. Post 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges, price 10s.

MAC DONALD (George).

MALCOLM. A Novel. 3 vols. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

ST. GEORGE AND ST. MICHAEL. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

MAC KENNA (Stephen J.)

PLUCKY FELLOWS. A Book for Boys. With Six Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

AT SCHOOL WITH AN OLD DRAGOON. With Six Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

MACLACHLAN (Archibald Neil Campbell), M.A.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND: being a Sketch of his Military Life and Character, chiefly as exhibited in the General Orders of his Royal Highness, 1745—1747. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 15s.

MAIR (R. S.), M.D., F.R.C.S.E., late Deputy Coroner of Madras.

THE MEDICAL GUIDE FOR ANGLO-INDIANS. Being a Compendium of Advice to Europeans in India, relating to the Preservation and Regulation of Health. With a Supplement on the Management of Children in India. Crown 8vo. Limp cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MANNING (His Eminence Cardinal).

ESSAYS ON RELIGION AND LITERATURE. By various Writers. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—The Philosophy of Christianity—Mystic Elements of Religion—Controversy with the Agnostics—A Reasoning Thought—Darwinism brought to Book—Mr. Mill on Liberty of the Press—Christianity in relation to Society—The Religious Condition of Germany—The Philosophy of Bacon—Catholic Laymen and Scholastic Philosophy.

MAREY (E. J.)

ANIMAL MECHANICS. A Treatise on Terrestrial and Aerial Locomotion. With 117 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Volume XI. of the International Scientific Series.

MARKEWITCH (B.)

THE NEGLECTED QUESTION. Translated from the Russian, by the Princess Ourousoff, and dedicated by Express Permission to Her Imperial and Royal Highness Marie Alexandrovna, the Duchess of Edinburgh. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 14s.

MARRIOTT (Maj.-Gen. W. F.), C.S.I.

A GRAMMAR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 6s.

MARSHALL (Hamilton).

THE STORY OF SIR EDWARD'S WIFE. A Novel. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 10s. 6d.

MARZIALS (Theophile).

THE GALLERY OF PIGEONS, and other Poems. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.

MASTERMAN (J.)

HALF-A-DOZEN DAUGHTERS. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.

MAUDSLEY (Dr. Henry).

RESPONSIBILITY IN MENTAL DISEASE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

Vol. VIII. of the International Scientific Series.

MAUGHAN (William Charles).

THE ALPS OF ARABIA; or, Travels through Egypt, Sinai, Arabia, and the Holy Land. With Map. A New and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

MAURICE (C. Edmund).

LIVES OF ENGLISH POPULAR LEADERS. No. 1.—STEPHEN LANGTON. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

No. 2.—TYLER, BALL, and OLDCASTLE. Crown 8vo. Price 7s. 6d.

MEDLEY (Lieut.-Col. J. G.), Royal Engineers.

AN AUTUMN TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 5s.

MENZIES (Sutherland).**MEMOIRS OF DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.** Post 8vo. Cloth.**ANNE DE BOURBON.****MADAME DE MONTEADON.****THE DUCHESS DE LOSQUEVILLE.****THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.****THE DUCHESS DE CHEVREUSE.****SARAH JESSING.****PRINCESS PALATINE.****SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.****MADMOISELLE DE MONTPESSIER.****BOBOUR.****MICKLETHWAITE (J. T.), F.S.A.****MODERN PARISH CHURCHES:** Their Plan, Design, and Furniture. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.**MIRUS (Major-General von).****CAVALRY FIELD DUTY.** Translated by Major Frank S. Russell, 14th (King's) Hussars. Crown 8vo. Cloth limp, price 7s. 6d.**MIVART (St. George), F.R.S.****CONTEMPORARY EVOLUTION:** Discussing the Theory of Evolution as applied to Science, Art, Religion, and Politics. Post 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.**MOORE (Rev. Daniel), M.A.****CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.** A Course of Lent Lectures, delivered in the Parish Church of Holy Trinity, Paddington. By the author of "The Age and the Gospel: Hulsean Lectures," etc. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 3s. 6d.**MOORE (Rev. Thomas), Vicar of Christ Church, Chesham.****SERMONETTES:** on Synonymous Texts, taken from the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, for the Study, Family Reading, and Private Devotion. Small Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 4s. 6d.**MORELL (J. R.)****EUCLID SIMPLIFIED IN METHOD AND LANGUAGE.** Being a Manual of Geometry. Compiled from the most important French Works, approved by the University of Paris and the Minister of Public Instruction. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, price 2s. 6d.**MORICE (Rev. F. D.), M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.****THE OLYMPIAN AND PYTHIAN ODES OF PINDAR.** A New Translation in English Verse. Crown 8vo. Cloth, price 7s. 6d.**MORLEY (Susan).****AILEEN FERRERS.** A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.**THROSTLETHWAITE.** A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

NEWMAN (Mrs.)

TOO LATE. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

NOBLE (James Ashcroft).

THE PELICAN PAPERS. Reminiscences and Remains of a Dweller in the Wilderness. Crown 8vo. 6s.

NORMAN PEOPLE (The).

THE NORMAN PEOPLE, and their Existing Descendants in the British Dominions and the United States of America. One handsome volume. 8vo. 21s.

NORRIS (Rev. A.)

THE INNER AND OUTER LIFE POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

NOTREGE (John), A.M.

THE SPIRITUAL FUNCTION OF A PRESBYTER IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Crown 8vo. Red edges. 3s. 6d.

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE (The).

THE ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE. A Reprint of the first 5 Volumes, in 2 Volumes. Demy 8vo. 28s.

OUR INCREASING MILITARY DIFFICULTY, and one Way of Meeting it. Demy 8vo. Stitched, 1s.

PAGE (H. A.)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, A MEMOIR OF, with Stories now first published in this country. Large post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

PAGE (Capt. S. Flood).

DISCIPLINE AND DRILL. Four Lectures delivered to the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 1s.

PALGRAVE (W. Gifford).

HERMANN AGHA. An Eastern Narrative. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, extra gilt. 18s.

PARKER (Joseph), D.D.

THE PARACLETE: An Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some reference to current discussions. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 12s.

PARR (Harriett).

ECHOES OF A FAMOUS YEAR. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.

PAUL (C. Kegan).

GOETHE'S FAUST. A New Translation in Rime. Crown 8vo. 6s.

WILLIAM GODWIN: HIS FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES. 2 vols. With Portraits and Facsimiles of the Hand-writing of Godwin and his Wife. Demy 8vo. 28s.

PAYNE (John).

SONGS OF LIFE AND DEATH. Crown 8vo. 5s.

PAYNE (Professor).

LECTURES ON EDUCATION. 6d. each.

I. Pestalozzi: the Influence of His Principles and Practice.

II. Fröbel and the Kindergarten System. Second Edition.

III. The Science and Art of Education.

IV. The True Foundation of Science Teaching.

PELLETAN (Eugène).

THE DESERT PASTOR, JEAN JAROUSSEAU. Translated from the French. By Colonel E. P. De L'Hoste. With a Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo. New Edition. 3s. 6d.

PENRICE (Major J.), B.A.

A DICTIONARY AND GLOSSARY OF THE KO-RAN. With copious Grammatical References and Explanations of the Text. 4to. 21s.

PERCEVAL (Rev. P.)

TAMIL PROVERBS, WITH THEIR ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

Containing upwards of Six Thousand Proverbs. Third Edition. 8vo. Sewed. 9s.

PERRIER (Amelia).

A WINTER IN MOROCCO. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo. A New and Cheaper Edition. 3s. 6d.

A GOOD MATCH. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

PESCHEL (Dr.)

MANKIND: A Scientific Study of the Races and Distribution of Man, considered in their Bodily Variations, Languages, Occupations, and Religions.

PETTIGREW (J. B.), M.D., F.R.S.

ANIMAL LOCOMOTION; or, Walking, Swimming, and Flying. Second Edition. With 119 Illustrations. 5s.

Volume VII. of the International Scientific Series.

PIGGOT (John), F.S.A, F.R.G.S.

PERSIA—ANCIENT AND MODERN. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

POUSHKIN (Alexander Serguevitch).

RUSSIAN ROMANCE. Translated from the Tales of Belkin, etc. By Mrs. J. Buchan Telfer (*nee* Mouravieff). Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

POWER (Harriet).

OUR INVALIDS: HOW SHALL WE EMPLOY AND AMUSE THEM? Fcap 8vo. 2s. 6d.

POWLETT (Lieut. Norton), Royal Artillery.

EASTERN LEGENDS AND STORIES IN ENGLISH VERSE. Crown 8vo. 5s.

PRESBYTER.

UNFOLDINGS OF CHRISTIAN HOPE. An Essay showing that the Doctrine contained in the Damnable Clauses of the Creed commonly called Athanasian is unscriptural. Small crown 8vo. Cloth. 4s. 6d.

PRICE (Prof. Bonamy).

CURRENCY AND BANKING. One Vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

PROCTOR (Richard A.)

OUR PLACE AMONG INFINITIES. A Series of Essays contrasting our little abode in space and time with the Infinities around us. To which are added "Essays on Astrology," and "The Jewish Sabbath." Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE EXPANSE OF HEAVEN. A Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. With a Frontispiece. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

RANKING (B. Montgomerie).

STREAMS FROM HIDDEN SOURCES. Crown 8vo. 6s.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY. A Matter-of-Fact Story. Crown 8vo. With frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

This is one of the volumes of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

REANEY (Mrs. G. S.)

WAKING AND WORKING; OR, FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 5s.

SUNBEAM WILLIE, AND OTHER STORIES, for Home Reading and Cottage Meetings. Small square, uniform with "Lost Gip," etc. 3 Illustrations. 1s. 6d.

REGINALD BRAMBLE.

REGINALD BRAMBLE. A Cynic of the Nineteenth Century An Autobiography. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

REID (T. Wemyss).

CABINET PORTRAITS. Biographical Sketches of Statesmen of the Day. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

RHOADES (James).

TIMOLEON. A Dramatic Poem. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

RIBOT (Professor Th.)

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH PSYCHOLOGY. Second Edition. Revised. La. post 8vo. 9s.

An analysis of the views and opinions of the following metaphysicians, as expressed in their writings:—James Mill, Alexander Bain, John Stuart Mill, George H. Lewes, Herbert Spencer, Samuel Bailey.

HEREDITY: A Psychological Study on its Phenomena, its Laws, its Causes, and its Consequences. 1 vol. Large crown 8vo. 9s.

ROBERTSON (The Late Rev. F. W.), M.A.

THE LATE REV. F. W. ROBERTSON, M.A., LIFE AND LETTERS OF. Edited by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

- I. 2 vols., uniform with the Sermons. With Steel Portrait. 7s. 6d.
- II. Library Edition, in Demy 8vo. with Two Steel Portraits. 12s.
- III. A Popular Edition, in 1 vol. 6s.

New and Cheaper Editions :—

SERMONS.

- Vol. I. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Vol. II. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Vol. III. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Vol. IV. Small crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

EXPOSITORY LECTURES ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. Small crown 8vo. 5s.

AN ANALYSIS OF MR. TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM." (Dedicated by Permission to the Poet-Laureate.) Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HUMAN RACE. Translated from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The above Works can also be had bound in half morocco.

. A Portrait of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, mounted for framing, can be had, price 2s. 6d.

NOTES ON GENESIS. Uniform with the Sermons.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES, with other literary remains. A New Edition. 5s.

ROSS (Mrs. Ellen), ("Nelsie Brook.")

DADDY'S PET. A Sketch from Humble Life. Square crown 8vo. Uniform with "Lost Gip." With Six Illustrations. 1s.

ROXBURGHE LOTHIAN.

DANTE AND BEATRICE FROM 1282 TO 1290. A Romance. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Cloth. 24s.

RUSSELL (William Clark).

MEMOIRS OF MRS. LETITIA BOOTHBY. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

RUSSELL (E. R.)

IRVING AS HAMLET. Demy 8vo. Second Edition. Sewed. 1s.

SADLER (S. W.), R.N., Author of "Marshall Vavasour."

THE AFRICAN CRUISER. A Midshipman's Adventures on the West Coast. A Book for Boys. With Three Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SAMAROW (Gregor).

FOR SCEPTRE AND CROWN. A Romance of the Present Time. Translated by Fanny Wormald. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 15s.

SAUNDERS (Katherine).

THE HIGH MILLS. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

GIDEON'S ROCK, and other Stories. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

JOAN MERRYWEATHER, and other Stories. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

MARGARET AND ELIZABETH. A Story of the Sea. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SAUNDERS (John).

HIRELL. Crown 8vo. With Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. Crown 8vo. With Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

SCHELL (Major von).

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST ARMY UNDER GEN. VON GOEBEN. Translated by Col. C. H. von Wright. Four Maps. Demy 8vo. 9s.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST ARMY UNDER GEN. VON STEINMETZ. Translated by Captain E. O. Hollist. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

SCHERFF (Major W. von).

STUDIES IN THE NEW INFANTRY TACTICS. Parts I. and II. Translated from the German by Colonel Lumley Graham. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SCHMIDT (Prof. Oscar), Strasburg University.

THE DOCTRINE OF DESCENT AND DARWINISM. Third Edition. 26 Illustrations. 5s.
Vol. XII. of the International Scientific Series.

HANDBOOK OF COMPARATIVE ANATOMY. Crown 8vo.

SCHUTZENBERGER (Prof. F.), Director of the Chemical Laboratory at the Sorbonne.

FERMENTATION. Cr. 8vo. With numerous Illustrations. 5s.
Vol. XX. of the International Scientific Series.

SCOTT (Patrick).

THE DREAM AND THE DEED, and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE, and other Stories.

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE, and other Stories. Crown 8vo.
With Four Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

SENIOR (Nassau William).

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Correspondence and Conversations with Nassau W. Senior, from 1833 to 1859. Edited by M. C. M. Simpson. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. 21s.

JOURNALS KEPT IN FRANCE AND ITALY. From 1848 to 1852. With a Sketch of the Revolution of 1848. Edited by his Daughter, M. C. M. Simpson. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 24s.

SEVEN AUTUMN LEAVES.

SEVEN AUTUMN LEAVES FROM FAIRYLAND. Illustrated with 9 Etchings. Square crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SHADWELL (Major-General), C.B.

MOUNTAIN WARFARE. Illustrated by the Campaign of 1799 in Switzerland. Being a Translation of the Swiss Narrative compiled from the Works of the Archduke Charles, Jomini, and others. Also of Notes by General H. Dufour on the Campaign of the Valtelline in 1835. With Appendix, Maps, and Introductory Remarks. Demy 8vo. 16s.

SHELDON (Philip).

WOMAN'S A RIDDLE; or, Baby Warmstreyn. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

SHERMAN (Gen. W. T.)

MEMOIRS OF GEN. W. T. SHERMAN, Commander of the Federal Forces in the American Civil War. By Himself. 2 vols Demy 8vo. With Map. 24s. *Copyright English Edition.*

SHELLEY (Lady).

SHELLEY MEMORIALS FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES. With (now first printed) an Essay on Christianity by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. 5s.

SHIPLEY (Rev. Orby), M.A.

STUDIES IN MODERN PROBLEMS. By various Writers. Crown 8vo. 2 vols. 5s. each.

CONTENTS.—VOL. I.

Sacramental Confession.
Abolition of the Thirty-nine Articles. Part I.
The Sanctity of Marriage.
Creation and Modern Science.

Retreats for Persons Living in the World.
Catholic and Protestant.
The Bishops on Confession in the Church of England.

CONTENTS.—VOL. II.

Some Principles of Christian Ceremonial.
A Layman's View of Confession of Sin to a Priest. Parts I. and II.
Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament.

Missions and Preaching Orders.
Abolition of the Thirty-nine Articles. Part II.
The First Liturgy of Edward VI. and our own office contrasted and compared.

SMEDLEY (M. B.)

BOARDING-OUT AND PAUPER SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SMITH (Edward), M.D., LL.B., F.R.S.

HEALTH AND DISEASE, as influenced by the Daily, Seasonal, and other Cyclical Changes in the Human System. A New Edition. 7s. 6d.

FOODS. Fourth Edition. Profusely Illustrated. 5s.

Volume III. of the International Scientific Series.

PRACTICAL DIETARY FOR FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, AND THE LABOURING CLASSES. A New Edition. 3s. 6d.

CONSUMPTION IN ITS EARLY AND REMEDIABLE STAGES. A New Edition. 7s. 6d.

SMITH (Hubert).

TENT LIFE WITH ENGLISH GIPSIES IN NORWAY. With Five full-page Engravings and Thirty-one smaller Illustrations by Whymper and others, and Map of the Country showing Routes. Second Edition. Revised and Corrected. 8vo. 21s.

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

SONGS FOR MUSIC. By Four Friends. Square crown 8vo. 5s.
Containing Songs by Reginald A. Gatty, Stephen H. Gatty, Greville J. Chester, and Juliana H. Ewing.

SOME TIME IN IRELAND.

SOME TIME IN IRELAND. A Recollection. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS. By a New Writer. First Series. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS. By a New Writer. Second Series. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

SONGS OF TWO WORLDS. By a New Writer. Third Series. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

SPENCER (HERBERT).

THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.
Volume V. of the International Scientific Series.

STEVENSON (Rev. W. Fleming).

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH AND HOME. Selected and Edited by the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson.

The most complete Hymn Book published.

The Hymn Book consists of Three Parts:—I. For Public Worship.—II. For Family and Private Worship.—III. For Children.

. *Published in various forms and prices, the latter ranging from 8d. to 6s. Lists and full particulars will be furnished on application to the Publishers.*

STEWART (Professor Balfour).

ON THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY. Third Edition. With Fourteen Engravings. 5s.
Volume VI. of the International Scientific Series.

STONEHEWER (Agnes).

MONACELLA: A Legend of North Wales. A Poem. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

STRETTON (Hesba). Author of "Jessica's First Prayer."

CASSY. Twenty-sixth Thousand. With Six Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

THE KING'S SERVANTS. Thirty-second Thousand. With Eight Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

LOST GIP. Forty-fifth Thousand. With Six Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

*** Also a handsomely-bound Edition, with Twelve Illustrations, price 2s. 6d.*

THE WONDERFUL LIFE. Eighth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

FRIENDS TILL DEATH. With Frontispiece. Limp cloth, 6d.

TWO CHRISTMAS STORIES. With Frontispiece. Limp cloth, 6d.

HESTER MORLEY'S PROMISE. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

STUBBS (Lieut.-Col. Francis W.), Royal (late Bengal) Artillery.

THE REGIMENT OF BENGAL ARTILLERY: The History of its Organization, Equipment, and War Services. With Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 8vo. [Preparing.]

SULLY (James).

SENSATION AND INTUITION. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

TAYLOR (Rev. J. W. Augustus), M.A.

POEMS. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

TAYLOR (Sir Henry).

EDWIN THE FAIR AND ISAAC COMNENUS. 3s. 6d.

A SICILIAN SUMMER AND OTHER POEMS. 3s. 6d.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. A Dramatic Poem. 5s.

TAYLOR (Colonel Meadows), C.S.I., M.R.I.A.

SEETA. A Novel. 3 vols.

RALPH DARNELL. 3 vols.

TIPPOO SULTAN. 3 vols.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A THUG. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

TARA: a Mahratta Tale. Crown 8vo. Price 6s.

TENNYSON (Alfred).**QUEEN MARY.** A Drama. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.**TENNYSON'S (Alfred) Works.** Cabinet Edition. Ten Volumes. Each with Portrait. 2s. 6d.

CABINET EDITION. 10 vols. Complete in handsome Ornamental Case. 28s.

TENNYSON'S (Alfred) Works. Author's Edition. Complete in Five Volumes. Cloth gilt, 31s. 6d.; half-morocco, Roxburgh style, 39s.**EARLY POEMS, and ENGLISH IDYLLS.**—VOL. I.**LOCKSLEY HALL, LUCRETIVS, and other Poems.**—VOL. II.**THE IDYLLS OF THE KING (Complete).**—VOL. III.**THE PRINCESS, and MAUD.**—VOL. IV.**ENOCH ARDEN, and IN MEMORIAM.**—VOL. V.**TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING, and other Poems.** Illustrated by Julia Margaret Cameron. 1 vol. Folio. Half-bound morocco, cloth sides. Six Guineas.**TENNYSON'S (Alfred) Works.** Original Editions.**POEMS.** Small 8vo. 6s.**MAUD, and other Poems.** Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.**THE PRINCESS.** Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.**IDYLLS OF THE KING.** Small 8vo. 5s.**IDYLLS OF THE KING.** Collected. Small 8vo. 6s.**THE HOLY GRAIL, and other Poems.** Small 8vo. 4s. 6d.**GARETH AND LYNETTE.** Small 8vo. 3s.**ENOCH ARDEN, etc.** Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.**SELECTIONS FROM THE ABOVE WORKS.** Square 8vo. Cloth, 3s. 6d. Cloth gilt, extra, 4s.**SONGS FROM THE ABOVE WORKS.** Square 8vo. Cloth extra, 3s. 6d.**IN MEMORIAM.** Small 8vo. 4s.**LIBRARY EDITION.** In 6 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. each.**POCKET VOLUME EDITION.** 11 vols. In neat case, 31s. 6d.

Ditto, ditto. Extra cloth gilt, in case, 35s.

POEMS. Illustrated Edition. 4to. 25s.

THOMAS (Moy).

A FIGHT FOR LIFE. Crown 8vo. With Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.
This is one of the volumes of the Cornhill Library of Fiction.

THOMSON (J. T.), F.R.G.S.

HAKAYIT ABDULLA. The Autobiography of a Malay Munshi, between the years 1808 and 1843. Demy 8vo. 12s.

THOMPSON (A. C.)

PRELUDES. A Volume of Poems. Illustrated by Elizabeth Thompson (Painter of "The Roll Call"). 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THOMPSON (Rev. A. S.), British Chaplain at St. Petersburg.

HOME WORDS FOR WANDERERS. A Volume of Sermons. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THOUGHTS IN VERSE. Small crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

THRING (Rev. Godfrey), B.A.

HYMNS AND SACRED LYRICS. 1 vol. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

TODD (Herbert), M.A.

ARVAN; or, The Story of the Sword. A Poem. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

TRAHERNE (Mrs. Arthur).

THE ROMANTIC ANNALS OF A NAVAL FAMILY. Crown 8vo. A New and Cheaper Edition. 5s.

TRAVERS (Mar.)

THE SPINSTERS OF BLATCHINGTON. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

TREVANDRUM OBSERVATIONS.

OBSERVATIONS OF MAGNETIC DECLINATION MADE AT TREVANDRUM AND AGUSTIA MALLEY in the Observatories of his Highness the Maharajah of Travancore, G.C.S.I., in the Years 1852 to 1860. Being Trevandrum Magnetical Observations, Volume I. Discussed and Edited by John Allan Brown, F.R.S., late Director of the Observatories. With an Appendix. Imp. 4to. Cloth. £3 3s.

* * *The Appendix, containing Reports on the Observatories and on the Public Museum, Public Park, and Gardens at Trevandrum, pp. xii.-116, may be had separately.* 21s.

TURNER (Rev. Charles).

SONNETS, LYRICS, AND TRANSLATIONS. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

TYNDALL (J.), LL.D., F.R.S.

THE FORMS OF WATER IN CLOUDS AND RIVERS, ICE AND GLACIERS. With Twenty-six Illustrations. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Volume I. of the International Scientific Series.

UMBRA OXONIENSIS.

RESULTS OF THE EXPOSTULATION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE, in their Relation to the Unity of Roman Catholicism. Large fcap. 8vo. 5s.

UPTON (Roger D.), Captain late 9th Royal Lancers.

NEWMARKET AND ARABIA. An Examination of the Descent of Racers and Coursers. With Pedigrees and Frontispiece. Post 8vo. 9s.

VAMBERY (Prof. Arminius), of the University of Pesth.

BOKHARA : Its History and Conquest. Demy 8vo. 18s.

VAN BENEDEN (Monsieur), Professor of the University of Louvain, Correspondent of the Institute of France.

ANIMAL PARASITES AND MESSMATES. Second Edition. With 83 Illustrations. 5s.

Vol. XIX. of the International Scientific Series.

VANESSA. By the Author of "Thomasina," etc. A Novel. Second Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

VAUGHAN (Rev. C. J.), D.D.

WORDS OF HOPE FROM THE PULPIT OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

THE SOLIDITY OF TRUE RELIGION, and other Sermons Preached in London during the Election and Mission Week, February, 1874. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

FORGET THINE OWN PEOPLE. An Appeal for Missions. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE YOUNG LIFE EQUIPPING ITSELF FOR GOD'S SERVICE. Being Four Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge, in November, 1872. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

VINCENT (Capt. C. E. H.), late Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

ELEMENTARY MILITARY GEOGRAPHY, RECONNOITRING, AND SKETCHING. Compiled for Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers of all Arms. Square crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

RUSSIA'S ADVANCE EASTWARD. Based on the Official Reports of Lieutenant Hugo Stumm, German Military Attaché to the Khivan Expedition. With Map. Crown 8vo. 6s.

VIZCAYA ; or, Life in the Land of the Carlists.

VIZCAYA ; or, Life in the Land of the Carlists at the Outbreak of the Insurrection, with some Account of the Iron Mines and other Characteristics of the Country. With a Map and Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 9s.

VOGEL (Prof.), Polytechnic Academy of Berlin.

THE CHEMICAL EFFECTS OF LIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHY, in their application to Art, Science, and Industry. Third Edition. The translation thoroughly revised. With 100 Illustrations, including some beautiful Specimens of Photography. 5s.
Volume XV. of the International Scientific Series.

VYNER (Lady Mary).

EVERY DAY A PORTION. Adapted from the Bible and the Prayer Book, for the Private Devotions of those living in Widowhood. Collected and Edited by Lady Mary Vyner. Square crown 8vo. Elegantly bound. 5s.

WAITING FOR TIDINGS.

WAITING FOR TIDINGS. By the Author of "White and Black." 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

WARTENSLEBEN (Count Hermann von), Colonel in the Prussian General Staff.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE SOUTH ARMY IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1871. Compiled from the Official War Documents of the Head-quarters of the Southern Army. Translated by Colonel C. H. von Wright. With Maps. Demy 8vo. 6s.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST ARMY UNDER GEN. VON MANTEUFFEL. Translated by Colonel C. H. von Wright. Uniform with the above. Demy 8vo. 9s.

WEDMORE (Frederick).

TWO GIRLS. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

WELLS (Captain John C.), R.N.

SPITZBERGEN—THE GATEWAY TO THE POLYNIA ; or, A Voyage to Spitzbergen. With numerous Illustrations by Whympster and others, and Map. 8vo. New and Cheaper Edition. 6s.

WETMORE (W. S.).

COMMERCIAL TELEGRAPHIC CODE. Post 4to. Boards. 42s.

WHAT 'TIS TO LOVE. By the Author of "Flora Adair," "The Value of Fostertown." 3 vols. Crown 8vo.

WHITNEY (William Dwight). Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College, New Haven.

THE LIFE AND GROWTH OF LANGUAGE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. *Copyright Edition.*
Volume XVI. of the International Scientific Series.

WHITTLE (J. Lowry), A.M., Trin. Coll., Dublin.

CATHOLICISM AND THE VATICAN. With a Narrative of the Old Catholic Congress at Munich. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

WILBERFORCE (Henry W.)

THE CHURCH AND THE EMPIRES. Historical Periods. Preceded by a Memoir of the Author by John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. With Portrait. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

WILKINSON (T. Lean).

SHORT LECTURES ON THE LAND LAWS. Delivered before the Working Men's College. Crown 8vo. 2s.

WILLIAMS (Rev. Rowland), D.D.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ROWLAND WILLIAMS, D.D., with Selections from his Note-books. Edited by Mrs. Rowland Williams. With a Photographic Portrait. 2 vols. Large post 8vo. 24s.

WILLOUGHBY (The Hon. Mrs.)

ON THE NORTH WIND—THISTLEDOWN. A Volume of Poems. Elegantly bound. Small crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WILSON (H. Schütz).

STUDIES AND ROMANCES. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WINTERBOTHAM (Rev. R.), M.A., B.Sc.

SERMONS AND EXPOSITIONS. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WOOD (C. F.)

A YACHTING CRUISE IN THE SOUTH SEAS. Demy 8vo. With Six Photographic Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

WRIGHT (Rev. W.), of Stoke Bishop, Bristol.

MAN AND ANIMALS: A Sermon. Crown 8vo. Stitched in wrapper. 1s.

WAITING FOR THE LIGHT, AND OTHER SERMONS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

WYLD (R. S.), F.R.S.E.

THE PHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE SENSES; or, The Mental and the Physical in their Mutual Relation. Illustrated by several Plates. Demy 8vo. 16s.

YONGE (C. D.), Regius Professor, Queen's College, Belfast.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF 1688. Crown 8vo. 6s.

YORKE (Stephen), Author of "Tales of the North Riding."

CLEVEDEN. A Novel. 2 vols. Crown 8vo.

YOUSMANS (Eliza A.)

AN ESSAY ON THE CULTURE OF THE OBSERVING POWERS OF CHILDREN, especially in connection with the Study of Botany. Edited, with Notes and a Supplement, by Joseph Payne, F.C.P., Author of "Lectures on the Science and Art of Education," etc. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY. Designed to cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. With 300 Engravings. New and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

YOUSMANS (Edward L.), M.D.

A CLASS BOOK OF CHEMISTRY, on the Basis of the new System. With 200 Illustrations.

ZIMMERN (Helen).

STORIES IN PRECIOUS STONES. With Six Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.



